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Affectionately Yours
Maxwell P. Gaddis

FOOT-PRINTS

OF

AN ITINERANT.

BY

MAXWELL PIERSON GADDIS,
OF THE CINCINNATI CONFERENCE.

As ye go, preach.—MATTHEW x, 7.

How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings!—ISAIAH LII, 7.

Cincinnati:
PRINTED AT THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN,
FOR THE AUTHOR.

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TO

The Bishops

AND

ITINERANT MINISTERS

OF

THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

AND

TO MY COLABORERS OF THE OHIO AND CINCINNATI CONFERENCES,

AND TO ALL

"AMONG WHOM I HAVE GONE PREACHING THE KINGDOM OF GOD,"

These Foot-Prints

ARE FRATERNALLY INSCRIBED

BY THEIR

FELLOW-LABORER IN THE LORD,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

MORE than two years ago, in consequence of a bronchial affection, I reluctantly dissolved my pastoral relation with the Green-street station, in the city of Piqua, Miami county, Ohio. Under these circumstances I was induced to go to the city of New York, for the purpose of consulting a distinguished physician. From there I proceeded with my family to Brattleboro, Vermont, and spent the remaining part of the summer of 1853 at the celebrated "Wesselhoeft Water-Cure Establishment." In the fall my health was *slightly* improved, but my vocal organs so much debilitated that I was compelled to take a superannuated relation. When I retired from the active duties of the ministry, I resolved to *go again* and visit my brethren in every city where I had previously gone preaching the word of the Lord, "*and see how they prospered.*" But this I found impracticable. In entering into a retrospect of the different circuits and stations assigned to me I could truly say, "Though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in spirit, joying and beholding your order and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ." I was then deeply impressed with the belief that the time for labor with me that would be profitable to my fellow-men was drawing to a close. It was then and at a still later period of that same year that the "*Foot-Prints* of an Itinerant"

were *hastily written*. I addressed a note to a highly-esteemed literary friend, with a request that he would take charge of my manuscripts and keep them till after my decease, and then make such disposition of them as he should think best—for the glory of God, the good of his Church, and the interest of my beloved family. The following fraternal letter will reveal the spirit with which they were received:

"My Dear Brother Gaddis,—I have just time to say that I received and read with deep interest yours of January 18th, ——. You are acting wisely in penning your recollections of the past. The book will not only be interesting to your associates, but to the Church in general and the public at large—as I presume it will embody much of the *local* history of south-eastern Ohio. Any service that I can render you will be most cheerfully afforded. I have often prayed for God to bless you in your affliction. Be grateful for his mercies; O, how rich and abundant they are!

"Yours, affectionately, —— ——."

About midsummer in the following year, on meeting this beloved brother, he informed me that he had "redeemed time" to read all my manuscripts carefully, and that it was his opinion that I should superintend their publication *myself* without delay. This statement surprised me very much; and I deem it proper to state to my readers that I had no such thoughts while engaged in sketching my personal recollections of incidents and scenes in the itinerancy. I never expected to see them printed. I had simply recorded facts and incidents without special regard to *style* or any attempt at *ornament*. I thought if they were published in future they would need rewriting or a supervision, such as I

was unable to give in my present state of health. However, I finally concluded to order their return. I then forwarded them to Bishop T. A. Morris at Cincinnati, with the request that he would give them an *impartial* investigation. His opinion of their merits, after a careful examination, and the propriety of their publication in their *present form*, will be found in the following brief, characteristic communication:

"HOME LODGE, November 25, 1854.

"REV. MAXWELL P. GADDIS—DEAR BROTHER,—I have followed your '*Foot-Prints*' through with much interest, alternately moved with tender and terrific emotions as the scenes and subjects changed. I am clearly of the opinion that the manuscript ought to be published, and that it would be popular and useful, and of course would sell quite extensively.

"Yours, faithfully, T. A. MORRIS."

As the "Foot-Prints" contain much *personal experience and observation*, I still hesitated to publish them myself till the reception of a second letter from a highly-esteemed friend, in regard to the propriety of publishing them at the present time. Were I permitted to give the name of the writer, none would doubt his ability to judge correctly of their merits:

"As a friend I would advise *you* to put the manuscript to press without any thing else than such a revision as you can easily give *yourself* as the sheets pass through the press. Do not think me *hesitating* or *equivocating;* I say as before, the work *will do well.* It may safely go to press as it is. I would advise *you* to put it to press immediately.

"Yours, affectionately, —— ——."

Dear reader, twenty years ago last February I commenced the work of the ministry. When I com-

menced my labors the original, eloquent band of "western pioneers" were still on the field of battle. I entered the work at a point which brought me into close fellowship with Revs. Quinn, Lakin, Collins, Jones, Page, Christie, Ferree, and Raper. These venerable men of God "taught my inexperienced hands to war and my fingers to fight." I am especially indebted for much of my success in winning souls to Christ to the instructions of the venerable John Collins and the late Rev. William B. Christie, who were both men of deep experience and great practical skill. I regret that I did not profit more by their lessons of experience and brilliant example. Upward of *fifty* of Zion's watchmen have "*died at their post*" in the Ohio and Cincinnati conferences since I commenced the work of the ministry. I was intimately acquainted with nearly all of them, and some of them I loved most tenderly. "Our fathers, where are they? and the prophets, do they live forever?" It seems but as yesterday since I girded myself for battle. How fleeting and transient is human life!

"We are passing away."

"Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinion."

Eternity! O, eternity! how it sounds in my ears! *Brothers and companions*, let us "walk circumspectly, not as fools, but wise, *redeeming the time*, because the days are evil." "Let us contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints," holding fast the *form of sound* words, and then God

will go forth with our armies as in other years. "The direct and downright preaching of Jesus, in these days of critical and carping hearers, requires far more boldness, self-denial, and consistency of decision than is generally suspected. There is a lamentable aversion, in all ranks and classes, to the undecorated propositions of the Bible. The embassy of Divine mercy must be philosophized and rhetoricated, or we reject it. Plainness of speech is meanness of speech. We call for figures and flowers of oratory; we are luxurious in our tastes and exorbitant in our demands; spiritual life and spiritual death, the vast themes of eternity, and the engrossing subjects of revelation, are powerless to move us, unless tricked out and garnished with the pride of learning and the glory of the schools. We go to church or chapel as we would to a lecture-room or a theater—for intellectual instruction or intellectual entertainment; and our approbation of the performer is in exact proportion to the skill which he exhibits or the talent he displays. The fact is, we take the bread of life and the water of life, not because we hunger and thirst, but in compliance with the pressure of a fashionable duty; and the preacher who best succeeds in turning the water into wine and the bread into sumptuous fare, is the preacher under whom we 'sit' with the greatest composure." "He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning cometh, and also the night: if ye will inquire, inquire ye: return, come!"

I respond with humility, that I have constantly

endeavored to preach the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, which was committed to my trust, with *great plainness* of speech, *confidently believing* that it would prove effectual in the awakening and conversion of my fellow-men. I now thank Jesus Christ, who counted me faithful, putting me into the ministry, that the successive fields of labor assigned to me were never barren. I sowed the good seed of the kingdom, *believing* that I *should reap soon.* I was not disappointed. I have witnessed many extraordinary revivals of religion, especially in the Scioto and Miami Valleys. Many have been added to the Methodist Episcopal Church through my feeble instrumentality—some of whom are now with trump in hand standing as watchmen on the walls of Zion. *To God be all the glory! Amen.* To my former colaborers I will take the liberty of saying, *let us exalt the cross now and ever;* let us continue to point the sinner to it as the only acceptable sacrifice, as the only adequate purchase of salvation. For the sin-sick, dying soul there is no other *fountain* but that which has been opened for sin and uncleanness; for the "weary and heavy laden" no other relief but the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. To the tempest-tossed mariner of time we would present no other chart than that which was drawn by the great Captain of our salvation—no other compass than that which points unerringly to the throne of God—no other foundation than that which was laid in Zion, Jesus Christ himself being the *chief corner-stone.*

It is now more than two years since I have been able to preach. This is a sore deprivation to one *whose heart* is still in the work. Yet I do not repine; I am still a very happy man. I could never see my way clear at any former period to quit the battle-field. In my retirement this reflection affords me much consolation, that while continued by the conference on the "*list of effectives*" I was a "*man of one work.*" "By the grace of God I am what I am." When the dark days of *prostration* came upon me and wearisome "nights were appointed unto me,"

"O'er all those cloudy scenes and dark
There ever was within my call,
An arm outstretched to guard my fall,
And guide my fragile bark;
A light, a sign of power divine,
Which made the darkest night with radiance shine."

"Thou, Lord, *hast known my soul* in *adversities.* I had *fainted* unless I had *believed*, to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living. My heart *trusted* in thee and I am *helped.*"

"Ever changeless,
God's blessed word hath firmly stood."

I have not been without friends in "*time of need*" in by-gone days. I do not fear that they will forsake me while living, or forget me when dead.

"*To live in hearts* we leave behind us
Is not to die."

In conclusion, I need only say to my numerous friends and a generous public, that the entire proceeds arising from the sale of this work will be faithfully applied to procure the means of an inde-

pendent subsistence for my affectionate wife and three children, whose happiness and welfare are as dear to me as life itself.

I now send forth the "Foot-Prints of an Itinerant" with the ardent hope that they may *travel more extensively* and prove a greater blessing to the Church and more highly beneficial to the world at large than the *itinerant labors* of the unworthy author. May Heaven's best blessing ever accompany the perusal of the "*Foot-Prints!*"

"Foot-prints which, perhaps, another
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again."

MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

West End, Dayton, Ohio, August 3, 1855.

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CHAPTER I.

NATIVITY — EMIGRATION — GRAVES OF OUR HOUSEHOLD.

I WAS born in Lancaster county, state of Pennsylvania, in the vicinity of the town of Lancaster, September 9, 1811. My parents were both natives of Ireland, and were born in the county of Down, province of Ulster. My father, Robert Gaddis, was married to Miss Mary Ann Frazier, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and eighty-nine. I was the youngest child. My parents had thirteen children, ten boys and three girls. Five of my brothers and two sisters were born in Ireland, two of whom died in infancy and were buried in Ireland.

My parents embarked on the ship Stafford, which sailed from Warren's Point, May 10, 1801. The vessel was crowded with emigrants, and, unfortunately, either from the ignorance or neglect of the commander and pilot, sailed out of her regular course. In consequence of this unexpected detention, her "provision stores" and supply of "fresh water" were both nearly exhausted a long time before her arrival in port. The crew and passengers were all on "short allowance" for several weeks before they heard the joyful sound of "land ahead." This was, no doubt, the primary cause of much physical suffering among the unfortunate passengers. And to make their situation still more distressing, the Stafford was visited with a fatal malady. The yellow fever and bloody flux

raged among all classes on board with fearful malignity. Two of my little brothers fell early victims to the flux, which raged with great virulence among the children. The eldest was three years and the youngest only twelve months old. As there was only a few hours difference in the period of their deaths, they were both buried at the same time. This was a heavy stroke upon my dear mother. During her whole lifetime I have no recollection that I ever heard her speak of their last sickness and gloomy "*burial at sea,*" without shedding tears For a short season her agony was almost insupportable. She thought that she would not be able to endure the mournful sight of seeing her beloved ones cast into the deep sea, to become food for the voracious sharks, which were daily seen following in the ship's wake. But the solemn hour at length arrived, and the "innocents," with bags of sand tied to their little feet, were cast into the deep, deep, blue sea! O, who can portray the anguish of a mother's heart at a moment like this? I have often heard my mother recall this sad event to mind in the family circle. It was to her a mysterious dispensation, that she never was able to comprehend. The picture of that awful scene, with its terrible imaginings, seemed to lay heavy upon her heart till she died. I have frequently heard her remark that it was the most bitter cup Providence ever presented to her lips.

After a perilous voyage of nearly thirteen weeks, they cast anchor in the Delaware river, some time in the month of August. Not long afterward, my parents located on a small farm in Delaware. Here God called them to part with another one of their tender offspring; a twin babe, only a few months old. My parents moved from thence into Pennsylvania, and in 1817 emigrated to Ohio. They now lie side by side in the old burying-ground of Ripley, on the banks of the *La Belle Riviere.* My eldest sister

moved to Indiana, and raised a large family. Herself and husband died a few years ago of typhoid fever on the same day, and are buried in the same grave, on the waters of the Misschututuck, in Scott county. Eight of our household are now numbered with the dead, and widely severed in their places of repose—two in the "Emerald Isle," and two more beneath the blue waves of the Atlantic; one on the banks of the Delaware, in the east, and another in the west, while the remains of my beloved parents rest in Ohio.

While stationed at H., in preaching a sermon on the "resurrection of the dead," I alluded to the above facts, and rejoiced in the hope of meeting them all again in glory. A young lady of fine poetical talents was there on a visit. Soon after her return home to W., she composed and sent me the following beautiful and descriptive lines on the "burial-place" of my parents, four brothers, and two sisters:

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MISS M. C. D.

Peace, peace to her slumbers! She, too, is at rest
Where her heart shall know sorrow no more;
We have placed, sadly placed the green turf on her breast
As we placed it on others before!
Yet, afar are the graves of our dear kindred band,
And the soft tear of sorrow we shed
As our thoughts onward fly to a far-distant land,
Where slumber our earliest dead.

O, green isle of Erin! thou emerald isle,
To our hearts is thy memory dear,
Though the lip has left off its accustomed smile,
And the eye has since gathered the tear!
We have treasured a thousand remembered ties—
We have gazed on thy skies of blue—
We have thought of thy children's affectionate eyes,
And their high deeds of daring, too!

O say, does a footstep e'er linger in love,
Or a kind hand e'er scatter the flowers—
Do the stars look lovingly from above
On those far-distant graves of ours?

They are ours forever, though years have passed by
  Since we gazed on that island of green:
They are ours forever, though many and high
  Are the waves that roll darkly between.

O, sad was the day when we bade thee adieu,
  Where our kindred yet tranquilly sleep,
When over the waters the gallant ship flew,
  As if proud of her home on the deep:
Yet our hearts, as we thought of those desolate graves,
  Still sadder and heavier grew,
When beneath us was naught but an ocean of waves,
  And around us a heaven of blue.

Few days had passed by and we stood on the deck,
  When the daylight's first blushes are born;
Above us in heaven, not even a speck
  Disturbed the calm beauty of morn;
Yet sadly we gazed on the heaven of blue,
  And mournfully down in the deep,
As on like a sea-bird the buoyant ship flew,
  Scarce rousing the waves from their sleep.

For death was among us—the young and the gay
  Lay down in their beauty and died;
And we grieved that the ocean should name them her prey,
  As they peacefully slept side by side.
But the plunges that followed the coffins that sped
  Far down in the depths of the sea,
Will haunt us forever, like ghosts of the dead,
  Wherever our wanderings may be.

Green fields! O ye numbered our earliest graves,
  As ye witnessed our earliest woes,
And within your far depths, O magnificent waves,
  As many more sadly repose!
But the murmuring streams of the wide-spreading west,
  Have mingled our griefs with their own,
And we placed, like sad exiles, the turf on their breast,
  And left them to slumber alone!

The dead of a household! O separate far
  Do the loved of our household repose!
Yet, hope o'er those graves, like the light of a star,
  Its beam of soft radiance throws!
We know not how long till the dawn of that day,
  When the dead shall be with us again;
But we know that the ocean shall yield up his prey,
  And the earth strive to hold hers in vain!

CHAPTER II.

INCIDENTS CONNECTED WITH MY EARLY LIFE.

In the year 1803 my father left the state of Delaware, and moved into the state of Pennsylvania. During the late war with Great Britain, my oldest brother "volunteered," and attached himself to the army of the United States, August 13, 1812. This was a source of great unhappiness to my parents, especially to my mother, who used all the means in her power to prevent it. He first served as a private in Captain M. Swett's United States corps of Artillery, for two years, and then served three years in a company of United States Light Dragoons. He was engaged in many severe battles, and was twice wounded during the war; first, by a cannon-ball, in the muscle of the right thigh, and afterward on the right foot, by the sword of a British officer, during a desperate rencounter. After serving out his time—with honor, as his papers will show—he was discharged from the service of the army of the United States, on the third day of October, 1817. This was done at the headquarters of the military department, on Long Island. His parchments are signed by John Biddle, Assistant Inspector General, and certified as a correct copy of the original by Isaac Warrell, acting Justice of the Peace at Philadelphia, October 28 1817.

It would be impossible to portray the feelings of my mother, at this trying moment. In the providence of God she was unexpectedly called to part with her first-born, to fight the battles of his newly-adopted country. He had long been the idol of her heart. The thought of separation was painful; beyond the power of language to describe. The much-dreaded moment at length arrived.

Mounted upon his horse, beautifully clad in military style, she follows him to the gate leading directly into the highway. He halts for a moment; dismounts from his prancing steed, while the tears are flowing freely Not a word is spoken, as the parting kiss of affection is given. An audible prayer is offered: "God bless my dear child, and return him in honor and safety to a mother's fond embrace again!" The last sad farewell is spoken, and soon his manly form is borne beyond the sight of her eyes, but not without the circle of a mother's prayers. Upon that spot, already consecrated by parental tears, she kneeled in fervent prayer, to commend him to the care of her heavenly Father, and then returned to comfort a weeping household. O the bitterness of such a parting! What days of gloom and nights of agony are to succeed it, God only knows.

In boyhood's days I have often listened to the heart-rending recital of my mother's woes and anguish of spirit, while my brother was exposed to danger in the army. Sometimes sleep would depart from her eyes; at other times, in "visions of the night," she would share his toils and rejoice in his victories. When the toils of the day were over, and the children asleep, it was her custom to retire, under the cover of night, to the place *of separation*, to "weep alone"—to spend an hour in prayer for the safety of her beloved son. This she never omitted, when her health and the state of the weather would allow. More than four years of such painful watchings and anxious care stole the fire from her eye and the rose from her cheek. How inscrutable are the ways of Providence! In the spring of 1817 my parents removed to Ohio. My brother was dismissed from the army in the fall of the same year, and, returning to Frankford and not finding my parents, he married and settled in the state of Delaware, and remained there till after the death of my

mother. She always greatly desired to see him once more, but was not permitted. She never ceased to remember him at the throne of grace, while living, and died in the fullest confidence of meeting him and all her children in heaven,

> "Where care awakes no lingering groan,
> And grief no agony."

I have no remembrance of the time when I was without religious emotions; I always wanted to be a Christian, to serve the "God of my fathers" from the days of my childhood. I have no recollection of ever using profane language but once, and then I was awfully afraid I would sink down to hell. The "day of judgment" filled my young mind with great dread; I could never hear it mentioned without offering up a sincere prayer, that I might be prepared to meet it with joy. These convictions were strengthened every year by some very remarkable providences of God toward me. I made many wonderful escapes from sudden death when a child, and some when nearly grown to manhood. I feel it my duty to refer to some of them, simply with the view to show how God "careth for us." When about nine years of age, I made a very remarkable escape. In company with my brother William, I was walking leisurely through a new corn-field, looking at the beautiful pumpkins which were now nearly grown to full size. On approaching the fence near a deep hollow, where the soil was rich and the vines of luxuriant growth, I espied under the edge of a large leaf, what I supposed to be a pumpkin of a peculiar form, with most singular spots, that looked very beautiful in the rays of the sun. I sprang forward and seized it with both hands, and was about to lift it from the ground, when, to my surprise, it proved a living reptile, and instantly uncoiling itself, it shook its tail, which made a

sharp rattling sound that almost frightened me out of my senses. Letting go it with a scream, I sprang down the hill, and ran as fast as I could for some distance. My brother followed me, and we returned together to the house and told all that had happened. At first the family were incredulous, but on my saying that I could point out the very spot, my brother Samuel resolved to go and make war with the strange reptile. He then went out into the woods and cut a hickory pole about eight feet long, sufficiently flexible. We then started through the field, carefully watching our footsteps, till at length we came to the place, and my brother stealthily approached, and struck it more than twenty times before it ceased to jump and rattle its tail. He brought it to the house. No one of the family knew what to call it. We sent over for one of our near neighbors, who, when he came, informed us that it was a rattle-snake, whose bite was almost instant death. It had eight or nine "rattles," and measured about seven feet in length. I shudder even now when I think of the danger to which I was then exposed; and ever and anon, as the scene comes up before me, my heart swells with gratitude to my gracious Deliverer. At one time my face was within about twelve inches of the fangs of this deadly serpent. Another moment, had I remained within reach of those fangs, my life would have been cut off suddenly in the morning of my days. When God protects, we walk unharmed "on snares and death." When only about twelve years of age, I was assisting two elder brothers to procure some fire-wood. We lived on the bank of a creek, and just above the house was a high hill from which the wood was generally dragged with two horses and a log chain. I rode the near horse while engaged in dragging the wood down the-hill side. On one occasion I did not turn the team straight down the hill, and the log commenced roll-

ing. My brothers called to me to dismount immediately, but it was too late. The chain twisted up, and both of the horses fell and rolled over me down the hill about two rods. My brothers screamed aloud for help. They all thought that I was crushed to death. But, thanks to a kind Providence! I was only slightly injured in my right hand and arm. The "angels" mercifully preserved my life. They were most certainly *near at hand.* At another time, while attending school, one of my brothers was engaged in hauling wood with a yoke of oxen and two horses. In the mornings on my way to school, I often asked the privilege of driving the wagon for him. On one occasion he left me in charge of his team, and passed on before to attend to some business in town. Not long after he left me I stopped the team for the purpose of washing my hands in the mill race, a short distance from the town. When I returned to the team I took hold of the lines, and was about to take my seat on the wagon tongue just behind the oxen, the usual seat for the driver in managing a team of that description. While in the act of sitting down something alarmed the off ox, and he jumped round to the left, which caused the tongue of the wagon to strike me, and in a moment I fell backward over the tongue of the wagon upon the ground. This frightened the horses, and the team moved forward several rods. The fore wheel of the wagon passed over my chest, a little below my arms. I turned over between the fore and hind wheels, and made an effort to extricate my body, but without success. The hind wheel also passed over my body, and slightly bruised my right thigh. How strange to relate, I was but slightly injured! I was able to ride home in the wagon, and soon resumed my studies again. The wagon contained more than a cord of green wood—a weight sufficient to have ground me to pieces. Whose hand upheld the ponderous load? Who delivered

me from so violent a death? Was I not rescued by the special interposition of a most benignant Providence?

> "Angels, where'er we go, attend
> Our steps, whate'er betide;
> With watchful care their charge defend,
> And evil turn aside."

Another remarkable instance of the protecting care of God I experienced only a short time before I commenced my ministry. While residing at Brush Creek Forge, I started to the town of W. on horseback. On my way, while I was riding rapidly along the bank of Soldier Run, I noticed a path near the edge of the creek-bank, which my horse seemed much inclined to take. As the road was muddy I favored his wishes, and traveled for several rods in a brisk trot near the edge of the bank. The ground was soft, and on a sudden my horse's feet slipped, and he fell over the bank into the creek below on his back, crushing my saddle nearly to pieces. Just as he was in the act of going over the bank I disengaged my feet from the stirrups, placed both my hands on the pommel of the saddle, and leaped back into the road on my hands and knees with the most surprising activity and power, thus escaping without harm.

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL-TEACHING.

My parents were anxious to give to each one of their sons the advantages resulting from a good education; but it was difficult, in a sparsely-settled country, to give them all even a good English education. My dear mother took a very special interest in my own mental training, because I had inherited a feeble constitution. She knew

well that I would never possess very strong physical powers. She was often devising "ways and means" to favor her own wishes in securing to me an education while young. She frequently prevailed on father to send me to school in summer, when my little services were most needed at home, on the farm. The school-teacher seldom left my father's house, when soliciting pupils, without the promise of *one* scholar, at least for a small fraction of the term. She would often remark that a "good education" would be of more value to me than gold and silver; I could then provide for my temporal wants, and make myself useful in society.

Through her indefatigable exertions, notwithstanding my feeble health and the disadvantageous circumstances surrounding me, I was, on examination, pronounced competent to take charge of any one of our common schools, before I had entered my sixteenth year. However, long previous to this period, I learned that it would be necessary for me to support myself by my own exertions.

I shall never forget my first effort at school-teaching. I had just entered my *fifteenth* year. I commenced in an old waste-house, down in a deep "hollow glen." I there collected from the neighborhood a few boys and girls, during the latter part of summer, and instructed them in "reading, writing, and arithmetic," for the sum of two dollars a scholar for the term of three months. The next summer I traveled over thirty miles distant, on foot, and after being duly examined in the town of H., received license to teach a "common school" in the neighborhood, about twenty-four miles from the residence of my parents. In the year 1828 I was again licensed, by the Rev. John Rankin, examiner of common schools for the county of B.; and in 1829 by Rev. Thomas Williamson, M. D., of the town of R.

By pursuing this course, I obtained means to enter col-

lege in 1830; but before the close of my first collegiate year, I was compelled to desist altogether, for a time, from my studies, in consequence of ill health. This has always been to me a source of deep regret. In 1832–3 I was engaged in mercantile pursuits; in 1834–5, as a book-keeper at the Ohio B. C. Forge.

At one time I had charge of a very large school in the country. In this school I found many unruly boys and young men who were hard to govern. I was young and inexperienced, and often at a great loss to know what course to pursue. I prayed much in secret, and the Lord was pleased to help me in my daily duties. I at length concluded to pray night and morning in my school-room, with the scholars. I found this was the best means to govern them—the "fear of the Lord."

At one time I taught a select school on Eagle creek, a short distance from "Glen Cottage," the residence of the father of the late Bishop Bascom. Among my pupils were James, Samuel, and Hannah Houk Bascom, the youngest children of father Bascom. My stay in this neighborhood was pleasant and profitable to my soul.

The next winter I taught in an adjoining district. During the holidays the scholars "BARRED ME OUT," as it was called in that day, and resolved to *compel* me to "treat" them to three bushels of apples and a keg of good cider. This was an amusing scene. On going to the old log house, I found the doors and windows all closed and "barred" with the long benches. I asked admission, but was refused. In a few minutes I was handed a paper, stating the terms upon which they would open the door for my reception. I replied that it was no part of my *contract* to *feed my scholars on apples and cider.* At this they all laughed most heartily, and replied that it was a matter of no consideration with them whether I had "agreed" to do so, or not; they were determined

to coerce me to a "treat" before I entered that school-house. I then turned round and started off. "There—there!" cried one, from within, "look out! he is coming down the chimney." I thought they need give themselves no uneasiness on that score, as the red flame was rising some six feet or more above the top of it. I resolved to leave them in *undisputed* possession of the house and premises, and started for home. I had not proceeded far, however, when they opened the doors and started after me, like a pack of well-trained bloodhounds. I took refuge at the nearest house, but they soon entered the door-yard, and demanded that I should be given up. Mrs. W. then went to the door and remarked that her house was "free for the scholars, as well as their teacher." At this they gave her three cheers, and then some of the largest boys came in with a long rope, and declared that, unless I complied with their wishes, they would tie me hand and foot and carry me back to the school-house, and keep me there till I surrendered. I placed myself behind the back of a chair, and showed *signs of defense* that kept them at bay for more than one hour. I was excited, and determined that I would not yield, let the consequences be what they should. At this crisis some of my patrons came along and acted the noble part of *mediators*. A compromise was effected by procuring them some apples, *without the cider*, which, with a recess, the balance of that day, gave general satisfaction to the small children, as well as the LARGER ones, who made themselves merry over the affair the balance of the term.

In this school I often exhorted the larger pupils to assist me in keeping good order among the smaller and more refractory scholars. This plan worked admirably. At times I had between sixty and seventy scholars, and but few books to classify them with, which made the profession of teaching much more laborious than at the

present time. While teaching in the town of R., Rev. William H. Lawder made his first effort at exhortation to the pupils of my school, in 1831. I had some happy seasons in recommending religion to my scholars; and after I entered the ministry, I generally availed myself of every suitable opportunity to visit the schools within the bounds of my circuit, or station, and say a few words to the children upon the subject of early piety.

My dear mother not only manifested an interest in my mental improvement, but evinced a still deeper solicitude for my spiritual welfare. She had endeavored, by precept and example, to influence her children to walk with her in the "ways of wisdom." It was her daily custom to pray for all her children in secret, two and sometimes three times each day. When she would retire to pray in secret, she would often cause me to accompany her, and then pray to God to make me early in life the subject of converting grace, and if it was his will, to *call me to the work of the ministry.* I can even now recall to mind seasons when I was made the subject of special prayer and most affectionate importunity. Frequently when father would be offering up the morning and evening sacrifice, mother would come softly and kneel by my side and bathe my youthful neck with her tears, and pray to God to give me a "new heart" before the "evil days should come, and the years draw nigh in which I could take no pleasure." She taught me to reverence the Sabbath, to love the Holy Bible, and to pray at least twice each day. She was a charming singer, and taught me when but a child to sing many of Mr. Wesley's most beautiful hymns.

"Ah, well do I remember those
Whose tones no more I hear,
Who round the hearth-stone used to close,
After the evening prayer."

CHAPTER IV.

METHODIST CAMP MEETING.

About twelve months prior to the removal of my father's family to this state, an almost entire revolution was effected in the religious sentiments of several members of the household. My parents and grandparents were educated according to the "strictest sect" of the Seceders, a respectable body of Christians still quite numerous in Ireland and Scotland. They hold the rigid dogmas of the Calvinistic school with great pertinacity. Originally they were austere in their manners, and very rigid in their Church discipline. It is said that when George Whitefield visited Scotland, he was solemnly reprobated by them, because he refused to confine his labors *wholly* to them. The reason assigned for this monopoly of the labors of this eloquent divine, was that they were exclusively "God's people!" Mr. Whitefield replied they had therefore less need of his services, for his aim was to turn *sinners* to righteousness by preaching to them the glad tidings of salvation. At an early period of their history, they had little or no fellowship with other denominations, and less charity for professing Christians generally. Their prejudices were strong against the people called Methodists. My father and mother, and also their children, had what is technically called "a birthright membership" in the Seceder Church. From childhood in their native land, they had been taught to regard the Methodists as poor, deluded fanatics. In this country, my parents could not look upon them with any degree of toleration. But, like many even at this day, although entirely ignorant of their sentiments and peculiar usages, they seemed to take delight in persecuting them. My

mother "verily thought she was doing God service," when she taught her children to shun them upon all occasions. My venerated father, at that time, was also true to his own Church principles of *exclusiveness*. I do no injustice to his memory, or to the Church of which he was a member, to record here that at one period of his life he was at a loss to know which was really the greatest crime, to hear the Methodists preach, or to sing Dr. Watts's hymns. Indeed, he was often heard to thank God most devoutly that he had never been guilty of singing the hymns of Doctor Watts, or of Charles and John Wesley. But now let us trace the workings of a mysterious Providence. In the year 1816 a Methodist camp meeting was appointed contiguous to the residence of my father. This was a source of great grief to my parents and the members of the Seceder Church, who had a respectable society in that region of country at that time. As the period for holding this meeting in the "grove" approached, my brother John became very anxious to attend. After much importunity, he finally succeeded in obtaining the consent of my parents. He started to the meeting early on Saturday morning, with strict injunctions to return at an early hour the same evening, so as to accompany the family to their own Church on the following Sabbath.

My brother was prompted to go simply from a love of novelty. He had long desired to witness with his own eyes the peculiar mode of worship and movements of this strange sect, now "every-where spoken against." He was not willing to let so favorable an opportunity pass by unimproved. But O, what condescending grace is often manifested to such poor, deluded sinners! Although "he went to scoff, he remained to pray." Under the preaching of the first sermon, he was "cut to the heart," and that same evening constrained by the Spirit of God to go

to the "mourners' bench." He cried out, as did one of old, "Jesus, thou Son of David, have mercy on me." He did not cry in vain. Early that same night he found peace in believing on the Lord Jesus Christ. His cup of rejoicing was full, and, like Saul, he continued among the prophets shouting and praising God for giving him "another heart." Such was the ecstasy of his "new-born soul," that he entirely forgot the promise made to his parents, to return home on Saturday night. The Lord had spread a table in the wilderness, "a feast of fat things." "Men did eat angels' food." "As the apple-tree among the trees of the wood, so is my beloved among the sons. I sat down under his shadow with great delight, and his fruit was sweet to my taste. He brought me to the banqueting-house, and his banner over me was love." This was the experience of my brother on that occasion. He could not consent to return home; he felt

> "Loth to leave the place
> Where Jesus shows his smiling face."

The Sabbath dawned and found him in the midst of the young converts, engaged as a missionary for his Redeemer,

> "Telling to sinners round
> What a dear Savior he had found."

The intelligence was soon conveyed to the residence of my father, by one of the nearest neighbors, whose son had accompanied my brother to the encampment. The news at first was like an "idle tale." Father would not credit the strange announcement that his son John had joined the Methodists, and professed to be converted. He also stated that he knew my brother had been too well educated to join the fanatical society of Methodists in that neighborhood. However, soon after the departure of the messenger who had brought this unwelcome news, he became uneasy, and finally concluded to go to

the camp-ground and inquire into this strange affair. He requested Mr. Ardery, my brother-in-law, a member of the Baptist Church, to accompany him. Mr. A. very readily consented. I have often heard him remark that but few words passed between them, as they "journeyed forward" through the lone woods to the place of the camp meeting. My father seemed absorbed in deep meditation — his mind, no doubt, alternating between fear and hope. As they drew near the ground, "the voice of salvation" was heard in the tents of Israel. The woods seemed vocal with the "new song of the redeemed." My father halted on his staff for some minutes, and then said: "Mr. Ardery, THERE IS THE SHOUT OF A KING AMONG THEM!" My brother-in-law was struck with the remark, and made no reply. My father appeared deeply moved with the scene before him. For a few moments he was excited even to tears. Just as they entered the area of tents, the trumpet sounded for public service at the stand. At the solicitation of Mr. A., my father concluded to remain and hear "what this babbler had to say." Mr. A. was very anxious to see what influence the sermon would produce upon my father's exasperated feelings. The minister who spoke was comparatively a young man; yet he was a noble "workman, rightly dividing the words of truth." The sermon was attended with wonderful displays of the power of God. Before the close of the discourse, my father's prejudices partially gave way, and he was melted into tears and seemed much excited for some time afterward. At the close of the services, they searched among the crowd till they found my brother John. Father immediately inquired if the report which had reached home that morning was true? He replied, without hesitancy, in the affirmative; and then informed my father that he had not only joined the Church, but had experienced a "change of heart."

At this father became much enraged, and told him he was truly sorry that he had ever raised a son that should disgrace his family in that manner. He started my brother homeward at the point of his cane, resolving in his own mind to bring the whole affair to a speedy termination. But on the way home he had time for more mature reflection. He pondered it all over and over again in his own mind, and finally concluded to say or do nothing hastily, "lest haply he should be found to fight even against God."

CHAPTER V.

CONVERSION OF MY MOTHER.

THE conversion of my brother and his union with the Methodist Episcopal Church, filled the other members of the family with wonder and amazement. It also awakened in the breast of my mother feelings of sincere regret, and brought upon my brother a scene of the sorest persecution. Yet he was "steadfast and immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord." Immediately after his return from the camp-ground on Sabbath evening, and as soon as mother had learned the true state of the case from my father, she wept most bitterly, and reproachfully told John that it would have given her infinitely less regret to have laid him in his grave than to be assured that he was a Methodist. She looked upon his late conduct as a lasting disgrace to the family—a great stigma upon the character and religion of her forefathers. She spent the forepart of this evening in abusing the Methodists, and ridiculing the camp meeting exercises, and making sport of what they termed "*conversion*," or a "change of heart." During all this time my brother never attempted

a vindication of the Church and its peculiar usages or doctrines, but, whenever an opportunity presented itself, simply referred to the fact that God had awakened and *converted his soul,* and adopted him into his family. Early on Monday morning mother called him into her chamber, and informed him that she felt compelled from a sense of duty to *forbid* his ever going again to any of the meetings held by the Methodists. She also prohibited him from holding any social intercourse with the young people in the neighborhood who were members of the Methodist Church; and then reiterated her former rash declaration, that she would rather follow him to his grave than to see him a member of the Methodist Church. This was a period of painful solicitude with my brother. He feared to incur the displeasure of his affectionate mother. And yet he dreaded the idea of losing the favor of God more than even to forfeit her smiles and approval. This led him to pray in secret at every opportunity, and caused him to reflect with great deliberation upon the course he should take. He went to the throne of grace especially to claim this promise: "If any lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him." He sought "light" as well as spiritual comfort. Every day he waxed stronger in the faith of the Gospel. He bore with meekness and forbearance the storm of persecution that seemed to gather fresh strength every day, from the simple consideration that the object of it was calm and undismayed.

Things continued in this state, with but little variation, for about two weeks. But the time of deliverance was near at hand. God unexpectedly wrought out for his servant a glorious victory. A Methodist prayer meeting was appointed at the house of Mr. Maffitt, who resided in the immediate vicinity of my father's residence. As soon as my brother heard of it, he manifested a great

desire to attend. He made known his wishes first to my father, who tried in vain to persuade him not to attend. Finding all his arguments of no avail, he at last consented, provided it met the approbation of my mother. But when the subject was mentioned to her, she became much displeased, and told him plainly she never would consent to his going among the Methodists again. He pleaded with her to change her purpose, but it was all in vain. She at last told him if he did go to that prayer meeting contrary to her wishes, she would immediately follow him and bring him home. She also said that she felt it to be her duty, as a parent, if possible, to restrain him from bringing any additional obloquy upon the family—she would COMPEL him to obey her commands at all hazards. The crisis had now arrived, and the "enemy came in like a flood." The faith of my brother seemed to falter, but he retired for prayer, and soon the Spirit came to his aid and stilled the voice of the "accuser." Satan, earth, and hell were all doomed to a speedy discomfiture. As the shades of evening drew nigh, my brother remembered the words of St. Paul, "In every thing by prayer and supplication let your requests be made known unto God." He retired to the barn for secret prayer, confidently believing that God would make the path of duty plain. He "continued in prayer," knowing that "vain is the help of man." As the shades of night gathered around, he was still alone upon his knees, "wrestling with the angel of the covenant," resolved not to give over the struggle till he should "prevail with God and man." After mother had arranged her domestic affairs for the evening, she looked around for my brother, but could not find him about the house. She at once concluded that he had gone to the prayer meeting, notwithstanding she had forbidden him in the most positive manner. She instantly resolved to follow him and oblige him to return.

She hastily put on her sun-bonnet and left the house in a great rage, breathing out terrible threatenings against the Methodists and all who attended their meetings. But here let us notice the remarkable interposition of divine Providence. God had no doubt been guiding and overruling this whole affair. The path leading to Mr. Maffitt's passed near the barn; and as mother approached it, she heard the earnest but plaintive voice of some one at prayer. She paused and listened for a while, and finally concluded to leave the path and go around to the rear of the building, where she could listen unobserved to the prayer of the unknown suppliant. But imagine her astonishment! When she had reached the most favorable position for the accomplishment of her wishes, she recognized the voice of her own son! At that moment he was pleading in strong faith with God to open the "eyes of the understanding" of his mother; that being enlightened she might "know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints." The cries and words which he uttered were sharper than a two-edged sword. She was powerfully convicted by the Spirit of God, and instantly convinced of the depravity of her heart and the wickedness of her conduct toward her dear child who was so faithfully trying to save his own soul. She was seized with trembling; her whole frame shook, and her strength left her in a moment. She had to take hold of the logs of the old barn to keep from falling to the earth. She concluded that she occupied "enchanted ground," and that her only safety was in flight. She determined to make a precipitate retreat from the scene of conflict. But her strength was inadequate to the undertaking. It was with great difficulty that she kept from falling at every step. She felt afraid the earth would open and swallow her up before she could reach her home. On

arriving at the house her strength was almost entirely exhausted. She soon rallied, and engaged in arranging her domestic affairs for the night; but when she reflected on her conduct during the day, her soul was overwhelmed with a sense of guilt and shame. "What have I been doing? Persecuting my innocent child! O, will God pardon? Will he ever forgive me? I am worse than Saul of Tarsus. He acted 'ignorantly,' when engaged in persecuting the people of God, but I am without excuse. I knew I was doing wrong. But family pride urged me forward. 'I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes.'" My brother returned to the house not long afterward, and soon retired to bed, entirely ignorant of what had transpired. He felt, however, that his prayers were heard, and that he had better not go to the prayer meeting on that evening. God also assured his heart, "that enlargement and deliverance" would come from another place. He felt that he had done his duty, and all that now remained was to continue to wait on the Lord, or stand still and see his salvation. After committing himself to the care of a covenant-keeping God, he was soon locked in the embrace of sleep. But in another part of that same dwelling there was one heart not at rest, one from whose eyelids sleep had departed. Father was asleep, but mother could find no rest for her wounded soul. The arrows of "the Almighty were drinking up her spirits." She was now subdued into penitence at the feet of her offended Lord and Master. The pride of her heart was brought down, and humbled under the mighty hand of God. It might now be said of her as of one of old, "Behold she prayeth!" and the burden of that cry was, "Lord, save me or I perish." "God be merciful to me a sinner."

"'Tis right the sentence should take place,
But O thy Son has died."

My father had fallen into a profound sleep, and all was quiet and silent as the grave. However, the agony of my mother soon became so great that she "cried out in the night watches upon her bed." This aroused my father, and spread alarm through all that part of the house. Father sprang out on the floor, lighted a candle, and went to the bed and cried out, "Mary! Mary! Mary! do tell me what is the matter with you!" My mother made him no reply, but with her hands clasped upon her breast, with streaming eyes, continued, in the most plaintive manner, to plead with God, for Christ's sake, to have mercy upon her soul. Her constant cry was:

"Merciful God, thyself proclaim,
In this polluted breast;
Mercy is thy distinguished name,
And suits the sinner best."

My father was alarmed and bewildered. He ran into the other part of the dwelling and awoke my brother John, and said, "Come! O come quickly into my room; your mother has an attack of the 'hysterics.' Come, get up, and go for the doctor. I fear she will die soon unless she gets relief." John arose and concluded to go and see his mother before he started for the physician. On entering her bedroom, he soon discovered that she had no need of medical assistance. He knew that she had been wounded by the "Spirit's sword," and could only be healed by an application of "Gilead's balm." Christ, the physician of the sin-sick soul, was all she wanted now. As soon as mother discovered my brother at her bedside, she entreated his forgiveness, and asked him to get down and pray to God to forgive her also, and change her nature, too. My brother instantly fell upon his knees, and cried to God to set her soul at liberty, and to make her also a "partaker of like precious faith with himself." O, it was a time of deep anguish! The con-

flict lasted for several hours. But, like the Syrophenician woman, she continued to cry, "Lord, help me." At last the Comforter came, and said to the "weeping Mary," "Daughter, be of good cheer; thy sins, which were many, are all forgiven thee: go in peace and sin no more." It was in that hour

> "Her tongue broke forth in unknown strains,
> And sang redeeming love."

My mother shouted aloud for joy, and my brother rejoiced with her. The balance of the night was nearly all spent in prayer and praise. My father, who had been an eye-witness of all that passed, said the only thing that comforted him at the time was the reflection that it had all occurred in the night—the neighbors would not know it, and the family would be saved from disgrace. I have often heard him state he thought they were both partially deranged, and would be restored to their senses by the light of the morning. This, however, was a delusive hope, as you will learn from the sequel.

CHAPTER VI.

SHOUTING IN CHURCH.

After the conversion of my mother, she ceased to oppose my brother in trying to secure a "crown of life." In regard to their religious experience, they now saw "eye to eye," and walked together from day to day in the comforts of the Holy Ghost, realizing that

> "The fellowship of kindred minds
> Is like to that above."

It was not long till my father was better reconciled to the unexpected change in my mother's experience; but

the time was drawing near when he was to be subjected to a more severe trial than any thing that had yet trans pired.

The following morning father assembled the family, as usual, for worship. He read a Psalm, and then sung it, and kneeled down to pray; but soon after he commenced mother began to praise God, in an audible voice. This was a breach of decorum that my father could not endure. He ceased praying at once, rose up from his knees, and left the house. He did not return again till called in to breakfast. This was of frequent occurrence during the week. On the following Sabbath the family, as usual, went to their own church. Mother, as yet, had never thought of going to the Methodist meetings, al though she had resolved to cease persecuting her son, or any that wished to join them, in future. The services were unusually solemn, on that day. The sacrament of the Lord's supper was administered. The "preparation sermon" was on the sufferings of Christ. Mother, although a member of the Seceder Church from a child, had never experienced a change of heart till a few days previous. Now every thing was changed, because she had a "new heart and a right spirit." The Bible was a new book; its promises were precious; and the preaching of the Gospel was "like honey from the comb" to her spiritual appetite. She was no longer an "outer-court" worshiper, serving God in the "letter."

The sermon was well adapted to the occasion, and long before its close my mother was very happy. The Lord poured into her soul the fullness of the riches of his grace—"good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." She shouted aloud for joy. The consternation of both minister and people was very great, as mother continued to "bless God in his sanctuary." At length, the minister was overwhelmed with confusion,

and took his seat in the pulpit; a part of the congregation fled from their seats toward the door, with great fear and trembling; the services were speedily brought to a close, and as the congregation returned home, they said, one to another, "We have seen strange things to-day." Among all of them that retired from the house that day, none were so deeply chagrined as my father. His deep sense of mortification could only be exceeded by the joy and happiness of my mother and brother John. Such an occurrence had never been witnessed in that church before, and of course the members, as well as the preacher, were loud in their expressions of condemnation. Mother was now considered, by all of them, partially deranged, and, if not restored, would soon be a fit subject for the insane asylum.

In the mean time, the news had spread throughout the neighborhood—like fire in dry stubble—that the good old-fashioned, psalm-singing Seceders had caught the "*Methodist fire,*" and were actually engaged in shouting in the public congregation. This strange news brought together a large congregation, the next Sabbath, to see and hear for themselves. During the week, mother continued very happy, praying and praising God during the greater part of her leisure hours. She often interrupted the quiet and order of the family devotions, by shouting and praising God, to the great annoyance of my father. She would retire for secret prayer, and shout in her closet, and often in the night watches she would praise God aloud upon her bed.

At length, the second Sabbath arrived, and our family repaired to their own place of worship, as usual. Many strange faces thronged the sanctuary, on that occasion, all anxious to learn, from personal observation, the truth of the strange reports so recently circulated in the neighborhood. The services were commenced, and conducted

in the usual manner about half-way through, when, on a sudden, the Spirit of God filled the heart of my mother, and she broke out in joyful strains of "halleluiah to God," for what he had done for her soul. The congregation was thrown into great confusion, and the minister remarked that he would sit down for a while, and, as soon as quiet was restored, he would try to proceed with his discourse. The ecstasy of my mother was very great, and it was some time before she ceased to praise the God of her salvation. The excitement in the audience was indescribable; all present seemed to be overwhelmed with a sense of the majesty and power of God. I have often heard my father remark that, at that time, he would cheerfully have given all he possessed to be free from the odium thus brought upon the family and his own Church by these strange religious exercises of my mother. This sense of shame was daily increased, from the fact that he was now well persuaded that, whenever the Spirit filled her heart, whether at home or abroad, she would "do as the occasion served." This soon became generally known among the Methodists living in the vicinity of my father's, and in all that "region round about."

But things were not to continue in this state long. The third Sabbath arrived, and a greater crowd assembled at the church, to see for themselves. The minister had not preached long before mother commenced praising God, in an audible manner. The minister was sorely displeased, and cried out, at the top of his voice, "ORDER! ORDER! ORDER!" But mother heeded not the words, nor understood the nature of the command; but being "girded with gladness," like the saints of old in the temple, continued to praise the Lord with a loud and clear voice. Her pastor, at length, finding that she disregarded his commands, called upon the elders of the Church, in the most imperative manner, to go and remove her from

the pew. But, alas for the poor elders! although they loved their minister, not one of them even arose from their places, to attempt to execute his orders. Their courage was not equal to the task; they seemed to act as though they were much more safe to keep at a respectful distance. Mother continued to shout till the whole congregation was melted to tears. After she had desisted, the minister arose and dismissed the congregation, which retired hastily, in the greatest possible confusion; some crying, others scoffing, etc.

Things had now come to a crisis. The minister was very angry. The Methodists in the neighborhood, of course, were highly delighted; and none of them, I have been informed, rejoiced as did my brother John. Father went home deeply mortified, saying in his heart, "Verily, the end is not yet."

In the early part of that week, mother received a written notification to "attend trial" before the "session," to answer to the charge of "disorderly conduct in the house of God;" specification, for *shouting three successive Sabbaths.* On the reception of this notice, my mother was thrown into a state of great mental agitation. She could not endure the idea of being expelled from the Church of her early choice; her feelings, for a short time, were insupportable, and she wept much. However, she soon found relief at the throne of grace. From that hour, till the period set for the trial, she ceased not to pray to God to undertake her cause in "time of need." She did not pray in vain. "To the righteous there ariseth light in darkness." When the period arrived, father and mother repaired to the church, with sad hearts and tearful eyes. The minister and the members of the session were all present, awaiting the arrival of the accused party. The minister came out, and first invited my father into the place where the elders had convened. He then

requested him to give them a history of this strange affair. My father politely complied with his request, and told them all how it came to pass, in as few words as possible; and then closed by saying: "You all know I do not believe in *shouting*, but I am compelled to state that my wife is a changed woman. She is not like the same person, now, that she once was. She is kind, patient, and forbearing, and seems to be happy all the time, at home and abroad; and takes a much deeper interest in the spiritual happiness of her family. Sometimes she goes to secret prayer, and comes out of her closet bathed in tears. I know she is a much better woman than before. She says that she does not want to shout, but, when 'filled with the Spirit,' she can not and does not wish to refrain from so doing. I want you to call her in and let her answer for herself. She will tell you all about how the Lord has been dealing with her, for the last few months."

The minister then asked my father if he had ever tried to make her promise to quit. He answered yes, often; but she was never willing to make any such rash promises. Here the conference ended with my father, and he retired from the house, leaving the minister and elders to their own deliberations.

They continued to consult together for a long time. At length, my father was invited to return to the session-room, when the minister remarked: "Mr. G., on more mature deliberation we have concluded not to examine Mrs. G. upon the *charge* preferred against her, or to inquire any further, at present, into the peculiar nature of her religious exercises. We also have unshaken confidence in her piety and integrity, and do not wish to throw any obstacles in her way. We will not even pass an OFFICIAL CENSURE upon her late conduct at church. We will dismiss the case, with the request that you will

use all your influence to get her to *quit shouting in church.*" My father replied, "I will try to do so, but I have no hope of success."

When mother heard the decision, she could scarce refrain from praising God on the highway, as she returned to her home. With the Psalmist she exclaimed: "O how great is thy goodness which thou hast laid up for them that fear thee, and wrought out for them that fear thee before the sons of men!" "The Lord is my shield; I trusted in him and I am helped; therefore, my heart greatly rejoiceth." She was now very happy, all the time:

> "With her, no melancholy void,
> No moment lingered unemployed
> Or unimproved, below."

I have often heard her say this was one of the happiest weeks of her life. John and she "talked often by the way," and rejoiced together as heirs of the same glorious inheritance.

Up to this time my brother had wisely said nothing about going again to the Methodist meetings; but now "the set time had fully come"—the way was made plain before him—and on one Sabbath morning he asked my mother to accompany him to class meeting, at brother Maffitt's. These meetings were held at the same house where, but a few weeks before, she had so peremptorily forbidden my brother to go. However, she concluded to go and see for herself how these meetings were carried on.

The exercises of the class were conducted in the usual way. The young and old arose, as their names were called, and spoke of the love of God in a most touching manner. Mother was surprised to hear so many speak, in part, the exercises of her own mind. Before it came her turn to speak, the cup of her rejoicing was full, and

she began to shout and praise God. Others joined in with her, and they "exalted the name of the Lord together." Here, among a people she had so long despised, she met for the first time with kindred spirits; here, for the first time, she realized "where the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

O what a change the Lord wrought out in so short a time! She went again and again to these "feasts of love," with my brother, and liked all of their exercises better, at each succeeding meeting; and to the surprise of my brother, and the mortification of her old friends, she soon made up her mind to join the Methodist Episcopal Church. This step was bitterly opposed by my father. He tried to persuade her not to leave the Church in which she was born; but all his efforts were unavailing. The providence of God clearly indicated to her that she ought to do it, without delay. She now rejoiced that my brother had united with the Methodists, and could say to him with a sincere heart, like Ruth to Naomi: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Accordingly she applied for a letter of dismissal from the Seceder Church, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, in the year 1816. I have often heard my father say, "O if I had known in the beginning that it would have ended as it did, I would not have remained passive, and comparatively neutral. I thought it would soon all pass away, and be forgotten; but in this hope I was sadly disappointed." But "He doeth all things well."

CHAPTER VII.

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN RIPLEY.

After mother united with the Methodists, the heart and hands of my brother John no longer drooped. He waxed strong in the Lord, and contended earnestly against my father for the "faith once delivered to the saints." Father was very fond of controversy, and a firm believer in the doctrines of John Calvin. These discussions between my father and brother were kept up for many months, day and night. Mother would always render my brother all the assistance that she could; but was, for the most part, a silent but prayerful listener. Father was often more than a match for my brother; yet when fairly beaten by John in debate, he would not yield, but resume the subject and fight it over again, without ever growing weary. These discussions were often continued late at night, especially when the topic of personal experience was brought up, or the possibility of a sinner knowing that he is born of God before the hour of death. Mother would often retire to bed at such a time, and pray that God would make my brother the instrument of teaching my father "the way of the Lord more perfectly." Father would never say "it is growing late," or "I am weary," as long as my brother would continue to controvert with him on doctrinal subjects. But whenever John would remark in substance as follows: "Well, father, you may argue and talk as you please against the direct witness of the Spirit, or the impossibility of our knowing in this life that we are the children of God, but let me tell you, I know that God, for Christ's sake, pardoned my sins at the camp meeting,

and gave me the witness in my soul; I feel it at this very moment. Like the blind man, I can say of a truth, 'this one thing I know, that whereas I was once blind, I now see' "—as soon as my brother would state that he had the "witness in himself," my father would rise up to retire and say, "John, it is growing late, you had better go to your bed." Reader, what an important lesson you and I are here taught!

The next year my parents moved to Ohio, and settled on the waters of Eagle creek, about six miles from the city of Maysville, in Kentucky. There was circuit preaching at the house of Mr. Samuel Fitch, about one mile below their new location. They found no Seceders living in that region of country, and the nearest Presbyterian meeting-house was about four miles distant, on the waters of Red Oak. As my father had now no place of worship, he concluded to attend some of the Methodist meetings in that neighborhood. The first sermon that he heard was from Rev. J. Havens, from these words: "For now I perceive that God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is accepted of him." Under this discourse my father, like Peter, had his eyes opened to see that "what God had cleansed, he ought not to call common." He espoused the doctrines of John Wesley and Fletcher with all his heart, and became a zealous advocate of the peculiar doctrines of a "*free and full salvation from all sin in this life,*" and the direct witness of the Holy Ghost. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church at the house of Mr. Samuel Fitch, on Eagle creek. Mr. Fitch was a native of Kentucky. He first settled at what was called "Logan's Gap," on the Ohio river. For a long time, a good old sister of the name of Anna Mountain, had been praying day and night for God to send some one into that part of the state that would be

willing to open their house for Methodist preaching. I have often heard brother Fitch remark, that he believed that he was directed to Eagle creek by a special providence in answer to the prayers of this devoted saint.

Methodism was then in its infancy. The first society of Methodists in southern Ohio, was organized in the spring of 1812, at the house of brother Samuel Fitch, on Eagle creek, four miles from Ripley, on the hill-road to Maysville. Some noble-hearted Christians had settled near him. The scattered sheep were soon called together at his house to worship the God of their fathers. Rev. Isaac Pavey formed them into a class. The Bascom family settled in the same neighborhood, one mile east of Eagle creek, on the road leading to Maysville, in Kentucky, in this same year. The late Bishop Bascom, who was then in his sixteenth year, was appointed class-leader, and continued to lead this class tili some time in February, 1813, when he was regularly licensed to preach as a local preacher, by Rev. James Quinn, of precious memory. During the year 1813 brother Bascom traveled Brush Creek circuit, by the appointment of the presiding elder. I have often heard brother Fitch remark, that the late Bishop Bascom was the most faithful and devoted class-leader that he had ever known. Often when Eagle creek was running full of water during the winter season, this young exhorter, Henry B. Bascom, would strip off a part of his clothes and wade the swollen stream, holding them above his head, rather than disappoint those who were anxiously awaiting his arrival. The class prospered wonderfully. Souls were awakened and converted at every meeting. He reported an increase of sixty at the close of the year, which made the total number seventy-five.

The following are the names of those who were first called Methodists on the waters of Eagle creek: H. B.

Bascom, leader; Alpheus Bascom, Hiram Parent, Mrs. Parent, Mrs. Hannah Houk Bascom, Hugh Allen, Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Staten, Henry Hardesty, Anna Mountain, Henry Morris, Mrs. Morris, George Coates, Mrs. Coates, Miss Coates—15.

In the spring of 1817 my parents settled within about one and a half miles from "Glen Cottage," the residence of the Bascom family. They attached themselves to the same class of which Bishop Bascom was leader till the time that he entered the ministry. Rev. John Meek was the first Methodist preacher that I ever heard preach. He was then comparatively a young man, and had a rich, melodious voice, and preached with great eloquence and power at popular meetings. His preaching made a deep impression on my youthful mind. I was intimately acquainted with Rev. Henry B. Bascom from the days of my boyhood. The most eloquent and effective discourses that I ever heard him preach, were on the waters of Eagle creek, near the residence of his father, and in sight of the house where he was first appointed class-leader. I have many things to say of the late Bishop Bascom, but have no room for them here. He was the most affectionate son that I ever knew. He was kind to all his relatives. I corresponded with him for many years. The last letter that I received from him was while he was residing at Augusta College, in Kentucky It was not long after the death of his *step-mother*, whom he loved most fondly. I will give the introductory por tion of it. Peace to his ashes!

"PARKE LODGE, FEBRUARY 7, 1842

"MY DEAR BROTHER GADDIS,—I received your kind letter some time ago, but the *illness and death* of *my step-mother* prevented my attending to it; and even now I feel very little like writing, and when I attempt it, it is with an unconquerable propensity to be *brief*, even with

the most intimate of my friends. We committed the *remains* of *step-mother* to the dust on the 27th ultimo, and I need not say what has been the *affliction* here for some weeks past."

Ripley is pleasantly situated on the Ohio river, in Brown county, Ohio. It is about fifty miles above Cincinnati, and equidistant from Augusta and Maysville, in Kentucky. It was formerly included in what was originally called the "Virginia Military District," and formed a part of a large tract of land given by the Government to Colonel Pogue as a reward for his services. It was laid out by the proprietor, Colonel P., in 1804. The original name of the village was Stanton; but at the request of the citizens, consisting of only *four families* in 1816, it was changed to Ripley, by a "special act" of the Legislature. The first settlers of the town were from the states of Kentucky and Virginia, a few of whom are still living. It was at an early period selected as the seat of justice for the county of Brown; but the "board of commissioners," who were instructed by the people to find a more central location, removed it to Georgetown, a thriving village about ten miles distant, in a northwesterly direction. This had a tendency to retard the improvement of Ripley for a number of years.

Methodism was planted here at an early period. The first Methodist sermon was preached here by the venerable John Collins, of precious memory, a particular account of which I furnished Judge M'Lean for the biography of father Collins.

In 1818, soon after my father settled on Eagle creek, a small class was organized by Rev. William Dixon in the town of Ripley, of which my brother, Rev. John Gaddis, was appointed leader. The names of the members were: John Ashbaugh, Sophia Ashbaugh, John Walkington,

Ann Tupman, Miss Gooty, Mr. Tupman, Mr. and Mrs. M'Daniel, Rachel and Sophia Hardin, and Miss Anna Hardin, and a few others whose names I do not now recollect. The first preaching was held in private houses. It was next removed to the new court-house, and, under the labors of Rev. Andrew M'Clain, a number were added to the Church. The next place of preaching was in an old frame house, which had been previously used for an oil-mill. It was in this old, antiquated house that I first heard Rev. Russel Bigelow preach a most powerful sermon. In 1826 a new brick house was erected near the old frame oil-mill, in which many souls were powerfully converted, especially during the ministrations of Rev. Frederick Butler, Rev. R. S. Foster, and Rev. John W. Clarke. A number of years since the "old brick" was sold, and a new and elegant church erected on the opposite side of the street. For a number of years past, the society has supported a stationed minister.

FIRST BURIAL AND FIRST SERMON BY A METHODIST IN THE TOWN OF RIPLEY.

The first Methodist minister that visited Ripley, Ohio, was the late venerable John Collins. The substance of that visit was furnished by myself for the "Life of Rev. John Collins, by Judge M'Lean." I will now give the narrative more in detail. Mr. Collins was passing from one of the preaching-places on Eagle creek at the house of Samuel Fitch, to the "Center," or the old county seat on Straight creek, in Brown county, Ohio. On ascending to the top of the dividing ridge between the waters of Eagle and Red Oak creeks, he discovered a "blazed path" turning off the main road to the left. He instantly halted and inquired of his guide where that new road would lead them. He was informed that it led to a little town at the mouth of Red Oak creek, on the Ohio river, called

"Stanton"—the site where the flourishing town of Ripley is now situated. He then inquired if they could reach the point of destination and take that place in their route? His friend informed him that they could without difficulty. He then replied, "I feel *impressed* to go by this new village." As they approached this place, they saw a funeral procession ascending the hill into a dense grove above the site where the first Presbyterian church now stands. It was the *first burial* among the villagers since their settlement on the banks of the Ohio. Mr. Collins and his traveling companion immediately joined in the solemn procession and followed on to the grave. It was the first wife of Mr. Bernard Jackson, who for many years had been an avowed infidel. After the grave was covered, and all were about to retire, Mr. Collins uncovered his head and remarked, that they had now performed the last act of kindness that could be done for the DEAD, but that he, as one of the embassadors of Christ, had a message for the LIVING. He then politely remarked, that any who wished to return to their homes, were at liberty to do so, but that he should preach to all who would remain. No one left the ground. He read for his text a part of the twenty-fifth verse of the eleventh chapter of St. John: "I am the resurrection and the life: he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live." He preached with irresistible power. The solemnity of the occasion, and the circumstances which brought him to the place, added, no doubt, to the seriousness of the services. No one could apply peculiar circumstances more forcibly than Mr. Collins. There were many tears and sobs in that little audience at the FIRST BURIAL in Ripley. The infidel husband was overwhelmed, and renounced his infidelity and became an earnest inquirer after the way of salvation. In after years I formed his acquaintance, and often heard him

relate how he was brought out of darkness into the light of the Gospel. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. His remains now rest at Stone Chapel, in West Union circuit. He has one son that is a traveling preacher in the state of Indiana.

CHAPTER VIII.

MY CONVERSION.

In the summer of 1824, some time in the month of August, it pleased God to bring me to a saving knowledge of the truth. It was at the first camp meeting that I was permitted to attend. This meeting was held in the state of Kentucky, about six miles from the city of Maysville, and two miles west of the town of Washington, in Mason county. From my childhood I had heard my parents talk about these extraordinary means of grace. Their oft-repeated descriptions of them had awakened in my youthful mind a great desire to go. For several months previous to the time appointed for this meeting, all my waking thoughts were occupied about it. At length the long-wished-for period arrived, and at "early morn," in company with three elder brothers, I started over the Ohio river. At this time our residence was in the county of Brown. Our dwelling stood on the bank of the river, a short distance below the town of Ripley. On the morning of our departure for the encampment, my dear mother followed us out to the gate and bade us adieu. She said to William and myself, "BE GOOD CHILDREN, AND SEEK RELIGION before you return home."

At that time I was not thinking much upon that subject; neither did I desire to go to the meeting in order

to seek religion. If any one had said to me on that morning, I think you will get religion and join the Church before you come back, I should have "laughed them to scorn." I was going out of mere curiosity, without any definite object before my mind. However, soon after my arrival on the ground, I felt very solemn. When we passed within the inclosure of the tents, and drew near to the preachers' stand, I was forcibly reminded of the address to the Hebrew prophet: "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." This camp meeting was attended by many of the most gifted and eloquent preachers of the Kentucky conference. Their preaching was attended by the power of the Holy Ghost, and hundreds were awakened and converted. The late Johnson Armstrong, of Maysville, Kentucky, had a very large tent for the accommodation of strangers from abroad. All of our company, which consisted of seven or eight young men and boys, were politely invited to brother Armstrong's tent. Never shall I forget the kindness of that good man. Putting his hand on my head, he said to me, "My little lad, you see I am now an old man, and I have a large company to entertain; I can not, of course, pay much attention to you, but you are very welcome to stay here during the meeting. Whenever you see a vacant place at the table, go and take your seat without waiting for me to look after you, or give you another invitation." This act of kindness had a happy influence on my youthful mind. I soon felt a *home feeling* come over me. On Sabbath afternoon, at the close of a most deeply-affecting discourse, seekers of religion were invited to come forward. The seats were placed in front of the pulpit, but there was no altar railing to guard the near approach of the crowd. As a substitute, the brethren joined their hands together and formed a circle, to keep the congre-

gation from intruding upon the place set apart for the mourners. Within this circle of "brotherly love," all were invited who desired the prayers of the people of God. It was an hour of great religious excitement. Many were "crying for mercy," as they approached the consecrated spot. I had an irrepressible anxiety to see all that was going forward, and, like one of old, I sought the highest elevation within my reach; I climbed up on a high stump, which stood near the preachers' stand, where I was head and shoulders above the entire congregation. It was not long, however, till I was called to come down and humble myself before the Lord at the mercy-seat. While watching the moving scene before me, to my great surprise, I saw my brother William press through the congregation and bow as a penitent, at one of the benches just before me. At that time, William and myself were the only members of the family who were not within the pale of the visible Church. The sight of this deeply affected my "thoughtless heart," and I instantly exclaimed, mentally, "O, my God, will father, and mother, and brothers, and sisters, and all my relatives, 'press into the kingdom of heaven,' and leave me in the broad road which leadeth to destruction! O, how can I endure the thought of an eternal separation!" I then said, "O, if all of them are determined to be saved, 'I will go also;'" and then, like Zaccheus, I made haste and "delayed not to come down." I endeavored to press my way through the congregation as fast as I could, till I reached the "circle" inclosing the penitents. I then kneeled by the side of my brother, and began to pray, with a sincere heart, for the pardon of my sins. Al though, at that time, I was a small white-haired boy, not quite thirteen years old, I felt that I was a very great sinner. I had not prayed long before I began to realize that I had a hard and rebellious heart, and unless it was

washed by the blood of Calvary, I must sink to hell Such was the bitterness of my spirit, and the deep mental agony of my soul, that I was unconscious of all that was passing around me. I prayed and struggled for deliverance, without a moment's interval, for more than SIX LONG, WEARY HOURS, without rising from my knees. O, I then tasted the "wormwood and the gall," and my soul hath them still in remembrance. At length my anguish ceased; I became calm, and my mind unusually clear and reflective. In a moment my heart became as insensible as a stone; I could neither weep, feel, nor pray. A deep gloom settled down over my soul. The tempter came in upon me "like a flood," and suggested to my mind that my fears were all unnecessary; that I had no genuine conviction for my sins; that I was simply alarmed at seeing my brother go forward for prayers. He also whispered in my ear, that I need not be in haste about so important a matter; I was quite too young to become a Christian, or join the Church of God. Unfortunately, I yielded to the power of my adversary; I immediately felt an inward sense of shame, and regretted that I had come there to pray. I arose from my knees, took a seat on the bench, and covered my face with my hands, for fear that any of my wicked companions should recognize me among the "seekers" of religion. Some one approached and talked to me, but it seemed to have no effect upon me. I could not remain any longer among those who were so earnestly crying to God for mercy; I felt I was not worthy to be there. At last, I was forced by the enemy of souls to leave the place of prayer and go to the tent. Satan had found out the most vulnerable point, and there he made his heaviest assault. He knew very well that the argument that "I was too young," was the only one with which he could prevail; therefore, he pressed it the more closely upon my mind. At last I

concluded to give it up for that time, and resolved, at some more "convenient season," when of maturer years, I would seek the Savior and go with my friends to glory. I had made up my mind to go to heaven—in this purpose "my heart was fixed." But the voice of Satan constantly whispering in my ear, "You are alarmed and too young," also kept me for a little season from making any farther efforts. I at length resolved to give it up, and retired to bed, hoping I would be more composed in the morning. But, to my great surprise, I found that I could not rest—sleep had "departed from my eyes, and slumber from my eyelids." My soul had been pierced by the two-edged sword of the Spirit, and the arrows of the Almighty were drinking up my spirits. I could find no rest for either mind or body. My state of mind was touchingly described by Cowper's affecting allegory:

> "I was a stricken deer, that left the herd
> Long since. With many an arrow deep infixed,
> My panting heart was charged; when I withdrew
> To seek a tranquil death in distant shades.
> There was I found by one who had himself
> Been hurt by the archers. In his side he bore,
> And in his hands and feet the cruel scars."

The cries of the "stricken ones" still at the altar were borne far off by the night winds. "I then communed with my own heart, and was still upon my bed," alone with my God. It was an hour never to be forgotten. At times I fancied I could hear the cries of my brother go up to heaven for mercy. Ever and anon some were converted, and the joy in the presence of the angels of God was very great. In a moment the power of the tempter was broken, and I again resolved to "arise and go to my father." I arose with great deliberation, and put on my clothes, and went out and kneeled down again at the place that I had left about one hour before. I soon began again to cry and pray to God for pardoning mercy.

I felt that the bondage was over me—the iron was entering my soul. My darkness increased till Despair, with her dark, raven wings, spread over my spirit. At this moment, I recognized the voice of my brother David whispering in my ear the consoling promises of the Gospel, assuring me that the "darkest hour was just before the dawn of the morning." And then I heard him remark as follows: "O, my dear brother Maxwell, remember how long mother has prayed for your conversion, and how glad she would be if the Lord would make you his child at this meeting. I have no doubt she is praying for you now. And then remember the Church is praying, and your bleeding Savior is pleading your cause before the throne of God on high.

'The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed one,
And can not turn away
The presence of his Son.'"

During all my agony up to that moment, I had never thought of the tears or prayers of my affectionate mother. They now all passed in review before me. I felt at that moment that there was "efficacy in prayer," and there was hope for my soul. I then looked to the cross by faith, and in a moment my burden was gone. The Sun of righteousness shined into my heart, and I arose and shouted aloud for joy, and continued praising God till the dawning of the morning. I recollect of getting up on a bench

"To tell to sinners round,
What a dear Savior I had found."

My brother William experienced religion the same night, and nearly all of our little band returned home to "glorify God." It was at the solemn and impressive hour of midnight when my chains were severed, and the "voice of my Deliverer" cheered my disconsolate soul.

On our way home, we made the "grand old woods" on the river hills in Kentucky, vocal with our songs of redeeming love. Before our arrival, however, some one had conveyed the intelligence to my dear mother. She saw us coming, and stood at the gate to receive us. The joy of that meeting may be imagined, but it can not be portrayed by human tongue or pencil. I learned this striking fact from my mother, that on the Sabbath night of my conversion she had resolved to spend the forepart of that evening in prayer, for the conversion of her two sons at the camp-ground in Kentucky. Toward eleven o'clock she was powerfully tempted to give up the struggle, just about the time the tempter obtained the victory over my soul at the altar. But not long after this assault, she renewed the conflict, and "prevailed" in driving the enemy from the field. She *importuned* God with "strong cries and tears," and "wrestled" in mighty prayer with the "angel of the covenant" till nature was nearly exhausted.

"What though my shrinking flesh complain,
And murmur to contend so long?
I rise superior to my pain.
When I am weak then am I strong,
And when my all of strength shall fail,
I shall with the God-man prevail."

At last her prayer was heard. She *felt* that it was answered. The joy of her spirit was inexpressible. She heard the Savior say, "O, woman, great is thy faith; be it unto thee even as thou wilt." Who can tell the power and efficiency of a mother's prayers? Her love can only be excelled by the love of God. The love of God is changeless, and without a parallel. Isa. xlix, 15, 16.

"What tongue can paint a mother's love
To the sweet infant dandled in her arms;
What argument need her compassion move
To hear it cry or keep it in its harms!

Yet if one mother were possessed
Of all the love, within her single breast,
Of all the mothers since the world began,
'Tis nothing to the LOVE OF GOD TO MAN."

CHAPTER IX.

CALL TO THE MINISTRY.

IT was not long after I had experienced a change of heart till I felt that I was "inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost" to preach the Gospel. I tried to banish this conviction from my mind in every way that I could, but it was strengthened every year. My irreligious acquaintances began early to predict that I would become a minister, should Providence spare my life. These assertions annoyed me exceedingly. I had no desire for such an honorable office, and feared I had but imperfect qualifications for the discharge of its sacred duties. The Church had her eyes upon me, and when only nineteen years of age, desired me to engage in the work of the ministry without delay, not doubting that God had called me by his Spirit, but I obstinately refused. My relatives and brethren importuned me also in vain to commence the work of the ministry at that period. At length the late Rev. William Allen, junior preacher on Straight Creek circuit, without my knowledge or desire, brought my case before the society, and obtained permission that I should receive license to exhort, according to the usual custom of the Church. On making known what he had done, he was informed by those better acquainted with the Discipline than himself, that it was not his prerogative thus to act, but the duty of his senior in office, the preacher in charge of the circuit. Of course all the action in the

case was "null and void." This was a matter of quite as deep mortification to brother Allen as it was of secret gratulation to myself. I vainly supposed that the matter would end here, and my conscience would be at rest in time to come; but, to my surprise, a few months before the close of that same year, the preacher in charge, Rev. Elijah H. Field, brought my case forward again, and obtained another recommendation from the society of which I was a member, and, on the subsequent day, handed me the following license:

"These are to authorize our brother, Maxwell P. Gaddis, to exercise his gifts as an exhorter in the Methodist Episcopal Church, so long as his doctrine, practice, and usefulness comport with the Discipline of said Church.

"Done at Ripley, Ohio, by consent of the class.

"ELIJAH H. FIELD, P. C.

"AUGUST 1, 1830."

This license was renewed at the last quarterly meeting for S. circuit, held at the Ash Ridge meeting-house, August 14, 1830. After this transpired the conflict in my own mind, which had raged with violence, increased. The members of the Church were constantly urging me to go forward, and the ministers called upon me almost every-where I went to take some part in the public exercises. This course soon became an intolerable burden, and destroyed much of my religious comforts in the service of God. To avoid being annoyed in this way, I often attended the preaching of other denominations. I dreaded the cross, and shunned it whenever I could. Occasionally I would yield to the importunities of the preachers, and exercise my "gift of exhortation." But this course only increased my unhappiness after the effort was past. I could never successfully resist the *inward conviction* that I was called of God to the work of the ministry. But I was afraid of the responsibility,

and determined I would not yield. I hardly ever exhorted, unless compelled to do so. I will here relate an amusing incident of this character, which transpired at the town of G. I was returning from a wedding, and stopped in that place to spend the Sabbath. Rev. B. Westlake was to preach the funeral sermon of a young Mr. S., and requested me to exhort, but I very respectfully declined. He urged me with still greater earnestness to comply, but I as sternly and promptly refused. As we were about to enter the church he asked me the third time, but I resolved not to do it, and said "No," in the most positive manner. At this he seemed much grieved, and then told me that he would feel called upon to exercise his ecclesiastical authority, and compel me to discharge my duty on that occasion. At this I laughed most heartily, and told him I hoped he would not attempt in any public manner to coerce me, or he would regret it thereafter on his account as well as my own. He replied, "Very well, I will see to that matter. You are a stranger here, and might do some of the young people good by an exhortation on this solemn occasion." I then walked into the church and took a seat in the back part of the congregation, just as far from the pulpit as I could get. Brother B. was not to be foiled in this way. As soon as the sermon was concluded he paused for a moment, and then cried aloud: "Brother Gaddis, come up into the pulpit and close with an exhortation!" The congregation seemed startled, and all looked around to see where I was seated. This increased my embarrassment a hundred fold, and I held down my head; whereupon brother B. cried out again in the most peremptory manner: "Brother Gaddis! come up and exhort!" His voice, naturally heavy, seemed to fall on my ear like thunder. I understood well the resoluteness and firmness of the man, and that nothing would be gained by sitting still

in my place of concealment; and for fear of being called the third time, I concluded to go forward and close the exercises by singing and prayer. But unfortunately for me, after having announced the page of the hymn, I turned to brother B., and stooped down behind the pulpit, and, in an undertone of voice, made known my intention. He caught me gently by the collar, and, looking me sternly in the face, said: "Exhort, sir! or else take your seat. I did not invite you up here to sing and pray; I could do that myself. I want you to exhort these young people to flee from the wrath to come; and if you will not do it, I will not permit you to take any part in the closing services." I was overwhelmed with confusion. The congregation was waiting, and I saw no way of escape. I addressed myself to the task, and did just as well as I possibly could under such embarrassing circumstances. In my judgment nothing was said either to the comfort or edification of the audience. If no other good was done I felt that I was conquered, and the pride of my heart greatly humbled. Before leaving the house I made a voluntary promise to do better in the future. Good brother A. R. came up and said: "Your exhortation was sweet, but quite too short."

For many years I never mentioned my convictions of duty, or the conflict that was raging within, even to my most intimate friends. The fire was consuming me, and its effect on my mind soon began to show itself in the impaired state of my general health. At length I concluded to make known my impressions of duty to a local preacher that was employed with me in the same store. At a time when business was dull I asked him if he would not take a walk with me in the suburbs of the town, as I had something of importance which I wished to communicate? He cordially consented, and we continued our walk for some time before I had moral courage

to introduce the subject. We stopped to rest at a number of suitable places for private conversation, but still I could not make known the smothered emotions of my soul. At length we returned and entered the market-house, not far from the store. My feelings overcame me and I burst into tears. Mr. P. wept also, as I there revealed to him all that was in my heart in regard to my call to preach. He remarked: "I knew all about it long ago." This surprised me exceedingly. On seeing which he explained by saying that no one had said any thing to him on the subject, but from the character of my public exercises as an exhorter, he was long since convinced that I was called of God to the work of the Christian ministry. He then proffered very kindly to assist me pecuniarily, and exhorted me to "yield at once and go into the itinerancy;" and closed by saying, "unless you do, I fear you will become very unhappy, and, in the end, may lose your soul." This conversation made a very deep impression on my heart; but I was "disobedient to the heavenly vision." I tried to immerse myself in the business of the world in such a manner as to preclude the possibility of going at that time. My heavenly Father then saw that it was necessary to afflict me, so that I was soon unable to attend to business of any kind. This afforded me ample time for reflection and prayer, and as soon as I promised the Lord I would discharge my duty, I recovered my former state of health speedily. I still felt, however, unwilling to discharge religious duties in public. I was now more unhappy than ever, and resolved to go into some more lucrative business, but every attempt was overruled by a wise and gracious Providence. I soon became very unwell again, and resolved to travel from home, which afforded me little or no relief either in mind or body. After this I entered college, but before the close of the year I was compelled by indisposition to

desist from the further prosecution of my studies. This was always a source of great unhappiness, for I was very anxious to complete my college course. I again engaged myself as a salesman in a store, and resolved fully to qualify myself for business, and banish from my mind all thoughts of the ministry. For a short season when in the "busy mart," I was perfectly happy, but, alas! it was not long before my convictions of long-neglected duty returned with double force. When alone I was constantly pondering it over in my mind, and at Church I was in great dread for fear the minister would call upon me to take a part in the closing exercises. Often on returning from Church I was deeply impressed with these solemn words: "A dispensation of the Gospel is committed to me; woe is me if I preach not the Gospel!" I felt miserable by night and by day. I often wept, and sung as I walked by myself in the woods,

"The harvest-fields are ripening,
And the laborers are few,
And Zion now doth languish—
O shepherds, where are you?
Their blood will cry against you,
If idle you should be;
You see the sword is coming,
Go sound the jubilee."

CHAPTER X.

CAMP MEETING SCENE.

I HAD the pleasure of first forming an acquaintance with Rev. William B. Christie, in the year 1832, at a camp meeting, a few miles north-west of Russelville, in Brown county, on the waters of Straight creek. Among the distinguished ministers present on that memorable occasion, were Rev. James B. Finley and Rev. Henry B.

Bascom, D. D., and several others, whose names are not now remembered.

I was then living at Ripley, a pleasant town on the Ohio river, and was one of a number of young men who resolved on getting up what is technically called "A Union Tent," for the purpose of attending the above-named meeting. On Saturday, the time fixed for its commencement, we set off early for the encampment. The morning was cool and pleasant, and we soon arrived in safety at the place of destination. On our arrival at the grove, we found that the morning service had commenced; the Rev. Burroughs Westlake was preaching powerfully, in his peculiar manner, from this text: "Is there no balm in Gilead, and is there no physician there? Why then is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" While the minister progressed with his discourse, the area in front of the stand, and especially the outer circle in the rear of the tents, presented a scene of great commotion, by the constant arrival of new tent-holders. Before the close of the sermon, the most intense excitement prevailed throughout the entire encampment; yet no one, not even the preacher, attached blame to the conduct of the occupants of the finished tents, or the hurry and confusion among the "new-comers." The face of the whole heavens was overspread with thick clouds, in consequence of which all not engaged in worship at the stand were busily employed in "tightening their canvas," or fixing as well as they could the clapboard roofs of their little log tents. Nearly every family was busily engaged in making the best possible arrangements to protect themselves and friends from the threatened shower. In company with my young companions, I was engaged in assisting to erect the "Union Tent" on a corner lot, a few rods distant from the preachers' stand. When brother Westlake closed

his sermon, an unusual anxiety was depicted in every countenance, and some looked sad and gloomy. All were of the opinion that the services of the meeting would soon be seriously interrupted, if not entirely broken off, by the coming tempest. A storm in the wild wood! How alarming to the weak and timorous! I have never witnessed a heavy thunder-storm without the deepest emotion of awe and reverence. At this moment an oppressive silence reigned throughout the encampment, while the muttering thunders were heard in the distant heavens.

"A thunder-storm! the eloquence of heaven,
When every cloud is from its slumber driven,
Who hath not paused amid its hollow groan,
And felt Omnipotence around him thrown!
With what a gloom the ushering scene appears,
The leaves all fluttering with instinctive fears,
The waters curling with a fellow dread,
A breezeless fervor round creation spread,
And last the heavy rain's reluctant shower,
With big drops pattering on the tree and bower,
While wizzard shapes the lowering sky deform,
All mark the coming of the thunder-storm!"

At this solemn hour I saw Rev. William B. Christie for the first time. He ascended the stand to close the service. His voice at first was low, but sweet and melodious; but as he proceeded to line out Cowper's beautiful and well-known hymn, commencing,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm,"

all eyes in the congregation were riveted upon the stranger. With the reading and singing of each verse of that appropriate hymn, the devotional feeling increased in the audience till the tear of joy sparkled in many an eye; while the hearty "amen" gave additional

interest to the scene. At the close of the hymn the assembly kneeled in prayer, while the voice of the stranger was lifted to the throne of grace. At first the faint whispers of his voice were scarcely audible, owing to preparations in the rear of the stand for a "rainy day." But as the preacher breathed out the desires of a burdened heart in a soft and subdued tone of voice, a solemn and awful stillness fell on the entire encampment. He had not continued long in prayer till all within the area of tents, and in the rear, and on all sides of the ground, fell upon their knees, or assumed a devotional posture. It was but a short time till the sharp crack of the wagoner's whip, and the sound of the ax in the surrounding grove, had died away. At last not a voice or the sound of a solitary footfall on the withered leaves disturbed the stillness of our devotions. The whole scene conspired to remind one of the address to the Hebrew prophet, "Take off thy shoes from off thy feet; for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." It was soon apparent, even to the careless, that no ordinary personage was leading the devotion of the people of God at that hour. Brother Christie, after praying for the sanctification of the people of God, the conversion of sinners, and the success of the meeting in general, began to plead most eloquently with almighty God, if consistent with his will in the government of the world, to "stop up the bottles of heaven" and give us "fair weather" in which to continue our worship in the tented grove. Never shall I forget the sublime portions of the word of God which were quoted in his prayer, with great power and singular appropriateness. I will name a few; such as, "Behold God is great; for he maketh small the drops of water: they pour down rain according to the vapor thereof, which the clouds do drop and distill upon man abundantly. For he saith to the snow, Be thou on the

earth; likewise the small rain, and the great rain of his strength Also, by watering he wearieth the thick cloud: he scattereth his bright cloud. And it is turned round about, so that they may do whatsoever he commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth." He also addressed the Almighty as the God of providence—as able to send or withhold the rain at his pleasure—as causing it to come for "correction for his land or for mercy," and as "causing it to rain on one city and not on another;" and as working every thing after the counsels of his own will, and that "snow and vapor, stormy wind, rain and hail," all fulfilled his word, and then quoted, with pathos and resistless power, the entire history of Elijah on Mount Carmel, and closed by quoting a verse from the hymn sung at the close of the sermon:

"Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face."

Never till that day had I known so fully the power and efficacy of prayer; and never before did I witness such a striking and remarkable answer to prayer. The minister on that occasion seemed to converse with God "face to face," as a man with his friend. As the petitioner approached nearer, and nearer still the "mercy-seat," sprinkled with the blood of the Son of God, his faith waxed stronger and stronger till "HE PREVAILED WITH GOD;" and the humble, fervent prayer of the suppliant was almost instantly answered. Hundreds of "living witnesses" at this day would unite their testimony to mine in confirmation of this wonderful interposition of God in answer to the prayer of his faithful servant. Before the close of that ever-memorable prayer, all felt that "the eyes of the Lord are over the righteous, and that his ear is open unto their cry," and that the *effectual*, fervent

prayer of a righteous man availeth much. Before he "left off speaking," or while he was yet praying, God turned aside the storm, and the bright cerulean was seen through the disparting clouds. Never did a more cheerful and luminous light gladden the hearts of God's ancient people in the wilderness than shone out upon the tents of our Israel in the grove that day. As it respects my own observation, I had never seen it on this wise before. That was a memorable day to sinners, "And there was no day like that before, or after it, that the Lord hearkened unto the voice of a man." I know that a skeptical philosophy will sneer at this statement, and object to it as being inconsistent with the *unchangeableness* of God. I reply, facts speak for themselves. The Bible abounds with many encouraging examples of the efficacy of prayer. "I do not say that prayer has any inherent efficacy to move God—like every other means, like the food we eat, it derives its efficacy from the appointment of God—but we do say that prayer is a *condition* on which it seems good to God to put forth his power. In the whole compass of divinely-appointed means, prayer occupies the highest place and possesses the mightiest efficacy. And why? It passes by all *secondary* means, and makes its way right straight to God; it puts aside every human hand, and goes at once to the arm of God, enters the presence of the Eternal, and makes its appearance at his throne. There it enables the suppliant to take hold of the STRENGTH OF GOD, and in a sense identifies himself with THE ALMIGHTY POWER." It was so in the case to which I have just referred. An infidel, who had just rode up on horseback in the rear of the pulpit, was awakened during the prayer, and sought religion during that meeting, and at the close of brother Christie's sermon on the next Monday morning, joined the Church, and lived a useful member of the Church the

many years, and now swells the number of the redeemed in heaven.

On Sabbath, at 11 A. M., Rev. H. B. Bascom, D. D., preached a most eloquent and pathetic discourse, from, "ALL HAIL! HE IS RISEN." Brother Christie preached on Monday morning, from, "There hath no temptation taken you, but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will with the temptation also make a way to escape, that ye may be able to bear it." The sermon was argumentative throughout, and produced a powerful impression on the minds of the audience. It was the first time Dr. Bascom had heard him, and in my hearing he pronounced the discourse a "MASTERLY EFFORT;" and, I may add, such was the opinion of the audience. If, at the commencement of our meeting, like one of old, he "prevailed with God," as an intercessor at the throne of grace, at its close in the pulpit, he was "approved unto God a workman that needeth not to be ashamed." He was of "convincing speech," and, like Apollos, "mighty in the Scriptures."

After parting with brother Christie at the Russelville camp meeting, I did not see him again till I entered the traveling connection. I then had frequent opportunities of hearing him preach at quarterly meetings and on popular occasions. As a profound theologian and successful embassador of the King of kings, brother Christie had no superior. The pulpit, pre-eminently, was the theater of his greatness, and the sufferings, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, the themes upon which he delighted to dwell. His preaching at our second quarterly meeting on White Oak circuit, in the town of Bethel, was attended with matchless displays of the power of God. The sermon on Sabbath morning was especially attended with uncommon unction. I had never wit-

nessed any thing like it before or since. It had an overwhelming effect upon the audience. I will endeavor to give a brief description of the whole scene as it passed before me on that never-to-be-forgotten occasion. At the close of the solemn and impressive introductory services, brother Christie announced as his text the beautiful words of St. Peter, "Blessed be the God and father of our Lord Jesus Christ, which, according to his abundant mercy, hath begotten us again to a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for you, who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto salvation, ready to be revealed in the last day." The theme or burden of the discourse was the resurrection of Christ from the dead—a subject with which the mind of the speaker was perfectly familiar. On all occasions brother Christie was fluent in language, chaste in diction, and strong in argument, evincing a critical knowledge of the peculiar doctrines of the Gospel. I never heard him argue with the same power and clearness as on that occasion. He reasoned like a "wise master builder" for more than an hour and thirty minutes. He did not fail to carry conviction to the understanding and conscience of the enchained multitude, who listened with breathless attention to the words of wisdom that fell from his lips. Having refuted every infidel objection brought against the resurrection of Christ, and vanquished all his most subtile adversaries, and "spoiled them of their armor," rising with the inspiration of his subject, he began to speak of the "inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away," with a fervor and pathos that could only be imparted by the Holy Spirit. The effect of his triumphant peroration, no language can possibly describe. As he continued to speak in the most eloquent and soul-stirring

strains of the fadeless inheritance, he seemed as if "caught up to the third heavens," and was simply describing with confidence,

"What he had felt and seen."

And as he spoke of the certainty of its "revelation," at the last day, unto all such as are "kept by the power of God through faith," the effect upon the audience was electric, and almost overpowering. I was alone with him in the pulpit; my colleague and other ministers present had taken seats in the altar, that they might be able to hear and see the speaker to better advantage. On a sudden, while soaring upward on the "wings of faith," and speaking of our future inheritance in strains "as sweet as angels use," he threw his arms in a circular form above his head—a gesture peculiar to himself, and one that characterized his last dying moments—and then, suiting the action to his words, he stepped up on the seat by my side, in the rear of the old pulpit, and pointed upward to heaven, apparently unconscious of the extraordinary influence he was exerting upon his audience. The "power of Christ rested upon him," and an unearthly radiance was visible in his countenance. An intelligent lady has frequently told me, the appearance of brother Christie at the moment he assumed his position on the seat in front of the pulpit window, was not earthly, but "ANGELIC;" and that with the circular motion of his arms a rainbow of glory seemed to encircle his person, and sit enthroned upon his brow. But it was not long after this till the sweet and melting strains of this highly-honored "legate of the skies," were drowned by the piercing cries of the penitent, and the loud hosannas of the "redeemed of the Lord." Some of the ministers in the altar arose from their seats and embraced each other with joyful hearts; after which, they

sank down prostrate for a season, on the floor, and then shouted aloud in honor of Him "who was dead, but is alive again." The congregation was completely overwhelmed with the majesty and glory of God. Sinners cried for mercy, backsliders were restored, and the people of God were clad with the garments of praise, and shouted for joy and gladness of heart. Every one was ready to exclaim, "How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven." It was more than one hour after the close of the sermon before the congregation retired from that sacred mount of Gospel privilege.

"How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
Where everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores!"

Such, dear reader, is only a faint outline of a scene of which I was permitted to be an eye-witness. "When the multitude saw it they glorified God, which had given such power unto men." Others "mocked," while some "were amazed and filled with fear," and returned to their homes, saying, "WE HAVE SEEN STRANGE THINGS TODAY."

It was no uncommon occurrence for brother Christie to close his sermons by falling upon his knees to make his final appeal to the unconverted portion of his audience. At such times his fervent appeals to the hearts and consciences of the ungodly were irresistible, and often attended with happy results. On one occasion, while preaching at Georgetown, at the close of a powerful and argumentative sermon, he fell upon his knees and began to plead with sinners, "in Christ's stead," to become reconciled to God. It was not long afterward till nearly all the congregation rose up and voluntarily fell upon their knees also. The scene was similar to the one

at the laying of the foundation of the second temple; some wept with a loud voice, and many shouted aloud for joy, so that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy from the noise of the weeping of the people; for "the people shouted with a great shout, and the noise was heard afar off." At this time I was sitting in the remotest corner from the pulpit; near me several young men were still sitting on their seats. A brother P., a most singular man, but full of faith and the Holy Spirit, cried out at the top of his voice, "In the name of the Lord God of Elijah, I command you to get upon your knees also, and ask God to have mercy upon your souls, and save you from the damnation of hell." They almost instantly obeyed his positive command, and the whole audience were upon their knees while brother Christie finished his eloquent appeals.

At the close of that same meeting, he made the most solemn appeal to the unconverted that I ever heard from human lips. It was at the close of a solemn sacramental service. He commenced his address by saying, "Go home, aged sinner, and as you pass over the threshold of the sanctuary, remember;" and then addressing the young men in the same manner, he said, "Go home, and as you go, remember," etc. Such pungent and heart-searching appeals I had never heard before. When the benediction was pronounced, the audience dispersed without exchanging the customary greetings or kind words of parting. It was like the parting of friends and neighbors at the grave of some loved friend. Every one seemed deeply engaged with his own heart, as if soon to appear at the "judgment-seat of Christ, to give an account of himself."

CHAPTER XI.

SCENES AT A FASHIONABLE WATERING-PLACE.

In consequence of the distressed state of my mind, my health began rapidly to decline, and my physician advised me to go to the springs. I accordingly went to the Lower Blue Licks, in the state of Kentucky. This place was at that time a very fashionable resort, and was numerously attended during that season. I had never visited such a place before, and I was shocked to witness so much profanity and drunkenness. I had not been there long before I wished myself home again, but I finally concluded to remain a few days and test the medical virtues of the Lick water. I spent much of my time in retirement, reading, meditation, and prayer. When in the parlor I was often solicited to engage in playing cards, or some other sinful amusement, and when I refused to engage in any of them, I soon perceived that my company was no longer desirable.

At length the Sabbath dawned upon us, and a most beautiful day it was. O how I longed for communion with the people of God! I had never before witnessed such a total disregard of the holy Sabbath day. The weather was now oppressively warm, and groups of card-players might be seen under every green tree in the front yard. My soul was pained within me; I could not endure the sight. I retired to an "upper room" to read my Bible, and to hold communion with my Savior. This was soon observed by some who had ascertained that I was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was not long till I became the "song of the drunkard." About nine o'clock some young men of the "baser sort," assembled under the shade of a locust-tree to make sport

of the religion of Christ. They sang songs and exhorted, laughed, and responded "Amen," "Lord grant it," etc. They wound up their profane exercises by holding a mock class meeting, in which they related their experience with the same tone of voice and peculiar manner of some of my old acquaintances at M. One of them would occasionally shout and clap his hands, and the others would audibly respond "AMEN!" While they were occupying the "seat of the scorner," I took out my "diary" and recorded the transaction, with the names of the principal actors; first, that it might be more deeply engraven on my own mind; and, secondly, to see if such wicked conduct would not be followed by the judgments of a justly-offended God. In this I was not mistaken. The principal performer, Captain B., committed suicide at the Pearl-Street Hotel, in the city of Cincinnati, about two weeks afterward. Mr. W., who was the son of a distinguished gentleman, once the governor of Pennsylvania, died suddenly in the streets of the city of M. in about three months from the time he was making sport of the Methodists in a mock meeting at the springs. Another, when last heard from, was fiddling in drunken saloons for the amusement of bystanders. I doubt not he has long since died as the fool dieth, and filled a drunkard's grave.

After my return home time passed slowly away. I was disqualified in mind and body for any business whatever, because *my heart* was no longer in it. I visited the city of Cincinnati, and intended to stay several weeks, but was so discontented in mind I only remained a short time. On my return trip on board the steamboat, I met with Doctor V., who taught me the first rudiments of the English language when a child. The meeting was mutually agreeable. We talked of the past, and of our prospects for the future. He was now engaged in the manufacture of iron on the waters of Ohio Brush creek.

Little did I think at that time I should ever be at the same place assisting him in his business. Surely the "ways of God are past finding out." We parted at R., and, in company with some friends, I concluded to take a pleasure-trip up the Ohio as far as Pittsburg and Brownsville, hoping it would bring some relief to my troubled spirit. The first few days of our voyage was delightful; but at Marietta we learned the painful intelligence that the cholera was prevailing at several places above on the river. This news spread alarm and dismay among the passengers. Our pleasure was all at an end. "Fears were on every side," and the stoutest hearts were afraid as our boat came near to the several landings on our upward journey. On our arrival at Wheeling we found the disease spreading all over the city, the deaths averaging about fourteen or fifteen each day. None of the passengers were willing to go ashore, although a number of them had intended to land there, and take the stage-coach for Baltimore. All were filled with consternation and dismay, and concluded to remain on board the boat till they reached the city of Pittsburg. I shall never forget that day. I did not feel afraid to die, yet I wept like a child to think that I should likely die among strangers before my return. The sorrows of my heart were greatly augmented by the reflection that, like Jonah, I was fleeing from the presence of the Lord.

Our boat left the landing a little before the sun went down. I spent a night of sleeplessness and indescribable misery. I felt the hand of the Lord resting upon me. I knew I deserved his chastisements for running away from my duty so long. I could neither eat nor sleep. "The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit, who can bear?"

The next day, as we approached the town of Steubenville, I went to the captain of the boat and told him that

he must put me ashore. He was astonished, and remonstrated with me against pursuing such a dangerous course. The citizens of this place were unwilling that the boat should land, for fear of conveying the plague from Wheeling. I went ashore in the yawl. It was a lovely day in the early part of June. I remained there till the next Monday. On Sabbath I went to class meeting and preaching, but felt as though God had "set a mark upon me," as one who was ashamed of his cross. During the Sabbath I prayed much and read the word of God at the hotel. On Monday I journeyed to Cadiz and as far as Cambridge; from thence to Zanesville, and via Lancaster to the city of Chillicothe. Between Lancaster and Chillicothe I traveled alone in the coach during one of the most terrific thunder-storms I ever witnessed. With the aid of the gleaming lightning the driver kept in the road, and God protected me from any harm. At Chillicothe I found that I had but little strength left, but I was so anxious to get home that I concluded to proceed. Between Bainbridge and Sinking Springs I became very sick. I asked the driver to stop and put me out. He remonstrated, and told me I should certainly die if left there among such people, and so far from any place where medical assistance could be obtained. I concluded to go on, but was no longer able to sit up. The driver removed the middle seat, and I laid down in the coach till we arrived at the Springs. I found an old friend living there, and tarried with him during the night. I slept but little, and the next day proceeded on horseback as far as the "crossings of Brush creek," beyond Jacktown. Before I reached this point I was attacked with bilious fever. I went into the house of Mr. S. and asked for a bed on which to lie down and die, and for three days I was unconscious of all that passed around me. I there promised God, if he would not cut me off in the morning of my

days, I would become an embassador of the Gospel. As soon as I made this promise my fever abated, and I was soon so far recovered as to be able to ride on horseback as far as West Union, in Adams county, Ohio.

I shall never forget the kindness of this family to me in the time of need. When I first recovered so far as to be able to recognize any one, I saw the mother and one of her daughters sitting in my room all bathed in tears. They had watched day and night around my bed, and ministered to all my wants. The Lord reward them with the blessings of his salvation here, and in the world to come give them eternal life!

At West Union I went to class meeting, and at the close of the exercises I asked permission to tell them "all that had befallen me in the way," and how the Lord had met me and laid his hand of affliction upon me because of my unwillingness to go and preach his Gospel. I then told them with tears "I could hold out no more;" I had promised the Lord TO DO MY DUTY, if he would again restore my health, and return me in safety to my friends. While I was speaking some wept, and others shouted for joy, and at the close of their little meeting the most of them came up and shook me by the hand and told me to "be of good cheer," and go on my way rejoicing. O how their words refreshed the heart of the stranger! That night I rested well, and the next day my appetite was as much improved as my spirits. The dark clouds were all gone, and the Sun of righteousness arose in full-orbed glory upon my soul.

In a few days I reached home in safety, but almost wasted to a skeleton. I had been absent only about four weeks, and but few know, even to this hour, any thing about the journey I had performed, or the strange dealings of God to my soul.

CHAPTER XII.

FIRST RELIGIOUS EXERCISES IN PUBLIC.

THE cholera was now spreading all over the country, and many were dropping suddenly into the grave. Many of my youthful companions and class-mates were among the number. I had now fully made up my mind to remain at R., but the Lord overruled my designs and purposes in an unexpected hour. The reader will recollect that on my first tour for health on the river, I accidentally met with my old schoolmaster, a very excellent physician, who had retired from practice, and was then in the iron business at Ohio Brush creek. About this time I received a letter from him inviting me to accept a clerkship at the forge, of which he at that time was manager.

This seemed to me a strange providence. I mentioned it to some business men of my acquaintance and found that it met their cordial approval. After communing with my parents I concluded to accept the offer; but when the time fixed for my departure arrived I was unwilling to go. The cholera was on the increase, and I dreaded the thought of being separated from my friends during the prevalence of the epidemic. My parents did not wish to detain me, as my health was very poor. My sister at length addressed me as follows: "My dear brother, do not shrink from doing your duty: go, and the Lord go with you. He has promised that no plague shall come nigh our dwelling; and should you be called to die among strangers, remember it is just as nigh to glory from the hills of Brush creek as from the banks of the beautiful Ohio. When separated our prayers will follow you." The next morning I took an affectionate leave of my aged parents and only sister, and started for my new

home in the county of Adams. The location of the forge was in a very healthy region of country. I was kindly received by Doctor V., and taken to board in his family. In the course of a few days I became very gloomy, and, in the absence of the Doctor, I started home as far as the town of W. Here I was met by a kind friend, who persuaded me to go back to the forge. In a short time after this I went back and engaged in business, and was perfectly happy. All my inward struggles about entering the ministry were gone, and my former flow of spirits had returned. I was now among strangers who had no knowledge of my religious history, and I fondly hoped to be permitted to serve God in peace.

The first Sabbath after my arrival at the iron establishment I attended preaching at the house of brother S., and was much surprised to find that that appointment was in the bounds of the same circuit with the place from which I had just removed. When I went in Rev. H. T. was engaged in preaching from these words: "Why, then, is not the health of the daughter of my people recovered?" Among the many reasons which he assigned I can only remember one at this time. "Many," said he, "I believe, are still in their sins because some of those called of God to preach his Gospel are unwilling to do it." And then to my utter astonishment went on to remark, that he felt it his duty to inform the congregation that there was just such a young man in the audience, who had lately come from R. to reside at the forge, and then closed by saying, that he hoped the society there would give me no "rest for the soles of my feet" in all that region, unless I would consent to discharge my duty, and warn sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." At first I felt like getting up at the conclusion of the sermon to resent it, but before I had the opportunity I was completely subdued and melted into tears. I exclaimed: "O

my God! what shall I do? Go where I will, I am pursued by the Church and her ministry. It would be 'better for me to die than live!' What can I say that would profit those who are denominated scoffers about the forge?" While thus communing with myself brother T. concluded his sermon, and called upon me to exhort. I was "constrained by the Spirit" to yield, and I made the effort, and God powerfully blessed my own soul and the congregation also.

On my way home from that meeting I made up my mind to exhort on all proper occasions, and to try and do all the good that I possibly could among the colliers and forgemen, most of whom were very wicked and profligate. Accordingly I made appointments in that neighborhood every Sabbath, and God poured his Holy Spirit out upon the people, and many were soon awakened and happily converted. I now enjoyed the satisfaction of knowing that some who had long been hardened in crime, were seeking the Savior. I was soon styled by the colliers their "young preacher," many of whom were ready to fight for me when any one would attempt to disturb me in the discharge of my duties. It was not long before I began to discover that God had cast my lot among the quiet hills of Brush creek for some good object. I realized the truth of the declaration of the prophet, "O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Jer. x, 23. On every side I found "an open door" for usefulness. The man with whom I boarded had been a very successful physician, and still kept medicines for his workmen. During his absence I would visit the sick, and pray with them; often in the night I have gone several miles to visit sick persons in the neighborhood. My health soon improved, and my religious enjoyments were greatly increased also while going about "DOING GOOD."

The winter and spring passed rapidly away. During the summer my brethren renewed their efforts to induce me to receive license to preach, but without success. I thought I might be as useful to remain as I was. I exhorted frequently, and held meetings as often as my health would permit. This I thought, at times, was all that God required; but my mind, however, was almost constantly harassed upon the subject of preaching. Often when walking or riding along the highways I have been caught exhorting or preaching aloud, before I was aware of it. Many a time when riding in the forest alone, or over the hills about the iron works, I have dismounted and stood upon a log and gave vent to the emotions of my soul in calling sinners to repentance. This the reader may think strange conduct, but God's hand was upon me polishing my soul for usefulness in after life. I waxed bolder every month, and instead of shunning the cross I sought out opportunities to speak to sinners of the matchless love of God. I began to wonder why it was that I ever had been unwilling to exhort my fellow-men to "flee the wrath to come."

The last quarterly meeting for this year on West Union circuit was held at Hopewell Chapel, July 19, 1834. The late Rev. John Ferree was acting as presiding elder. At this meeting I was licensed to preach by MISTAKE. Of this I had no knowledge till more than two weeks after my return from the meeting. At the close of the quarterly meeting conference the presiding elder handed me my license to exhort, as I supposed, regularly renewed by the order of the quarterly meeting conference. I placed it in my pocket-book without reading it over, for I had received several of the same kind before. About two weeks after my return to my home Dr. V. asked me how I was pleased with our new presiding elder? I answered, very well. I then remarked that he renewed my license to

exhort. I then looked in my pocket-book for the document to examine his autograph; but to my astonishment, instead of finding my license "renewed as an exhorter," I found that the paper read precisely as follows:

"The license of Maxwell P. Gaddis as a preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, is hereby renewed.

"Done by order of the quarterly meeting conference for West Union circuit, held at Hopewell meeting-house, July 19, 1834. JOHN FERREE, P. E."

I soon discovered that a wrong blank had been filled up for me, either by the elder or secretary of the conference. Brother Ferree afterward assured me that he knew nothing of this matter till I told him, but when he handed me the license supposed it was all right. For a time Doctor V. made himself merry over it, and told me I was now a preacher, and must preach for them the next Sabbath at the forge. At length the conversation assumed a more serious turn, and he remarked to me as follows: "Now, after all, Mr. Gaddis, there may be a good providence in this singular affair! Your friends have been urging you for a long time to receive license to preach, and you would not consent. Now I would advise you to preach at your appointment on the hill next Sabbath, and if any one calls in question your authority for so doing, tell them the presiding elder gave you license at the last quarterly meeting." I replied, "I will, and then I will be better able to decide whether it is my duty to enter the ministry."

This was in the early part of the week. I prayed much by day and night, but did not fully conclude what to do till early on Sabbath morning. As I rode along to my appointment I said, "The Lord being my helper, I WILL TRY." The house was full, and many were sitting and standing outside near the doors and windows. After

singing and prayer I arose and announced for my first text the following beautiful words: "Come thou with us and we will do thee good, for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." While I was speaking the Holy Ghost fell upon the congregation, many shouted aloud for joy, and sinners who were standing outside of the house wept like little children. I was made strong by the Spirit to speak the word without much embarrassment, to my great surprise. The ice was now broken, and the news spread abroad that Mr. G., after refusing so long to preach, had at last begun the work.

I preached on the following Sabbath, and also the next, in another part of the country. I had thus unwittingly committed myself, and whenever I thought of ceasing to preach, these words would ring in my ears: "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back, is fit for the kingdom of God." I was now urged to make appointments far and near, but I confined my feeble labors to the regions most contiguous to the forge.

CHAPTER XIII.

REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A YOUNG LADY.

THE following Sabbath I attended the funeral of Miss S. W., in the town of W. The sermon was preached by Rev. John Meek, from these words: "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Isaiah xl, 1. He first briefly described the people of God, and then spoke of the periods in which they needed comfort, and also the means employed to comfort them. The text and the sermon were both appropriate for the occasion,

as the reader will learn from the subsequent narration. I was well acquainted with the life and character of the deceased. She was the daughter of an aged widow, and the only child she had with her to administer consolation in her declining years. The daughter was greatly beloved by all who knew her. Her death, and the melancholy circumstances which surrounded her at the close of her earthly career, had called together a vast concourse of people. I will here narrate her painful history. About twelve months previous to her death she attended a Methodist camp meeting. Before the close of the meeting, she, with many of her youthful companions, was brought to the foot of the cross as an earnest seeker of religion. I was an eye-witness to the deep struggles of her heart. It was a long and sore conflict, but at last she was blessed with the evidence of her adoption into the family of God. I never saw any one more perfectly happy, and she continued in this tranquil and joyful state for more than one hour, when, on a sudden, she was strongly tempted to doubt the change which had been wrought in her heart. The sequel is painfully instructive. She began to reason with the adversary, and thoughtlessly, in an unguarded moment, "cast away her confidence." I then heard her exclaim, in a mournful tone of voice, "O, WHY DID I LET MY SAVIOR GO?" The ministers were called into the tent to comfort her. We all tried to soothe the anguish of her wounded spirit, but nothing that was said seemed to cheer her sorrow-stricken soul. The meeting closed, and still she was tempted to believe that she should never again recover her "hope in Christ." Every effort was made, after her return home, to convince her that by faith in Christ she might again be made to rejoice as before; but it was all in vain. She soon lost all relish for society, and gradually settled down into a cheerless state of melancholy and starless

gloom. This was followed by a long night of dark despair, without one ray of hope. I often visited her, but she refused all spiritual comfort, often saying that there was not one promise in the Bible that would meet her peculiar case. "How can I," she would frequently say, "after having been converted, and then so soon to believe the tempter instead of God, ever expect any thing else but the displeasure of my Maker? I have no one to blame but myself. O, yes, I know it is all right, and

> 'If my soul is sent to hell,
> His righteous law approves it well.'"

Her health rapidly declined, and it was apparent to her friends that her time was short. Her case excited much interest and sympathy among all her acquaintances. She had, it may be, committed "the sin unto death" of the body, and gradually sunk into the tomb. But, thanks and honor be unto Him that was once dead, but now liveth to make intercession for the guilty! a short time before the hour of dissolution, the Sun of righteousness broke in upon her dark and bewildered soul, like the natural sun after a dark and gloomy night. He who is styled "mighty to save," plucked her out of the jaws of the enemy, pressed her to his bleeding heart, and bade her weep no more. Her last moments were full of hope and gladness, ecstatic joy beamed from her angelic countenance, and she went down into the "dark valley" with the voice of thanksgivings and loud halleluiahs.

> "Touched by the cross, we live or more than die;
> That touch with charm celestial heals the soul
> Diseased, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
> Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly forms transforms
> The ghastly ruins of the moldering grave."

At one of my appointments, the third or fourth Sabbath after I commenced preaching, the Lord, in answer to my prayer, sent an arrow of conviction to the heart of

one of the most influential men in all that neighborhood I was speaking from these words: "The whole have no need of a physician, but they that are sick." Before I closed my remarks, he trembled and cried out, with an audible voice, for God to have mercy upon his soul. I knew not what to do; I was not authorized to take him into the Church, but, blessed be God! he soon afterward found peace in believing.

I was now very happy all the time. I never attempted to make a public effort without receiving a rich baptism to refresh my weary spirit. My life was one of great peace when alone. The Lord had delivered me out of "great and sore troubles." O, yes, "he brought me through fire and water into a wealthy place." At this time, I find the following record in my brief "diary," which I resolved to keep, although oppressed with my business engagements:

Brush Creek Forge, September 3, 1834.—This morning I have commenced reading the Bible through in regular order. I hope to have grace to enable me to continue. O that God would "open my eyes to behold wondrous things out of his law!" The past summer has been a trying one on my weak constitution, but, thanks be to God! my health is better at the present time. Surely, the Lord has been very good in lengthening out my days. O, I feel that I am the most unworthy.

> "O, who hath tasted of thy clemency,
> In larger measure more oft than I?
> Which way so e'er I turn my face or feet,
> I taste thy goodness, and thy glory meet."

October 20.—"To-day I have been tempted as to the true character of my motives; but, upon strict examination, I can truly say I desire above all things to promote the glory of God and save my own soul." We had a good prayer meeting last night, and several penitents

came forward for prayers. O that each one of them may soon find the pearl of great price!

October 22.—Recently I have had some sore trials, but the Lord has been my helper in time of need. Though all of these trials have been unexpected, his grace has been sufficient. I enjoyed some precious seasons in secret devotions last week. My health is improving, and I hope soon to be able to serve God and his Church to better purpose. O, may I ever be *teachable*, and do all the good I can! Bought Wesley's Sermons.

October 25.—Attended quarterly meeting, at brother W.'s, on Brush Creek circuit. I took an active part in all the meetings, and labored beyond my strength; but, thanks be to God! I now feel happy, in the reflection that I tried to discharge my duty. I wish to live and die in the service of God, with my armor on.

February 18, 1835.—Since I last wrote in my diary, I have passed through a variety of sore afflictions, both of body and mind; but the Lord has preserved me in safety to this hour.

On the 14th instant, at West Union, I was licensed by the approbation of the quarterly meeting conference, as a local preacher. I will here make a record of my license, which reads as follows:

"Maxwell P. Gaddis is hereby licensed as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church, so long as his spirit and practice shall accord with the doctrines and discipline of said Church. West Union circuit, Cincinnati district, Ohio annual conference.

"Signed, LEROY SWORMSTEDT, P. E.

"*February* 14, 1835."

I feel sensible of my weakness, and much like shrinking from the cross. God grant that I may yet be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed! "Lord help me!" Amen.

CHAPTER XIV.

HAPPY DEATH OF MY FATHER.

After I was regularly licensed as a local preacher I was perfectly satisfied, and resolved to live with a single eye to the glory of God. I thought I would still attend to my secular pursuits, and preach on the Sabbath; but I would never yield to the importunities of my friends to join the itinerancy—

> "Not a wave of trouble rolled
> Across my peaceful breast."

But new and sore troubles were in store for me. It was not long after I obtained license as a local preacher that I received intelligence that my father was dangerously ill. His disease was dropsy, which at times assumed a very threatening aspect. I immediately made arrangements to pay him a visit. I found him very low; but his mind unusually clear and peaceful. During all his sickness he was favored with a cloudless sky. He loved to converse upon the subject of religion with all who visited him during his last illness. The fullness of the atonement, and the privilege of the believer to know his sins forgiven, to have even the "full assurance of faith," were the themes especially upon which he loved to dwell. His memory, always good, seemed to be unusually strong and retentive during the last few months of his earthly pilgrimage. The day before his dissolution he conversed freely, and my mother remarked that she was much surprised to hear him narrate many of the most important events in his early history with great precision and accuracy. This visit to my aged parent was sanctified to my good. His advice and exhortations will never be forgotten. I was obliged to return before his death. This has

always been a source of deep regret. I was not permitted to see him die. The night before my departure he summoned all his children around his dying bed. I was requested to lead the devotions. He remarked as follows: "Maxwell, my dear son, read for me the eleventh chapter of Hebrews, which commences, 'Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen,' etc. This chapter has always been food for my poor soul." We then joined in singing:

"My span of life will soon be done,
The passing moments say,
As lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day."

I then tried to pray as well as I could under such afflicting circumstances. When we arose from our knees, father pronounced upon all the children who were present his "dying blessing," beginning with the eldest. Being the youngest child, I was called last to kneel at the side of his bed to receive his dying blessing, which was pronounced upon me in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, with his right hand resting upon my head. He then addressed me in the following manner: "Maxwell, my son, I am glad that you have at last consented to enter the ministry. I have only to say to you on that subject, do not essay to go out to war with the enemies of Jesus Christ in the 'armor of Saul,' or with weapons that you have not 'proved,' but, like the stripling David, take your sling and staff in your hand and go to the brook, and select smooth stones and put them in a shepherd's bag, and, in the name of the God of the armies of Israel, go out to 'glorious warfare.' I believe the Lord of hosts has called you to this work. My dying prayers shall follow you, and I believe you will have great success."

Early the next morning I bid him a final farewell. When I saw him the next time his venerable form was

folded in the habiliments of death. On the seventh day of April he fell asleep in Jesus. He had suffered much during his illness, which was of four months duration. When his skin in places was broken by the dropsy, he would often repeat many of the sayings of the afflicted man of Uz, such as, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him," and, "Though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, though my veins be consumed within me." Satan was not permitted to tempt him during all his affliction. He was calm and peaceful, and at times full of praises. No doubts or fears disturbed his mind by day or night. He waited with exemplary patience "all the days of his appointed time." The night before his death he appeared considerably better than he had been for some time, his mind unusually clear, and memory remarkably retentive. He sat up and conversed with a Christian friend till a very late hour, talking over the scenes of his childhood, and the goodness of God manifested toward him at different periods. At length my dear mother interposed and requested him to lie down. He slept sweetly the remainder of the night, and when breakfast was called arose and took his seat at the table. He was very cheerful, and, after drinking a part of a cup of coffee, requested to be assisted to bed. He soon became dangerously ill, and suffered much till one o'clock, P. M., at which time he was heard to say: "Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly!" In a moment the severe paroxysms all subsided, and he was very soon free from anguish or pain. Addressing his kind physician, Doctor Campbell, he said: "When you come to where I am now, Doctor, you will find that you have no grace to spare. Yet, blessed be God! I have sufficient for the time of need. I know if you could prolong my life, you would gladly do it; but you need not do any thing

more. 'The time of my departure is at hand.'" Before the sun went down he was able to get up again and sit in his arm-chair before the fire. To my mother he said: "Well, my dear, that was the hardest day's work I have ever done. But, blessed be God! the roughest of the journey is behind me. I will soon be home!" At this moment an old acquaintance came in to see him, and took him by the hand and kindly inquired if he knew him? To which he replied, "O yes! I know you very well," and called him by name. At the suggestion of a minister present, this same friend then asked him if he "knew Jesus Christ?" At the mention of the name of his Savior his countenance beamed with unearthly brightness, and he looked up and smiled, and, with a clear, distinct voice, replied: "O yes! I know him very well, indeed! I AM JESUS CHRIST'S FREE MAN! *He hath bought me with his blood!* Is he your friend also, Mr. S.?" These were his last words and dying testimony. He then beckoned my mother to lay him down again. He adjusted the clothes, folded his hands across his bosom, closed his eyes and fell asleep, without even a quivering of the muscles of his face. It was some time before my mother could satisfy herself that his spirit had departed to the realms of bright glory.

For twenty-eight years he had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio. He was regular in his attendance on the means of grace. When bowed under the weight of threescore and ten years, with his staff in his hand, he found his way to the sanctuary. The weather was seldom too stormy, or the night too dark, to deter him from the place of prayer. He was a great lover of class meetings, and took delight in dwelling on what he termed the "*sure foundation;*" the atoning blood of Christ; also a "free and *full salvation.*" He was a good man, and full of faith and the Holy

Ghost. How peaceful his exit! "As a hireling he had accomplished his day;" but he has performed his part well. The laborer is called home! He was weary and faint with the last stage of his journey. But the desired goal is reached at last. He looks back and exclaims: "The roughest of the journey is all behind me now!" The "last beam is shining;" the shadows of night approach; he reclines his weary head upon the pillow to sleep, and falls imperceptibly into

"A calm and undisturbed repose!"

Such, dear reader, was the death of my father. Is it any wonder that one of old exclaimed: "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like unto his?"

How calm, how gentle, how serene
Death's shadows gather o'er him!
An angel host, with silver sheen,
To heavenly regions bore him!

The unexpected death of my father made a lasting impression upon my mind. I resolved to be more holy, and spend all the time that I could possibly spare from my business in trying to win souls to Christ. I generally preached every Sabbath with increasing comfort to myself, and more acceptability to the people. I was urged by all the ministers of my acquaintance to become an itinerant minister. This request was now met by the objection, that the Doctor with whom I resided would not spare my services from the forge. I was strongly attached to Mr. V., and felt it my duty to remain there for some time to come. But how mysterious are the ways of God! The Doctor concluded to go to Cincinnati on business, and his wife and children went to stay with Mr. Means, his father-in-law, during his absence. He reached the city in safety, but shortly after his arrival he was attacked with cholera, and died the next day at the Cincinnati

Hotel, on Front-street. His wife, on hearing the news, was unwilling to return home, but remained at her father's residence till her property was removed or sold. I was left in charge of the house to protect their goods, till the time appointed for the sale of such things as the widow did not desire. Nothing but strong faith in God enabled me to endure this trial. And to add to my afflictions the cholera broke out at West Union, and in the vicinity of the forge. A few extracts from my diary will throw some light upon the dealings of God with my soul at this critical period:

May 1, 1835.—It is very sickly at present in this neighborhood, but through the mercy of God my health is better than when I was licensed to preach. On last Sabbath Rev. John Meek came to my appointment at brother W.'s residence. I urged him to preach, but he declined. Up to this time I had never preached before a traveling minister. The cross was very heavy, but the Lord was better to me than my fears. Many are dying suddenly. O may I be fully resigned to the will of God!

June 30, 1835.—I felt very unwell last night, but I am nearly well to-day. The work of death goes steadily forward in the town of West Union. Praise the Lord that my life is still spared! O how weak is my faith! Lord, increase the work of holiness in my poor heart! Lord, if thou wilt spare the life of thy servant from the dreadful scourge, I will endeavor to be more faithful. I will trust in the Lord though he slay me.

July 5, 1835.—Bless the Lord, O my soul, for the privileges of another Sabbath! I preached at 10 A. M. from Proverbs iii, 6. I felt well while trying to discharge my duty, and many others seemed refreshed in spirit also. With much trembling I concluded for the first time to open the doors of the Church to receive members on trial. I thank God he gave me one soul, a young lady, who

seemed to be deeply convicted. O that before I die I may see hundreds converted to God by my labors! The cholera is still prevailing around us. Many of my brethren and sisters have died during the past week. Among those who have fallen at West Union is my dear friend Rodgers, a son-in-law of Rev. Greenbury R. Jones. O that we may all be in readiness when the messenger comes to our habitations! "Time is short." O what a fleeting, inconstant world! It is now nearly two years since I came here to reside. How many unexpected changes have transpired since then; how many full of joy and hope have gone suddenly to the silent tomb! Upon a review of the past two years I believe that I have spent them more profitably than any part of my earthly existence. But what have I done after all? Nothing! nothing! I am a poor, "unprofitable servant." Lord, pardon my negligence, quicken thou my soul, and wake me up for time to come!

July 10, 1835.—Quite unwell this evening, and a little depressed in spirits; but, thank God! I have peace of mind through Jesus Christ. I am a wonder to myself. "Lord, make me to know my end, the measure of my days; how frail I am." I am poor and needy, but O Lord I hope in thy mercy. But my love is "too cold, and my faith too weak." How slow I march in the heavenly road! Alas! how easily I am turned aside by the temptations of Satan!

> "O for a closer walk with God,
> A calm and heavenly frame!"

I desire a lively sense of his presence every hour—the evidence that I please God, and stand "accepted in the beloved." If I ever needed the sustaining grace of God, it is at this very hour; pestilence, disease, and death all around me; men's hearts failing them from fear of the judgments of God upon this guilty land! I am here

alone, far from home and former friends, but I can say, "the Lord reigneth, let the earth rejoice." I will say of the Lord, "he is *my refuge.*" To him I will fly for safety till the "indignation be overpast."

July 15, 1835.—Preached this morning at Saterfield's meeting-house, on the road leading from the forge to West Union. At the close of the sermon I again opened the doors of the Church for the admission of members, and admitted THREE young persons on trial. O that each of them may be useful members of the Church, and good soldiers of Jesus Christ! The cholera still prevails at West Union; it lays hold on the *intemperate especially.* O Lord spare thy people! May none of us ever forsake thee! By Divine assistance I am resolved to suffer all the will of God. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits, who forgiveth all thine iniquities, and healeth all thy diseases!

CHAPTER XV.

REMARKABLE PREMONITION.

FOR many years the society worshiping at brother Smith's, about two miles above the forge, had labored under serious embarrassment for the want of a suitable house of worship. Many efforts had been made to erect a meeting-house, but none of them hitherto had succeeded. I was induced to open a subscription for this purpose, and after getting all in the neighborhood to subscribe, it only amounted to the sum of *ninety dollars.* I met the society and made my report. After I was done making my statement, one of the trustees arose, and remarked that he had previously told me that it was useless

to make the effort; and then said he hoped the peace of the little society would not soon be disturbed again by agitating the subject of church-building, till it was enabled to build without difficulty. I then arose and replied as follows: "If you wait till you can build 'without difficulty,' you will never have a church in this region of country. I can assure you, brother, that the difficulty spoken of is not in the want of ability, but of a willingness for each to do his part of the work." I then stated that if any of the farmers would make us a donation of a suitable lot, I would guarantee to build them a good house in less than twelve months from that day, with the subscription list of *ninety* dollars in cash. This declaration produced great laughter, and all of the brethren supposed that it was spoken in a jest. I then assured them I was in earnest, and if any one had liberality enough to meet my proposition, let him speak out. A good brother B. arose and donated a lot, near an excellent stone quarry. We secured a deed and employed some hands to quarry a sufficient quantity of stones, and then gave a public invitation to the farmers, on a day named for that purpose, to come on with their wagons and haul the stone to the place marked out for the erection of the meeting-house. Every perch of it was hauled at the appointed time. Sand and lime were procured in the same way. It was not long till the edifice was inclosed, and was ready for preaching by the next summer. I record this for the purpose of showing what can be done when the "people have a mind to work." A good house of worship might be erected by the farmers in many of our destitute settlements in the west, if ministers would take hold of this matter in good earnest.

Near the close of the conference year on West Union circuit, I was requested to fill an appointment, in the vicinity of the forge, for brother C., who was confined

at home by a sudden illness. It was during a very busy season, and I had a short notice, and but little time to make suitable preparation. I selected a text, and, as I rode along to the appointment, tried to study it as well as I could. As I drew near the church, my mind became very dark, and every point of the discourse vanished from me. I tried to revive the train of thought, but it had disappeared like the early dew. When I arrived at the place for preaching, I discovered a large crowd of unconverted persons standing outside of the church. I then felt satisfied I had made a wrong selection, but was at a loss to know what to do. I could not think of another text in the Bible from which I could preach, without time for preparation. The hour of preaching had now arrived, and I could not retreat. I went in and gave out a hymn, and, while engaged in prayer, the dark cloud passed over, and I immediately felt as though I would be willing to preach from any portion of the word of God that the Holy Spirit might suggest to my mind. While the congregation was singing the second hymn, I opened the Bible and prayed fervently that God would direct me to some suitable text for the occasion. On opening the Bible, the first passage that attracted my eye was the following: "Set thy house in order, for thou shalt die and not live." (Isaiah.) The Spirit of God instantly impressed my mind to make this passage the foundation of my discourse. Without any preparation, I announced the text, and spoke on the certainty of death and the necessity of immediate preparation. The Holy Spirit laid bountifully to my hand, and I spoke the word with great boldness. Many seemed cut to the heart and wept bitterly. When the congregation was dismissed, an unusual solemnity prevailed; all departed in silence. On my way home I meditated on the singular occurrence, and often wondered why it was that the Spirit forbade

my preaching from the text previously selected. This mystery was soon explained. I learned that on the way home from the church of God, an unconverted man, by the name of Mr. M., remarked to his wife as follows: "My dear, I believe I shall die soon; the message of the minister to-day was designed for me. I believe God sent him to warn me. When the text was announced it fell upon my ear like the knell of death; it sunk down into my soul like lead. I have received the sentence of death in my body. I am certain I shall die soon, and I am determined to go about the work of 'setting my house in order.'" She at first tried to cheer him up, but found her efforts fruitless. The words of the text sounded in his ears by night and by day, "Thou shalt die and not live." He soon became a weeping penitent, and, in about one week, was soundly converted to God. Shortly afterward he was taken violently ill. He told his family, in the early part of his affliction, that his hour had now come. He arranged his temporal affairs, "set his house in order," and died a most peaceful death. During his sickness he sent for his friends and neighbors, and told them the singular manner in which God had awakened him, and exhorted them all to seek the Savior. He also, a short time before he died, requested his family to send for me to preach his funeral sermon, and also relate this singular providence to all who might attend. The first Sabbath after his death I complied with his dying request, to one of the largest congregations ever collected in that settlement. I preached his funeral sermon from the words so singularly taken from me at the church on the day of his awakening, with much freedom and enlargement of soul. "He will give grace and glory, and no good thing will he withhold from them that walk uprightly." This circumstance and the religious interest, wakened up by his unexpected dissolution, was

sanctified to the good of many a poor wanderer from the "Shepherd of souls." Many resolved to seek the Lord and "set their house in order." O, that was a day I shall never forget while I sojourn in this vale of tears!

I will now relate the melancholy death of a young man who had but recently united in marriage to a young lady, the daughter of one of the partners in the iron works. At the time of his death they had only been married about three months. They had settled on the bank of the creek, a short distance from the forge. Early one morning he joined a fishing party, and assisted in drawing a net, till about one o'clock in the afternoon, when he was suddenly drowned. I received the news at the office before he was recovered from the water. I hastened to the spot, and assisted in trying to restore him to life; but it was all in vain. The vital spark had fled, never to return. At the time he sunk to rise no more till brought up a lifeless corpse, Rev. James T. Holliday was swimming close by his side. They immediately commenced diving after him, but could not find him till it was too late. Twenty minutes before the fatal accident occurred he had gone up to his house, and inquired how his wife was getting along during his absence. It was their last meeting in this world. We sent up for Miss F., a sister of his wife, and communicated the news to her first. When she came down to the creek, she tore the hair from her head in bitter anguish, and threw herself on the ground, and exclaimed, in agony, "O, God, who will bear the intelligence to my sister, that her beloved Samuel sleeps in death!"

That painful task was finally assigned to myself. On my way to the house I prayed God to give me strength to discharge the painful duty. It was some time after I went in before I could utter a single word. At last, after trying to prepare her mind the best way that I could, I

told her the sorrowful news. She fainted and sunk to the floor, but soon revived, and commenced praying to God to have mercy upon her soul. "O," said she, "I have been afraid for some time past that something would happen to us. Mr. S. and I often talked about it. We were so happy in the society of each other that we forgot God our Maker! O, it is just, I know it is! Now, Mr. G., I want you to pray for me; I believe I shall die also; and if I die in my present condition I shall be lost forever." O, I shall never forget that death scene. I spent the greater part of that night in praying and trying to console that disconsolate widow. I tried to improve the occasion at the funeral, for the benefit of the living, and have hope that it was sanctified to the good of many souls. More than a hundred times did that widow promise to give her heart to God and join his Church, if her life should be spared. But, alas! alas! how the "sorrow of the world worketh death!" I have never heard of her becoming a child of God. Many of her relatives did become truly devoted to the cause of religion, and some of them have since died and gone to glory. The death of this young man was made a blessing to my own soul. I resolved to warn the wicked more faithfully than I had ever done before, and I had the happiness of seeing some of his associates in sin converted to God.

CHAPTER XVI.

MY FIRST CIRCUIT.

In the fall of the year I found that I had settled up the most important part of the business of the firm of John Means & Co. The presiding elder wished me to go and fill a vacancy on an adjoining circuit, but I declined

the offer, for fear I might be induced to join the conference. At the last quarterly meeting I was solicited to receive a recommendation to the annual conference, to be held in Springfield in the fall of 1835, but I would not accept it. My friends seemed to be at a loss to know what to do farther. However, Rev. John A. Baughman, then preacher in charge, told the stewards if they would give their consent, he could get me as a "supply," if he could be returned another year without a colleague. They authorized him to make any arrangement for them he thought best at the session of conference. He was accordingly returned as he desired with "one to be supplied." He had informed the "powers that be" of the plan he had devised to engage my services as an "itinerant preacher." I suppose they all said, "*It is well.*" But they were disappointed very soon. At the close of the conference I received notice that brother Baughman was returned to our circuit without an assistant, and that I was to travel with him the current year as the junior preacher. Up to this time I had no knowledge of any movement of the kind. My emotions and mental sufferings may be better imagined than described with accuracy. I knew not what to do. I pleaded want of health as well as inexperience, without convincing any body of the propriety of the course I resolved to pursue. I finally returned a negative answer to the communication.

This was a source of much trouble to my kind-hearted brother B., who had promised the stewards there would be no uncertainty about my accepting the appointment. It was difficult to obtain a single man who was adapted to the work. The presiding elder at length succeeded in obtaining a young man to supply my place on the circuit. As soon as he came round to where I resided he called to see me, and pleaded with me, with tears in his eyes, to relieve him and go on the circuit, as I had been expected

to do by all my friends. But still I would not yield. The weather was now getting very cold, and stern winter came upon us suddenly. This afforded me ample time for reflection and prayer. About this time I was told they were praying at almost every point on the circuit for God to have pity on the young man who had so long refused to listen to the call of the Church to preach the Gospel. I was also informed that at times they would pray for the Lord to cause me to discharge my duty, or remove me speedily out of the way of others. At the next round the young man appointed as a *temporary* supply told me that he would leave the circuit at the first quarterly meeting. He then left me and begged of me not to resist the call any longer. I prayed much by night and by day. I knew not what to do. My health was poor, and my kind physician, Doctor H., tried to prevail on me not to go. He finally told me that he did not believe I would stand such exposure six months. But I could hold out no longer. I saw no way of escape. I concluded to go, not doubting but that God had opened the door. I wrote to the presiding elder to release brother W. and I would immediately take his place. He cordially complied with my request, and communicated it to the board of stewards. I closed up the business with which I was intrusted as soon as possible, and "gave an account of my stewardship" to my employers, and on the thirteenth day of December, 1835, I bade farewell to the forge and all its "noise and confusion," and started for Ripley, on the Ohio river. On my arrival at Ripley I found out to my sorrow that I was expected to commence my labors there the following Sabbath. The interview with my dear mother, before I commenced my itinerant toils, was deeply affecting. Up to this time she had never heard my voice in the pulpit. I knew, if her health would justify, that she would be present on Sabbath morning

I feared her presence would only add to my embarrassment. I attended prayer meeting on Friday evening, and was requested to lead the exercises. Before the meeting closed I felt my heart growing very hard, and I secretly wished that I had never consented to become a "*traveling*" preacher. I brought the praying exercises to a speedy termination, and left the Church without much ceremony, to the surprise of my old friends. I went home with my brother David. He said that he was sorry that I closed the exercises so abruptly. I told him, "I acted just as I felt. I am sorry that I have consented to become a traveling minister. The Church has been urging me for years to the work. I knew that I was not qualified. I am now here as your circuit preacher, and I fear I shall not only disgrace the Church, but all my relations by my pulpit effort on next Sabbath, should I try to preach." My heart was all broken up, and I wept like a child. I could not even attend to family prayers for my brother. They all seemed to sympathize with me, and no doubt prayed also. My brother tried to encourage me in every way that he could to dismiss my groundless fears, and trust in a faithful God. At length I retired to bed; but sleep had departed from my eyelids. I could find no rest for my troubled soul. The enemy cast his fiery darts at me nearly all night. O how often I wished that I had not yielded to become an itinerant minister! Before daylight I fell into a profound slumber, and had the following strange dream:

In company with several others I joined a fishing-party. On our arrival at the creek or small river, I found the arrangements different from any I had ever seen before. A dam was thrown across the stream, with a gate in the middle, which was hoisted up to let the fish pass into the net below. There was also a division of labor among the fishermen. Some were to stand at the gate, others around

the net to guard the fish, and some to drive them into the net through this wicket-gate. Driving them down the stream to the net was the hardest part of the work, and required more skill to accomplish it. Lots were cast who should go, and the lot fell upon me. I started up the stream and found the bank lined with stones of unequal sizes, weighing from one to five pounds each. I tried a few of the larger ones, but had no success. I then resolved to throw the smaller ones. I felt rather awkward at first. It did really appear to me that I had no sleight of hand in throwing, and I could not possibly do any good; but, to my agreeable surprise, it was not long before "the waters were troubled," and I could see a multitude of fishes running in the direction of the net. I was sure of victory and great success, when on a sudden a large serpent, with open jaws, appeared in the water before me and threatened my destruction. I instantly became alarmed, and dropping the stones, ran up the hill as fast as I could. I fancied at every step I could feel the venomous reptile close at my heels. When I reached the summit, entirely exhausted, I turned about and looked back, and lo! the enemy was still at the same place where it first appeared. I was ashamed of my conduct, and knew that unless I speedily returned my companions would upbraid me with cowardice. I soon retraced my steps again down the hill to the edge of the water, and picked up the same missiles that I had thrown down. It seemed that my arm was nerved with greater power, and, on the second or third effort, I struck the serpent a fatal blow in the mouth, and it disappeared from my sight in a moment. I shouted for joy, and was aroused from my slumbers. I was very happy. I felt the hand of God upon me. My fears were all gone, like the mists before the rising sun. God be praised for help in time of need! The power of the adversary was broken,

and my soul set free. "In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings upon the bed, then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction." Job xxxiii, 15.

The next day I had a private interview with my dear mother. I shall never forget the words of love and tenderness with which she spoke. She reminded me of her tears and prayers, and the early consecration that she made of me to God. At one time she said that she had little hope of living to see me preaching the Gospel; but God had mercifully preserved her in answer to prayer. "I know God has heard my prayers in your behalf, and called you to this work. I want you to be a 'good soldier of Jesus Christ.' Go on your way rejoicing, for I believe God will make you useful wherever you may be sent! I will now enter into a *covenant* with you, and again pledge my *daily* prayers for God to give you great success in 'winning souls.' In the morning at eleven o'clock, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, and at night, or whenever I have reason to believe you are in your pulpit preaching, I will retire to my closet and spend that hour alone with God, pleading for a blessing upon your labors. I have no higher ambition than to see you a successful embassador; and when we meet in glory, O may you have many 'stars in the crown of your rejoicing!'"

Thank God for a good mother! I went to my work the next day with a different class of feelings from what I had anticipated the evening before. The presence of my dear mother in the congregation on Sabbath, instead of a hinderance or cause of increased embarrassment, was rather inspiring to my timid soul. I well knew there was one heart in that assembly that beat in unison with my own, and one that prayed fervently for my success. Before I closed, her countenance beamed with "fullness of joy;" and I have often heard her remark, that it was

with great difficulty that she kept from shouting aloud the praises of a crucified Redeemer! When far separated from her, I often *sensibly felt* the influence of her prayers; and I feel it to be my duty to record here, that I owe much of my past success in saving souls to her *importunate prayers* in her closet while I was trying to preach. The remembrance of the covenant she made with me staid up my feeble hands, as Aaron and Hur did the hands of Moses, till the shout of victory went up from Israel's host. O at such times I had unusual liberty of speech, and power with God, and success in "persuading men!"

CHAPTER XVII.

EXHORTATION BEFORE SERMON.

At my second appointment on the circuit, four miles from R., I felt much embarrassed. It was here that my parents worshiped God first, after they removed to Ohio. For upward of twenty-two years, the Methodist society in this neighborhood had held meetings in the house of brother Fitch. But, within a few years past, they had erected a good chapel in the grove, on the bank of Eagle creek, a short distance above the residence of brother Fitch. Every face in the congregation was familiar. Here I had spent the days of my boyhood, and first heard the Gospel proclaimed. It was a great relief, however, to know I stood up in the midst of those who loved me most, and would willingly bear with all my infirmities. The Lord was my helper, and his word was *glorified*. At one of my appointments, at another place, the glory of God filled the house during the first prayer. I arose, and the congregation commenced singing, sinners cried for

mercy, and saints shouted aloud for joy. I then delivered an exhortation, and afterward read my text, and tried to preach. An old minister, who had been standing outside of the house, came in and closed the meeting. On our way home, he said, "Brother G., you have reversed the old order of things, I perceive." I asked him what he intended by such a remark. He then began to laugh right heartily, and gave me to understand that he came while I was praying, and feared, if he should come in, I might not do as the Spirit would direct. He said he would greatly prefer an exhortation before the sermon *than none at all.* And then he said, a minister who should say he could neither exhort before nor after a sermon, he feared had mistaken his calling, and had better return to his former business or profession. I am now inclined to think he was not mistaken.

At the second quarterly meeting in this same neighborhood, an event occurred worthy of record. The wife of one of our class-leaders had died on Friday, in the full triumphs of the faith of the Gospel. She was interred in the old graveyard contiguous to the church, about an hour before the service commenced on Saturday. The congregation were all at the burial, and came into the church about the same time. An unusual solemnity prevailed. A deep conviction of the shortness of human life, and the vanity of all things earthly, seemed to fill the hearts of all in that assembly. During the opening exercises, sighs and sobs were heard all over the house. Brother T. arose and read for his text the following beautiful words of St. John: "We know that we have passed from death unto life," but was not permitted to proceed farther. The house was filled as with the rushing of a mighty wind by the Spirit of God. He resumed his seat, and invited the congregation to sing. The entire audience, believers and unbelievers, were melted into

tears. While we continued to sing, the heavens opened, and by faith we could see

> "The saints above, how great their joys,
> How bright their glories be."

The redeemed and blood-washed spirit of our departed sister, unperceived by mortal eye, seemed to hover over us. At the close of the second hymn, some of the ministers present urged brother T. to proceed. He arose and remarked in an audible voice, I feel we ought now "to stand still and see the salvation of God." "Be still, and know that I am God." He then resumed his seat, and the excitement increased in all parts of the house; some wept aloud and others shouted for joy. All felt that "the Lord was in his holy temple." He was again urged to proceed, or the state of feeling would be beyond control. He at length consented, and had not spoken more than five minutes before he became so deeply affected himself that he was compelled to sit down. The place was morally shaken by the mighty power of God. At this awful moment, an indiscreet brother, who had "*zeal*," but not "according to knowledge," arose and remarked, with an air of exultation, "Satan may as well quit the field, for the victory is ours without fighting one battle."

A long pause ensued, and the tender emotions in the congregation gradually subsided. An old veteran of the cross, Rev. G. R. Jones, of blessed memory, perceived the last remark had grieved the Spirit of God, and knowing the strategy of the wily foe, arose in the altar, and remarked, with prophetic spirit, "Brother, boast not of victory, but

> 'Stand to your arms;
> The foe is nigh,
> The powers of hell surround.'

I am much mistaken if the devil does not give us a hard chase yet at this meeting." This prediction was fully realized. Brother T. at length proceeded to preach with difficulty, and the service closed without any one uniting with the Church. That very night the enemy succeeded in throwing our little army into confusion, and the meeting toward the close was dull, and unproductive of good. The services of the Sabbath all passed away without any awakenings or conversions, or even an accession to the Church. I learned a lesson at that meeting which I never lost sight of during my "itinerant career." In all my revival meetings, I have let God work by the means of his own selection, or in whatever way the Spirit would direct me from time to time; not confining myself to "old or new measures."

At an appointment, in the vicinity of M., I preached from these words with considerable liberty: "In meekness instructing those that oppose themselves, if God, peradventure, may give them repentance to the acknowledging of the truth; and that they may recover themselves out of the snare of the devil, who are led captive by him at his will." 2 Timothy ii, 25, 26. At the close of my remarks, I felt impressed that I ought to open the doors of the Church, but was deterred by the "fear of man, which bringeth a snare." A few days after this I learned that a lady and gentleman in the congregation had made up their minds to join the Church, and went home much disappointed. They told a member of the Church, that they thought I must be a "very hard-hearted preacher." This occurrence made a deep impression on my mind, and I resolved to wipe out that reproach before I died. It has been my custom, generally, ever since, to open the doors of the Church at the close of each public service. "Who knoweth the mind of the Spirit? Lord, it is done as thou hast com-

manded." At one of my week-day appointments, I preached in a private house. The family were all very kind and obliging. It was a quiet place for the toil-worn minister. The wife was a pious member of our Church, and one of the daughters also. The father of the family was a very moral man, but did not make a profession of religion. During the year I often felt that I ought to talk to Mr. G. about his soul, but my courage failed me whenever I made the attempt. The last time I preached in his house he appeared much concerned about obtaining an interest in Christ, yet I was afraid to talk with him privately. I prepared to start, and said "finally, farewell," and exhorted the wife and daughter to "be of good comfort." They both wept bitterly, and craved an interest in my prayers. A short time after I left them, while wrapped in a profound sleep, "I saw in a vision upon my bed," that I died suddenly, and met sister G. at the bar of God. Our recognition was mutual. As soon as she approached me, she burst into tears, and "lifted up her voice and wept." I immediately inquired the cause of her deep anguish. She instantly replied, "O, brother Gaddis, what a sinful part you have acted toward my husband! You often held converse with him upon the subject of politics, and commercial transactions, and farming. Now, on all these subjects he was well informed, but still destitute of the '*one thing needful*,' and ignorant of the way to secure it. You had all this knowledge, and it was *your duty* to instruct him when you had such favorable opportunities, but you *neglected* to do it; and now he is lost through your *unfaithfulness*." I awoke weeping, and was glad that it was "a *dream*." But O, I felt that God had sent it for good, and I promised the Lord, if my life was spared to meet with Mr. G. in this world again, I would not shrink from what I felt was my duty. About twelve months after this, while

traveling for my health, I was again permitted, by the providence of God, to meet with him in his own house. I took the very first opportunity of relating to him my strange dream, in regard to meeting his wife at the judgment, and what she said to me. I spoke freely and candidly to him, in the presence of his family, all that was in my heart; how ardently I had prayed for him ever since I left the circuit, and then urged him to embrace the Savior without delay. He was soon affected to tears, and promised me, in the presence of his wife and children, to commence the work of seeking religion immediately. "Blessed be the name of the Lord forever!" he soon found peace in believing, and connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church. This occurrence made me change my course of conduct entirely, in regard to unbelievers. Instead of shrinking from the cross, I have gladly embraced suitable times and seasons to converse with them personally on the subject of religion. "A word fitly spoken is like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

"Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand,
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land."

In the town of W. I stopped at the house of a brother M. He had a lovely boy, about eight or nine years old. He was a good child, and loved the Sabbath school and class-room. Whenever I visited his father and mother, I had a talk with him about Jesus and the "mansions in glory," prepared by Him for all good children. It was not long till he became much attached to me, and would come and sit on my knee, or take hold of my hand as we walked to the house of God on Sabbath mornings. He was very attentive to the word preached, and regularly attended the means of grace. His young and tender

heart was given up to the Savior, and he walked daily in the way of peace, and increased in religious knowledge. He was ripening for glory and enlarging for God. Early during the next winter, after I had left the circuit, he was called to "his happy home." He died of scarlet fever. About a week before his last illness, while his dear mother was engaged in the room sewing, little Henry was playing with his toys on the floor. They were all alone. At length Henry laid down his playthings and jumped upon his mother's lap, clasped his arms around her neck and kissed her. He then said, "Ma, do you love me?" "O, yes!" was the satisfactory reply. He appeared much gratified, and returned to his play again. But in a few minutes he came to her and kissed her a second time, and asked the same question. She answered, "You know that I love you very much, my dear child." "Well, then," said Henry, "ma, could you do without me?" "Not very well," was her prompt reply. He went back to his play, but soon came back, and looked very thoughtful and sad. At last he climbed upon his mother's lap the third time, and asked her the same question, "Ma, do you love me?" and threw his little arm close around her neck. His mother was very much affected, and wept as she replied the third time, "Yes! O, yes, Henry, you know your mother loves you very much." He then said, "Ma, if I should die soon, you will have to do without me then, wouldn't you?" The fountain of her affections was strangely stirred at this remark, and she said, "My dear child, I would be very lonely without you, but I hope God will spare you to grow up to manhood, to comfort me in my declining years." He said no more, but retired from the room, apparently very sad. This circumstance made a strong impression on the heart of his mother, and, in his absence, she spoke of it to her husband and little Henry's

grandmother. About one week after this all transpired, the child was taken ill of scarlet fever. From the first of his sickness, he had a presentiment that he would not recover. A number of children, and some of his playmates, had died of the same disease, and one of them was buried while he lay sick. When he heard the "tolling bell," he inquired of his father what they were ringing the bell for. His father did not like to tell him who was dead, for fear it might have an unfavorable effect upon him. At last Henry looked up at his father, and said, "Father, you need not be afraid to tell me; I know —— is dead, and they are 'tolling the bell' at his funeral. Father, I am not afraid to die. I wish you would send for brother Gaddis to pray with me. I always loved to hear him preach and pray." When told I was not in town, he requested them to send for brother J. Foster, who is now a member of the Kentucky conference. Brother F. told me he gave the most clear and satisfactory evidence of a "renewed spirit," of any young person that he ever conversed with. He then made a disposition of all his toys and books, and requested his father to send for me to preach his funeral. His end was peace and triumph. He took an affectionate leave of them all, and told his parents he was "going home" to dwell with Jesus in glory. A few moments before he died, he made the request that I should preach the funeral sermon in the church, and "tell all his classmates that he had gone to heaven." Soon after he "fell asleep in Jesus." In a few weeks, after the death of this dear child of God, I rode some fifty miles to comply with his dying request. I recollect now the time I parted with that dear boy. But I know I shall see him again,

"In that beautiful place He has gone to prepare,
For all who are wash'd and forgiven,
And many dear children are gathering there,
For of such is the kingdom of heaven."

A celebrated queen, when bereaved of one of her dear children, was heard to exclaim, "My God, I have lost a child; thou hast an angel more." A beautiful thought beautifully expressed. Father, mother, weep not for those who have gone to rest at early morn; they are not lost, only gone from earth-born sorrows to a state of endless happiness.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE CONTRAST.

WITHIN the boundaries of my first circuit many pleasant as well as tragic scenes passed before my eyes; and as first impressions are of value I will record them truthfully as they are still engraven on the tablets of memory. "Entering a strange country every thing peculiar in its appearance and in the manners and fashions of its people, is presented with a vividness never afterward produced." This is true of the early years of my itinerant life. They are still green; and my recollection of what transpired more vivid than the occurrences of the past week, or any scenes through which I have passed in later years. There is an interest and charm about them that I wish I could impart to others.

One of my early associates in religion, sister ——, a short time before she died requested me to pay her a pastoral visit. I cordially complied with her request. I found her gradually "fading away" with consumption. Her eye was growing brighter as the work of destruction went slowly forward; her mind was calm and collected. I found that her soul rested on the "sure foundation," and she could bid defiance to the assaults of the tempter.

At her request the Holy Bible was brought and laid on her bed, from which I read a consolatory chapter, and then prayed with her for the last time. I then said to her, "We shall never meet again in this vale of tears!" She promptly replied, "I will meet you in heaven. O what a happy meeting that will be! I am not afraid to die! The grave has no terrors for me! I know that my Redeemer liveth!" and then she lifted up her emaciated hands and clapped them for joy. I then said: "Sister, I must leave you! Have you any words of encouragement for me in my work as a Christian minister?" "O yes!" said she, "I have. Go out into the highways and hedges and compel them to come in; assure them there is yet room! That Savior that has pardoned my sins will forgive the vilest sinner! Tell them all to come! 'Christ died for all, and all may come and live!'" Turning her eyes to the old family Bible, she clasped it to her heart and exclaimed: "Precious volume! thou hast been a lamp to my feet!" and then handing it to me she said: "O, brother Gaddis, take this blessed word of God, send it to the heathen, publish its blessed truths wherever you go, declare its threatenings, proclaim to the weary and heavy laden its precious promises, and tell them it comforts me in my sickness! and O tell them, for me, it suits every case and is adapted to every condition! God bless you! Farewell! Remember he that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him!" I shall never forget that death-bed scene, and how wonderfully it was sanctified to my own spiritual good, and the good of others, in the course of my ministry in that part of the country.

How different the end of the ungodly, who have neglected the "great salvation!" I was once called to the dying bed of a young lady about midnight. I found her dying in despair. I joined, with others, in prayer, but

all hope of eternal life had left her dark, benighted soul! She stated to me that a few months before she had attended a Methodist camp meeting, and felt the Holy Spirit striving with her. She went forward for prayers, and found peace in believing. Soon after her return home she was invited to a dancing-party. At first she resolved to stay at home, but finally she concluded to go. On her way to the dance the Spirit strove powerfully with her heart again, and deeply impressed her mind that it was for "the last time," if she engaged in the sinful pleasures of the evening. But, alas! the solemn warning was disregarded. In "the house of mirth" she forgot God, her Maker, and lightly esteemed the monitions of the Holy Ghost. On her return home she was sensibly impressed that she had by her conduct grieved the Holy Spirit from her youthful heart. It never strove with her again! Before the light of the next morning she died in utter despair of the mercy of her God, telling all of her friends with her last breath that she had lost her soul for one night of sinful pleasure!

A young man, with whom I had been familiar from the days of my boyhood, was thrown from his horse one Sabbath morning, while galloping along the street near the Church where I was preaching. He was badly injured by the fall. He suffered much bodily pain for more than two weeks. I was sent for to visit him a short time before his melancholy exit. On approaching his dying bed I inquired if he wished me to pray? He promptly replied, "I do!" We all kneeled around his dying couch, and I tried to present his case to the Lord, but had no nearness of access to the "mercy-seat." I arose and attempted to sing, but could not. I then asked one of my brothers who had accompanied me to pray. He made the effort, but with less boldness or liberty than usual. I then invited another gentleman, who was a member of

the Presbyterian Church, to lead in prayer, but he seemed to have no assistance from above, and told me afterward that he could not pray in the spirit or with any degree of faith. An impenetrable gloom had settled down upon the chamber of this unfortunate youth. I felt deeply concerned to see him converted before his departure, and tried to awaken his fears and induce him to pray for himself, but without success. In years gone by, I had seen him weep and heard him pray, but his goodness was as the "morning cloud and early dew, that goeth away." Like many others, he "heard the word with gladness," but failed to enter the kingdom of God by faith; and now he desired to feel, but could not; he wanted to go to heaven, but his "house was left unto him desolate," because when the Savior would have "gathered him" unto his Church, he "would not!" He watched me closely for a long time, and at last laid his right hand upon his heart, wept bitterly, and cried aloud: "O! how hard it is! O! how hard it is! O! how hard it is!" I took his hand in mine and said: "H., do tell me what it is that seems to distress you so much in your last hours." With a look of inexpressible anguish he exclaimed: "O! how hard it is to die without religion! O! how hard it is to die without the religion of Jesus Christ! O! how hard it is to die without religion!" With this last exclamation his voice failed, and he gradually sunk into the arms of death, without one solitary ray of hope to gild the gloom of his departing hours.

O, could we go to the place where God has forgotten to be gracious, and ask its miserable inhabitants the cause of their ruin, the answer given by multitudes would be, "Delay!" "When in the land of hope I often heard of salvation till death came, and with it my summons to the judgment-seat!" Delay! delay! has damned its thousands, making them wait till the door of mercy was closed!

Sinner! awake! awake! Escape for thy life! Tarry not in all the plains!

"To-morrow, O how oft thou hast sworn
To change thy life, my friend!
Thus always 'twill be, one day more
Ere you begin to mend.

When I have finished this affair,
My actions I'll review;
Or when I've brought this scheme to bear
Begin my life anew.

An idiot thus, who saw his way
Across a river lie,
Resolved upon its banks to play,
Till all the stream ran by.

But torrents with united force
Augment the flowing river,
Which still pursues its rapid course,
And murmuring flows *forever*."

A few years after this sad occurrence a revival of religion was in progress in that same town. Many found the "pearl of great price," and pressed into the visible Church. A youth, who was awakened at an early stage of the meeting, became much discouraged, and, at the close of the exercises at the altar one evening, told the minister, Rev. R. S. F., that she did not intend to come to the altar of prayer any more. He asked why? She replied, "I have been here eleven nights and have not found peace; it is no use to come again, for I believe there is no mercy for me!" He urged her to come again, and did not leave her till she gave him a promise to come once more. She was there in due time the night following, and, before the close of the exercises, found Him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write. Her ecstasy was very great, and she arose, proclaimed aloud the signal victory she had at last obtained over the powers of darkness. The glad news went up to heaven,

and the angels rejoiced over another sinner saved by the blood of Jesus.

About ten days after her conversion she sickened and died very suddenly. Just before her death, however, she sent for brother F. He was soon present at her dying bed. She remarked to him as follows: "I could not die contentedly till I saw you once more. I want to thank you now for urging me to go to the altar the '*twelfth time!*' If I had not gone back again I might at this moment have been dying without hope in Christ! But I thank the Lord I did go to the altar that evening; there I obtained pardon, and I feel now that I am prepared to go! I want you to join and sing—

'Bright angels are from glory come,
They're round my bed, they're in my room,
They wait to waft my spirit home!
All is well! All is well!'"

Her request was cheerfully complied with, and while they were singing her favorite song her "redeemed spirit" was set free and borne aloft to mingle with the spirits of the just before the throne.

This young lady was the youngest sister of the unfortunate young man, whose death I have just described in the preceding pages. I have only to ask the reader which of these death-beds would be the most desirable, the former or the latter? As you would dread the one prefer the other. Let me exhort you now to give your heart to God "before the Master rises up and shuts the door, and you stand without and knock!"

CHAPTER XIX.

REMARKABLE DEATHS—MYSTERIOUS FAMILY

"THE wicked is driven away in his wickedness.' This declaration was most strikingly exemplified in the terrible death of a Mr. ——, one of my earliest acquaintances. He was a man of herculean strength, and seemed to take much pleasure in gaming and fighting. He was not in trouble as other men. Violence covered him as a garment. He "set his mouth against the heavens," and the fear of him fell upon all with whom he had intercourse. He had often said, "What is the Almighty that I should serve him?" and unto God, "Depart from me, I desire not the knowledge of thy ways." But "how oft is the candle of the wicked put out, and how oft cometh sudden destruction upon them! They are as stubble before the wind, and as chaff that the storm carrieth away." "GOD DISTRIBUTETH SORROWS IN HIS ANGER." Mr. —— was seized with a dangerous malady in the midst of his worldly prosperity and rebellion against God. One day, while alone upon his bed, he declared that he saw the "undertaker" come in and lay his coffin along side of him on the bed, and then disappear with apparent alarm and haste. He immediately called his wife and told her what he had seen. She made light of it, and told him that his brain was excited with fever. He replied, "You may think as you please, but I know I shall die soon, and God has taken this strange method to warn me of my approaching end." He became concerned about his soul, and sent for my brother John and others, to pray for him. During that night, "visions" of heaven and hell passed before his mind. The next day he related many things of interest that he saw and heard.

He said he saw in the distance some of his friends in glory, that he and others thought would never reach there, and near by him, in hell, he met many an old acquaintance among the lost that some supposed had gone to heaven. Human language would utterly fail to convey an adequate idea of the mental sufferings of this man before his exit. "The ruling passion was strong in death," and when he felt that God had forsaken him and would not listen to his cry, he nerved himself for the conflict, and attempted to measure arms with the Almighty, as though his sinews were brass, and his bones iron. He tried to *brave* death without dismay. But, alas! it was a vain hope; "his feet stumbled upon the dark mountains, and when he looked for light, God turned it into the shadow of death, and made it gross darkness. His soul fainted in the swelling of Jordan," and he trembled at the thought of meeting God in judgment.

His sickness spread a fearful gloom over the entire community, and all confessed the hand of God had touched him. Fear fell upon the unconverted, and, after his death, many of them turned to the Lord. As his disease progressed, his physical strength remained undiminished. At length he became abusive and quarrelsome toward his attendants, and they found it impossible to keep him in bed. The Holy Spirit at last left him without one good emotion, and he was "given over to hardness of heart and a reprobacy of mind, to work out," as he said, "his own damnation with greediness." He told his friends that he felt the fires of hell burning within him. All at last were wearied out with holding him during his fearful paroxysms and efforts, as he said, to "get away from God;" and they procured a piece of girthing, and wrapped it under the bed rails across his body, below his chest, down to his feet. He was pin-

ioned down in this strange manner, when I saw him first during his affliction. O it was a melancholy sight, and one that none could long endure with composure. His profanity and obscenity drove his wife and all the female attendants from his presence. Cursing, ribaldry, jesting, and vulgar song-singing, filled up the last days of this unfortunate man. The night on which he died, his kind physician bled him in the right arm. While the blood was running he swore in the most horrid manner, and asked the doctor if it "was not cowardly to tie a man from head to foot upon his bed, and then bleed him against his will." "Sir," said the wretched man, "if my arm was free I would send you down to perdition in a moment, at a single blow." At times he would hiss, and make sounds somewhat similar to those made by infuriated cats at night in a garret. His very countenance spoke the anguish of his soul. His eyes were red and fiery, roaming around the house with a deep piercing look that struck terror into every heart. I thought of the words of the Psalmist, "Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou casteth them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors. As a dream when one awaketh, so, O Lord, when thou awakest, thou shalt despise their image." About an hour before he died he called aloud for water; but when it was brought to his bed he refused to drink of it, and told the cup-bearer that he would take a drink from God, only because no one but God could inflict such punishment as he endured at that hour. He then called on God for a drink of water, but called in vain, and then, in the most awful manner, cursed God, and cursed Jesus Christ, and cursed the Holy Ghost, two or three times. After this "the sorrows of death encompassed him, and the pains of hell took hold upon him." I was alarmed and horror-struck,

and could no longer endure the sight. I retired from the house, and asked a friend to accompany me home. In a short time after I left, he placed his upper teeth upon his lower lip, bit it entirely off, and attempted to swallow it; but it lodged in the upper part of the larynx. In a moment after this awful scene the brittle cord of life suddenly snapped asunder. After his death, Dr. C. extracted the lip from his throat, and replaced it upon his marred visage. O it was a sad sight, such as I hope never to witness again. If such the death of the ungodly in time, O what terrors hang around "the second death!" What shall be his portion in that world of woe, with the never-dying sting of death writhing his soul,

"Where shrieks the roaring flame and rattling chain,
And all the dreadful eloquence of pain
His only song! black fire's malignant light
The sole refreshment of his blasted sight!"

and in this state wishing for annihilation to end his being, but no relief found, and at the same time crying out,

"Just is my lot, but O! must it transcend
The reach of time, despair a distant end;
With dreadful growth shoot forward and arise,
Where thought can't follow and bold fancy dies!"

At one of my regular places of preaching, a young man was suddenly called away under the most trying and painful circumstances. He was engaged to be married to a very amiable young lady, the daughter of a Methodist minister. The time was fast approaching for the marriage ceremonies. All necessary preparations were made, and in a few days they expected to be united in happy wedlock. But, O, alas! how changed the scene!

"What shadows we are, what shadows we pursue!"

Our young friend was taken sick. At first his disease was of such a character as to excite no alarm, but, on a

sudden, it assumed a dangerous type. His physician soon discovered unfavorable symptoms, and used every effort to subdue the raging malady, but in vain. At length fears were entertained of his recovery. His visions of earthly bliss all faded in a moment, and he began to turn his eyes to the solemn scenes of eternity just before him. I was sent for to visit him in time of need, and found him sinking very fast. He was a young man greatly beloved by all who knew him. He was upright in all his outward deportment; but although blest with pious parents, and every opportunity of embracing religion, he was still without any evidence of his acceptance with God; not even connected with the visible Church. He was penitent, and asked me to preach and pray for him. I had often preached in the same house, but under very different circumstances. A small stand was placed near the head of the dying young man. The Bible and hymn-book was soon placed upon it by the hand of an affectionate mother, who took her seat close by the side of his bed. An aged father, Dr. C., two other members of the family, and one or two of the nearest neighbors, made up the congregation. Never before, or since, have I preached the Gospel under such soul-stirring circumstances; the sands of life were swiftly ebbing out. I knew that I was about to speak to one for the last time that I had familiarly known from his childhood. Standing in the chamber of death to preach "Jesus and the resurrection," I selected for my text on that memorable occasion, the following beautiful words: "Unto you that believe he is precious." When about half way through my discourse, while telling them how "precious" the Savior was to the believer in the dark and cheerless hours of affliction, my young friend fixed his dying gaze upon me, and seemed to listen with marked attention. Tears and sighs, mingled with fer-

vent prayers, filled the room. Before I closed my remarks, he, for whose benefit I was preaching, had lost the power of articulation. The organs of hearing were closed, no more to open to the charming sound of the Gospel. I only ceased to speak when I was certain that he could hear no more. I kneeled down and commended his soul to God, and his heart-stricken parents to the especial care of our heavenly Father. The last rays of the sun were visible on the tops of the tall trees skirting the lofty hills on the north of that gloomy household. The shades of evening were coming on, and as I had several miles to travel to my lodging, I was compelled to bid them farewell. Before the light of the next morning, the spirit of the sufferer was with God. A knowledge of the mournful event was early communicated to the young lady to whom he was to have been married; and on the day fixed for their wedding, clad in weeds of mourning, she followed her betrothed to the silent grave.

"Fate steals along with silent tread,
Found oftenest in what least we dread;
Frowns in the storm with angry brow,
But in the *sunshine* strikes the blow."

While traveling near one of my appointments, on the banks of the Ohio river, there lived a strange family, which I visited under somewhat trying and peculiar circumstances. They were strangers in that part of the country, and there were but very few who knew even the name by which they were called. They had no communication whatever with any of their neighbors, and studiedly avoided making any acquaintances. The old gentleman had connected himself with the Methodist Episcopal Church by letter from the Wesleyan Methodists in England, but he seldom found time to attend to the means of grace during the week. At an early period of the year, I began to inquire into the history of the

family, but could meet with no one who knew any thing about them. In the spring of the year I proposed to go and visit them myself. The leader of the class in the neighborhood told me it would be labor and time lost, for I could not get into the house. I then inquired the reason why he thought I would not be admitted. He then stated that no one had ever been permitted to enter that house since Mr. —— had settled in the neighborhood and become its occupant. He also remarked that his own wife, and a number of other ladies, had paid them a visit, but were not invited to go in. The lady of the house always came to the door herself, and answered very politely any questions that were proposed to her, but had never invited or permitted any one to cross her door-sill. This narration excited my curiosity, and as I was ready for adventure, and full of faith and zeal, I arose from my seat and ordered my horse, remarking to brother N. that I intended to go and stay all night at that very house. He laughed heartily at this, and said, "I have no objection to your going to visit the house, but I am certain you will not get even the privilege of seeing how matters are '*fixed up*' within." I answered, "I am resolved, by the help of God, to make the trial; perhaps I may overcome their prejudices, and be the means of doing them good." I started off in fine spirits, and prayed fervently as I rode down the hill toward the beautiful Ohio. The house of the strangers stood immediately on the bank of the river. I passed up the lane, arrived at the gate, dismounted, took my saddle-bags on my arm, and walked leisurely toward the side door next the gate. As I approached near to the house, the door was opened, and rather an interesting-looking English lady presented herself before me. I spoke to her, and inquired if Mr. —— resided there. She answered affirmatively. I then asked if he was at home. She replied that he was

at work on the farm, and that she would send out one of the children and have him called immediately. During all this conversation she kept her hand on the door, and never intimated that she wished me to enter the house. I at length remarked, "I am very weary; I believe I will go in and sit down till your husband comes in from the field." At this her cheek crimsoned, and she moved back a few paces into the hall, but said nothing. I instantly followed on her heels. She then stood a little to one side, and I walked into the sitting-room, and took a seat near the hall door. She soon walked by me, but did not speak. She appeared much agitated, and soon left the room. I discovered that she was much displeased at my rather unceremonious way of entering her house, but I said nothing by way of apology, preferring much rather that she should be left to her own reflections. She had a number of sweet and interesting children, among whom I noticed a handsome daughter, who seemed to be much embarrassed by my unexpected intrusion; for such, I am confident, they regarded my entrance at that time. I spoke kindly to the young children, inquired their names, asked them how old they were, and tried to pass off the time as agreeably as I could till the old gentleman should come in from the fields. After a long time he made his appearance, and received me very kindly indeed. I entered into a lengthy conversation about matters and things in general, and whiled away the time till the sun went down. I then told him I would be very glad if I could remain with them during the night. He replied that he had no objection, if I was willing to put up with their fare. His wife then rose up, and looking me full in the face, said, "We don't entertain strangers, and no doubt you can find much better accommodation in any part of the neighborhood." Her husband soon went out, and left me and his good wife to settle the matter

between ourselves. I then told her I was traveling more or less every day, and that I had poor health, and did not feel able to go any further without suffering. She then replied that she was not *prepared* to keep me. I told her I was not hard to please, and that all I wished was some bread and milk for supper, and a place to sleep till daylight, and then I should proceed on my journey. It was now almost dark, and the old gentleman had put my horse up. I walked to the door and said, "Well, I suppose your husband intends I shall stay, as I see he has put up my horse." At this she said no more, but appeared very much disquieted in mind. I then began to talk very freely, apparently unconscious of her unwillingness to permit me to remain. I catechised her almost constantly, determined to make her talk, if possible. This I soon found a very difficult undertaking, and I turned my attention to the children. They were very polite, but as unwilling to converse as their mother. At last I touched the right cord with one of the little fellows, and he began to laugh and talk with me very freely. This was a great relief; the others soon caught the same feeling, and the evening passed rapidly away. After supper I was invited to retire for the night. I told the old gentleman it had been my custom in all my travels through the country, to have prayers in the families where I tarried at night, unless it was objected to. He said he had no objections, and he began to look round for the old "family Bible." It had never been unpacked since they came to America—a smaller copy of the Scriptures occupied its place, and was generally used by the members of the household. How often is it the case that professors of religion in removing to a new country get careless in regard to their duty! At length it was brought forth and laid before me. It was an elegant copy, bound in calf, with heavy clasps, and bore the

marks of having been freely used. I read a portion of the sacred word and sung,

"Peace be on this house bestowed,
Peace on all that here reside;
Let the unknown peace of God
With the man of peace abide.

Christ, my Master and my Lord,
Let me thy forerunner be;
O be mindful of thy word,
Visit *them* and *visit me!*

To this house and all herein,
Now let thy salvation come;
Save our souls from inbred sin,
Make us thy eternal home."

During prayer a blessing was asked upon parents and children; and while I was calling upon the God of Jacob who had protected them upon the ocean, and guided them safely to the shores of this "goodly land," the heart of the husband was moved at the remembrance of the mercies of God. He wept, and it was not long till sighs and sobs filled the little room. My own soul rose higher and higher on the wings of faith—the Spirit helped my infirmities, and I had nearness of access to the throne of grace. That was an hour of "pure and fervent devotion," never to be forgotten by the young itinerant in time or in eternity. It was an oasis in life's weary journey, whose goodly cheer refreshed the spirits. On rising from our knees the children continued to weep for some time.

The scene now changed, and before I retired to rest that night, the family were satisfied that their strange guest was the junior preacher of that circuit. "It is strange," said the old gentleman, "that I did not know you, but then I only heard you preach once; I have not attended meeting often the past winter. Did you preach on the hill to-day?" I replied that I did, and was

sorry that so few turned out to the preaching of the word in that neighborhood. He then gave me a full account of his conversion, and subsequent Christian life, in connection with the Wesleyan Methodists in his native land. "The night was far spent" before he allowed me to retire. Early the next day we were again assembled for prayers, and the "glory of God filled the house." The parents wept, and the children cried and sobbed aloud. The oldest daughter was powerfully awakened, and before my departure, the mother and daughter both promised to unite with the Church, and devote the balance of their lives to the service of God. I tarried with them till about ten o'clock that day, and still they urged me to tarry longer. When I at last took my departure, the mother and daughter both followed me out to the gate, and made me promise to make them another visit some time during the summer. They wept when I bade them adieu, and assured me of a more cordial welcome on my return. On my second round I was prevented from fulfilling my engagement, and before I had another opportunity, the family became dissatisfied with their new location, sold out their farm, and moved to the far west. I never saw them again. Should this narrative meet their eye, I hope they will call to remembrance their vows to meet me in heaven.

CHAPTER XX.

THE SUICIDE.

The history of Captain V. H. M. is one of thrilling interest to all who had any knowledge of his unfortunate career. He was a fine-looking man, nearly six feet high. When I first saw him he was very handsome; but long

before his death his visage was horribly marred by intemperance. He then walked the streets with bloodshot eyes and a blotched face. He had by trading amassed considerable property, quite enough to have made him independent all the days of his life; but he could not conquer his love for ardent spirits. In order that he might drink all that he desired, he opened a liquor-shop in one corner of his warehouse, close to his private dwelling. Here, every day surrounded by kindred spirits, he partook of drugged wines and brandy till his constitution, already shattered by long-continued bad practices, gave evident signs of speedy decay. This alarmed him very much, and he sought medical advice. His family physician advised him to desist, or he would die soon. He tried to abstain, but soon returned to his cup again, and in a little time was worse than before. He had a very severe attack, in which the muscles of his right thigh and leg lost nearly all sense of feeling. He called for a consultation of all the physicians in the place, and demanded of them a thorough examination of his condition. At length they told him candidly he must quit drinking or he would soon die. His constitution was now completely broken. As soon as he was so far recovered as to be able to go out again, I had a long conversation with him. He told me that he could not forsake his cup, and he knew that he should die soon, and dying in his present state he should be lost forever! He asked me if I thought there was any hope of a man obtaining mercy who had become so vile as he was? I told him that there was; that Christ came into the world to save sinners, and the very chief of transgressors against God might obtain mercy, if they would repent and believe the Gospel. I asked him to come to the Methodist Episcopal church and hear the Gospel preached. He did come for two or three Sabbaths, and at times appeared to be much

affected, and once I saw him weep bitterly. He soon became very wretched, and told his wife repeatedly that he would destroy his own life. Sometimes, after the usual hour of retiring to bed, he would come into the room and take off his coat and cravat, and setting a small looking-glass on the mantle before him, would get his razor and step back in the floor before his afflicted companion, and stand there for more than an hour declaring that he would cut his throat from ear to ear! At other times, after supper, he would put his cloak around him, and pull out his gold watch and tell his wife to keep it for his youngest child; he would then kiss the child and his wife, and walk out with the intention of going to the river to drown himself. Who can describe the hours of anguish and painful suspense endured by his suffering companion? Often he would not return till midnight, and at other times not till the next morning. He wandered about the streets sometimes during the night like one forsaken by God and man. I recollect one morning I arose quite early, and, passing by his house, found him lying in the front door, with his feet resting on the steps, the door being partly shut. He was sound asleep, and perhaps had lain there the greater part of the night. In this wretched state of mind he spent the summer and fall. He felt that he was not fit to live, and yet he was unwilling to die. He could not get away from himself. He had a state of mind "not to be changed by place or time;" a deadly vulture was gnawing at his vitals; a fire was kindled in his bosom that many waters could not quench.

Through a young man that boarded with him he had heard something about the doctrine of Universalism; it pleased him well, and all he needed now was to bring himself fully to believe it. This lesson was a difficult one to learn. At that period no Universalist had ever preached in the place, and but few of the citizens knew

any thing about their doctrines. This, however, was not long after Messrs. Kidwell & Waldo had commenced the publication, in Cincinnati, of a periodical advocating the peculiar views of that deluded sect. The Captain resolved to go down to the city and see them, for the purpose of persuading one of them to come up and preach a few sermons upon that particular topic, hoping thereby to find relief for a "troubled conscience." He succeeded in procuring the services of one of the editors; but I do not recollect which of them it was that came home with him. It was publicly announced that he would preach in the old frame school-house, in the lower part of the town, on Main-street. I did not attend, but Doctor C., an old and respectable citizen, who was present, gave me a full account of the sermon. The text on the occasion was from James iv, 12: "There is one lawgiver, who is able to save and to destroy." The object of the speaker was to show that Jesus Christ would destroy all "partialism," or the doctrines taught by orthodox Churches, and that he would finally raise all mankind to a state of holiness and happiness in the world to come. He insisted that this doctrine was plainly taught by the "law-giver" referred to in the text, and urged his congregation—which consisted of only about a dozen persons—to embrace the doctrine of universal salvation, and give up all unnecessary anxiety about the great future. The congregation was dismissed, but the Captain was slow of heart to believe this strange doctrine; he wanted the preacher to preach again, but he would not consent, because so few had gone down to hear him. However, the Captain prevailed on him to remain at his house nearly all the week for the purpose of teaching him this comforting doctrine more perfectly. At length he became satisfied, and let the preacher return home to Cincinnati.

The next day he came out on the street and publicly

professed his entire belief in the doctrine of universal salvation, and said he was now perfectly happy, and not only resigned to die, but anxious to take his departure. He commenced drinking harder than before, and seemed to throw off all moral restraint; the reins of self-government were thrown upon the neck of his lusts, and, with broken bit and shattered reins, he drove onward to the fearful precipice over which at last he made an awful leap! If increased wickedness was a proof of a change of heart, then was this man soundly converted by the teachings of this Universalist preacher.

One day, while standing near the old market-house, I saw the Captain come out, according to a previous promise, to give publicity to his new creed. About a half dozen old loafers were assembled as his auditors. A number of citizens were looking on as spectators. He denounced all the orthodox Churches with a vengeance that even surprised his besotted congregation. Just before he closed his remarks one of his auditors, who was a confirmed drunkard, but well versed in the truths of revelation, became much excited, rose up from his seat and walked up in front of where Captain M. was standing on one of the butcher's blocks. He continued to listen with profound attention till he could not endure it any longer, and, looking the preacher full in the face, cried out: "Sir, you know very well that is a —— lie!" This brought the speaker to a pause almost instantly, and he made an attempt to kick poor old Mr. J. in the face, but missed his aim, lost his balance, and, being a little "light-headed," he fell prostrate upon the hard, brick pavement. On beholding this catastrophe his excited audience raised the shout of victory, and left the new convert alone in his "*fallen state.*" Thus ended the first Universalist sermon that I ever heard delivered. The Captain, however, was not seriously injured by his sudden

"downfall," and as soon as he was sufficiently revived went into his house, and did not appear on the street till the next day. The citizens generally enjoyed the farce, not dreaming of the melancholy sequel.

Not long after this occurrence this poor, deluded man committed suicide under the following painful circumstances: He had often said he was too miserable to live, and now that he had been recently convinced that there was no hell, he wished he could die; but none supposed he was preparing to take his own life. He was seen late in the evening loading a large horse-pistol with heavy slugs. He was asked what he was going to kill? He replied that his warehouse was infested with rats, and he wished to shoot some of them. The next morning he walked out to the steamboat landing, and, as he returned to his house, a friend asked me if I had noticed the countenance of Captain M. as he passed me on the side-walk? I replied that I did not. "I fear," said my young friend, Mr. T., "he is going to do some mischief to-day; he has such a wicked and vicious expression of countenance." I replied, "I hope not; yet of late he is like one 'walking through dry places seeking rest, and finding none.'" I went into a store about twenty yards from the dwelling of Mr. M., and, in about five minutes afterward, we heard the report of a pistol. I walked to the door, and heard some one screaming, "O, my God! he has shot himself!" The sound proceeded from the residence of Captain M., whence I immediately ran and found the unfortunate man lying dead upon the floor of the front room over the parlor. He had taken his position before a mirror, and placed the large pistol, loaded with slugs, to the front part of his forehead and fired, the contents of the weapon taking off nearly half of his head. The slugs penetrated the ceiling, scattering his brains in every direction, and passing out through the roof of the

house. His little daughter had run up first, and was so affrighted that she instantly fled from the room, which was still filled with smoke, tracking the blood of her unfortunate father down to the sitting-room. In a few minutes the keeper of a coffee-house entered the room, who had contributed his full share to ruin the man now before him. He turned round and addressed me as follows: "There, Mr. G., lies a man whose death will not be regretted by a solitary individual in this town or the vicinity, and if I were lying by his side the same statement would be true of me!" When the smoke had left the room, we observed his cravat and hat lying on the bed, and discovered that before using the horse-pistol he had stabbed himself with a large dirk-knife in the right abdomen.

Poor, misguided, erring man, who in a moment of frenzy

"Renounced earth to forfeit heaven!"

thy ghastly corpse, heart-stricken wife, and fatherless children still rise up before me!

Sinner, beware! trifle not with thy immortal spirit! Why will ye die?

"Why should we die?
Hope whispers with her lucid eye.
And brighter far than hope there comes
One bright'ning all the darksome tombs—
One who has trod the vale of death
And lost amidst its gloom his breath!
He, angel of the covenant now,
With crowns of glory on his brow,
With mercy kindling in his eye,
Says sweetly, '*Sinner, do not die!*'"

CHAPTER XXI.

WEST UNION CIRCUIT.

On a beautiful Sabbath morning, soon after the commencement of public worship in the Methodist Episcopal church in the town of R., I discovered an aged man approaching the door of the church in great haste. He was bareheaded and in his shirt-sleeves. He entered and passed down the main aisle of the church, stopped in front of the pulpit, and looked wildly round on the congregation. At length his eyes rested on my brother John, with whom he was well acquainted. He approached him and took a seat close by his side, and whispered something to my brother, as though he did not wish to disturb the congregation. However, during the sermon, my brother found it difficult to keep the old man quiet. He held an old family Bible by one end, and now and then he would raise it perpendicularly above his whitened head and weep most bitterly. His name was J. B. I had known him for many years; he had been a hard drinker, and at times very abusive to his wife. When brother W. had closed his sermon, my brother arose and remarked that the old gentleman informed him that something of a very remarkable nature had occurred recently at his house, and that he wished to relate it to the congregation, and closed by saying that he thought it could do no harm to let him give the narrative. The preacher cordially assented, and old Mr. B. proceeded to remark, in substance, as follows: "I am not intoxicated at this time, I have not drank any for several days. I came in here this morning to tell you what has lately happened to me. On last Thursday night, about the hour of mid-

night, I heard a loud rap on my window near the head of my bed; I inquired who was there, and some one responded, 'The devil.' I could see him plainly through the window. I then asked him what he wanted, and he replied, 'I have come for J. B.' I slept none the balance of the night, and felt miserable during all day Friday. On Friday night I fell asleep, and about the same hour I was again aroused by the devil; I jumped out of my bed, and found that he had opened the window and was about to come in. I seized my old Bible and fought him at the window till the light of the morning. Last night, soon after I retired I heard three loud raps on the head-board of my bed. I arose quickly, and found the devil standing about the middle of the floor. He appeared about three feet high, with broad shoulders, and a horribly-disfigured countenance, with keen, flashing eyeballs. I asked him what he was doing there; he replied, 'I have come for the last time for Mr. J. B., and I am determined to take him, sir, soul and body, to hell before the light of the morning.' I replied, 'I will go to God, but not with the devil.' He then came toward me, and I seized my old Bible and punched him in the face till broad daylight in the morning. I tell you nothing but the truth, and I can refer you to old Mr. ——, who was staying at our house, for the truth of what I now tell you."

During this strange recital the old man at times was greatly agitated. He held the Bible tightly clinched with both hands, and occasionally lifted it high over his head. This rendered the whole affair one of interest to all who beheld him. He lived near the bank of Red Oak Creek, not far from a large mound, in a two-story frame house. He was cruel to his wife, and a short time before this frightful attack of delirium tremens she had been compelled to seek shelter among her acquaint-

ance. He did not recover from the attack for more than two weeks, during which time he kept the Bible constantly by his side when at home, and when he walked out in town he carried it under his arm, and at night slept with it under his pillow.

The close of my first year in the itinerancy will never be forgotten. My first colleague, Rev. John A. Baughman, was an indefatigable and popular Methodist traveling preacher. In addition to the regular quarterly meetings he often appointed two and three days' meetings at extreme points on the circuit. He could not be satisfied to close up the labors of his second conference year without another camp meeting. This meeting was numerously attended, and resulted in the conversion of many precious souls. Father Collins, who was then the presiding elder of the district, was present, and assisted in the direction and management of the exercises with his usual tact and superior ability. On the last night of the meeting I was appointed to preach at seven o'clock; but at the time of sounding the trumpet for preaching the prayer meeting was still in progress, which had begun immediately after the close of the afternoon sermon. The lamps were all lighted and the wood-fires burning brightly. The altar was filled with weeping penitents; and when the time arrived for preaching, the battle-cry was so loud the sound of the trumpet was not heard by those engaged in the prayer meeting. It was finally agreed not to interrupt the altar exercises, but to let God work in his own way. The meeting progressed with power and great glory. Sinners by scores "fled for refuge to lay hold on the hope set before them." The exercises, without the slightest degree of abatement, continued till eleven o'clock. At this stage of the meeting Rev. W. T. H., who was then traveling on White Oak circuit, drew off the crowd from the

altar by the following novel method: At the far end of the middle aisle, in front of the pulpit, he assembled the "ancient men," and the young men, and the *chief singers*, and the sons of the singers. He also appointed a trumpeter, and when the signal was given the whole "company of believers" moved in a procession of three abreast around the encampment, inside of the circle of tents, singing as they marched,

"Blow ye the trumpet, blow,
The gladly-solemn sound,
Let all the nations know,
To earth's remotest bound,
The year of jubilee is come;
Return ye ransomed sinners home."

Such a scene had never been witnessed in that region of country before. The wicked were overawed, and retreated from the outskirts to the center of the ground. Father Collins and myself repaired to the preachers' stand to witness the solemn procession and to watch the movements of the enemy. After the army of Israel had "compassed the encampment, in going about it once," they halted for a few minutes to the left of the preachers' stand, and sounded the trumpet and gave thanks, and then all with one accord cried, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!" and then they resumed their triumphal march, blowing the trumpet at each succeeding revolution till they had encompassed the encampment of our Israel six times. Rev. W. T. H. then arose and addressed them in a most powerful manner for a short time, and to my great surprise closed by stating, that after marching the seventh time around the camp they would halt opposite the stand at the sound of the trumpet; and as brother Gaddis was prevented from preaching in the evening at the appointed hour, he would now preach a short sermon to the whole

congregation, commencing precisely at the solemn hour of midnight. On hearing this "unexpected announcement" I repaired to the preachers' tent, and fell upon my face and cried to God for help in this the hour of need. As it was to be my farewell sermon, I selected for my text the following appropriate words: "Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you." The scene before me was grand and imposing. The whole congregation were standing on their feet, and many already bathed in tears. At first my voice faltered, but I then heard the well-known voice of the venerable Collins behind me in the pulpit, saying, "Be not afraid of their faces, for the Lord hath given you the city." It gave me great encouragement; I had not spoken long before I rose far above all my embarrassment and experienced the truth of the declaration of the prophet Nehemiah, "The joy of the Lord is your strength." I was filled with the spirit of rejoicing while dwelling on the encouraging promise, "He careth for you." I continued to preach till my voice could be heard no longer, for the cries of the "wounded" and the shouts of the "redeemed." That was a night of "great gladness, for God made them rejoice with great joy, their wives also, and their children rejoiced, so that the joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off." The battle waxed hot the remainder of the night. More than fifty souls found peace in believing before the sun arose on our tents in the wilderness.

After breakfast, at the sound of the trumpet, we all assembled at the stand to hear a parting address from my indefatigable colleague, at the close of which he opened the doors of the Church, and about forty made application for membership, most of whom had been awakened and converted the night previous.

We loved the people on that circuit, and I believe it

was fully reciprocated on their part. At the close of the meeting we were requested to come out in front of the "stand," that the members of the Church might have the privilege of shaking hands with us before we parted to meet no more. We did so, and I suppose I shook hands with upward of a hundred persons. I could not endure it any longer; my hand and arm were both sore, and I requested publicly to be excused, and told the audience, as my colleague was very stout and hearty he must do my part and his own too, to which he cordially assented. I retired with a full heart, amid the flowing tears and warm benedictions, while they sung that well-known parting hymn commencing,

"My dearest friends in bonds of love,
Whose hearts the sweetest union prove."

CHAPTER XXII.

SCIOTO CIRCUIT.

In the fall of 1807 Rev. John Collins was appointed preacher in charge of the Scioto circuit. Early in that conference year he organized a small class at the house of Mr. Peter Shultz, in the town of West Union, and appointed William Russel leader. At a quarterly meeting held at Benjamin Turner's residence, on Scioto circuit, July 16, 1808, there were seventeen class-leaders present, among whom is recorded on the "Steward's book" the name of William Russel. This devoted friend of Methodism settled in West Union, and opened a dry goods store, June 19, 1807. William Armstrong moved from Maysville and settled at West Union, May 21, 1806. He was also a good man, and loved our Zion most fervently till called away by the hand of death. Brother

Russel represented the society at the quarterly meeting at Benjamin Turner's dwelling, August 11, 1809. In August, 1810, at a quarterly meeting held at George Suiter's residence, the names of seventeen preaching-places are entered on the Stewards' book for Scioto circuit, and the several amounts paid by each society. At that period the class at West Union is credited with $3.50 quarterage. The total amount of quarterage and public collections on the circuit that year only amounted to $89.68, of which the presiding elder, Rev. John Sale, received $4; Rev. Alexander Cummins, $46.50; and his colleague, Rev. Robert Dobbins, $36.57. In 1811 the society at West Union is credited with $6, and in the year 1812 they contributed $7. In 1815 Rev. Greenbury R. Jones was appointed Recording Steward. West Union in 1816 paid $22 quarterage. Brush Creek circuit was organized in 1811. In 1817, while John Collins was presiding elder, and Charles Waddle, preacher in charge, it was determined by official action on the part of the quarterly meeting conference to locate the parsonage house in the town of West Union, and an average tax of *fifty cents* to each member be levied on all the societies in the circuit to procure a lot and erect the building. In August 15, 1819, Rev. Leroy Swormstedt, then preacher in charge of Brush Creek circuit, appointed the following persons as trustees of the Methodist Episcopal Church in West Union: William Russel, Peter Shultz, John Meek, and G. R. Jones. To these the name of A. Hollingsworth was soon added. A beautiful lot was purchased of the late William Armstrong for the sum of $50, on which a plain, substantial church edifice was erected the ensuing year. It is thirty-five feet wide and forty-five long. The property was secured by deed from William Armstrong under date of September 30, 1819. During the administration of Rev. Leroy

Swormstedt, the finances of Brush Creek circuit were in a healthy state. At the close of his administration, after paying off all the claims, the stewards sent a surplus to the annual conference of $38.18.

The society at West Union from a very early period contributed more for the support of the Gospel than any other society on Brush Creek circuit. It was at one time composed of a number of talented and liberal-hearted men, most of whom have gone to reap the reward of well-doing in a better state of existence. Abraham Hollingsworth, Esq., is the only survivor of the old board of trustees. He united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in 1819, is now in his seventy-fourth year, and is a man of great moral worth and much beloved for his adherence to the "old paths." He was elected Recording Steward in 1827, and continued to serve the Church in that capacity till 1852, a period of twenty-five years. He now enjoys a green old age, longing for the rest to come.

SCIOTO AND BRUSH CREEK CIRCUIT RECORDS.

In one of my rambles I found the first Stewards' book of the original Scioto circuit. I will make a few extracts from that ancient record:

THE

BOOK OF RECORDS

FOR SCIOTO CIRCUIT.

CHAPTER I.

September 7, 1804.

Section 1.—Quarterly meeting began, and was held at White Brown's residence on Deer creek, William Burke, presiding elder; Joseph Oglesby and John Meek, traveling preachers. Conference being called, the members thereof passed the following resolutions, namely:

(1.) That John Shields shall be Secretary for Scioto circuit.

(2.) That he shall purchase a book and keep the records for said circuit.

(3.) That all the local preachers, exhorters, leaders, and stewards shall have their names enrolled in the book of records.

(4.) That William Tolbert, of the Big Bottom, below Pee Pee, has forfeited his license by *neglecting class meeting*, and not having his name enrolled on any class-paper.

WILLIAM BURKE, P. E.

JOHN SHIELDS, R. S.

STEPHEN TIMMONS, THOMAS SCOTT, } *Elders*

EDWARD TIFFIN, THOMAS ODLE, WM. JACKSON, } *Deacons.*

ANTHONY DAVENPORT, THOMAS WOOD, JOHN CONNELL, GEO. VINCENHELLOR, WHITE BROWN, HENRY BOWDLE, CHARLES MAHAN, MICHAEL HARR, MORGAN WILLIAMS, BENJAMIN GRACE, JOHN CREWIT, SIMON FIELD, WILLIAM WYKOFF, JOHN PERRELL, } *Leaders.*

JOHN SHIELDS, EWD. HARR, ALEXANDER ROEN, WILLIAM KAREN, THOMAS CURRY, GEORGE ROGERS, JOSEPH MOORE, LEWIS FOSTER, JESSE MOUNTS, } *Preachers.*

SECTION 2.—(1.) That a committee be appointed to draw up a subscription for the purpose of purchasing land

to build a house and make improvements thereon, for the accommodation of the traveling preachers, and the use of Scioto circuit, according to Discipline, chap. i, sec. 26.

(2.) That White Brown, William Karen, Lewis Foster, and John Shields compose said committee.

JNO. SHIELDS, Secretary. WM. BURKE, P. E.

SECTION 3.—That the stewards of each circuit shall send to each leader within the bounds of his district, on each quarter, an account of the state of the finances of the last quarter, and once each year to send a circular letter, stating the amount given by each class during the previous year, and also the number of persons in each class. WILLIAM BURKE, P. E.

JOHN SHIELDS, Secretary.

SECTION 4.—The Committee on Subscriptions presented the following paper, which was read before the conference, and adopted:

To all whom these presents shall come greeting:

Whereas, the inhabitants of Scioto circuit have labored under considerable inconvenience in not having a sufficient and REGULAR supply of itinerant preachers; and, *whereas*, it is thought, by many, that purchasing a lot of land, and building a house thereon, for the accommodation of itinerant preachers who may have wives and children, would, under the blessing, remedy the evil: we have thought it necessary, after mature deliberation, to recommend to our friends to lend their aid in this noble cause, according to the ability which God hath given. [Here follows the names of the trustees, etc.] Signed, WILLIAM BURKE, P. E.

JOHN SHIELDS, Secretary.

CHAPTER II.

Quarterly meeting conference held at Thomas Bowdle's, August 2, 1805.

Preachers present, William Burke, P. E.; Thomas

Scott and Stephen Timmons, elders; Edward Tiffin, Thomas Odel, William Jackson, William Tolbert, deacons.

At this meeting but little business of importance was transacted.

CHAPTER III.

At a quarterly meeting held at Twin creek, on Scioto circuit, on the first Saturday and Sunday in May, 1806; present, John Sale, P. E.; James Quinn, Peter Cartwright, William Karens, Alexander Rowen, Geo. Vincenhellor, Benjamin Adair, Michael Hare, White Brown, Stephen Timmons, Charles Mahan, George M'Cormick, James English, John Martin, Elias Turner, and Hector Sandford.

Edward Tiffin was appointed Secretary.

The next quarterly meeting was held at White Brown's, August 15, 1806. A considerable amount of business was transacted at this conference. Hector Sandford and Joseph Bennett were recommended to the district conference as traveling preachers.

The next quarterly meeting was held at Salem meeting-house, 23d of November, 1806.

The following list of the first preaching-places, and the amounts collected at each, will, no doubt, be read with interest by all:

Preaching-places.	Amount.	Preaching-places.	Amount.
Moore's class	$2 50	Davis's	$1 75
Worley's	2 00	Bunell's	1 00
P. Moore's	0 00	D. Fraley's	0 00
W. Mustard's	0 00	A. Trimble's	0 00
Sargent's	0 00	Fitchpatrick's	1 48
Thomas Foster's	7 25	Sullivan's	0 00
C. L. Brown's	0 00	Butcher's	1 68
Twin creek	4 00	John Kindal's	0 00
Chillicothe	10 50	James Kindal's	0 00
Bowdle's	6 62	Wood's	0 00
Chinaworth's	0 00	Odel's	4 78
William Brown's	0 00	Briant's	1 00
Lucas's	1 00	Peterson's	2 00
Golsberry's	0 00		

After defraying contingent expenses, Rev. Anthony Houston, circuit preacher, received $14.87, and Rev. Milton Ladd, assistant, $18.38, and Rev. John Sale, presiding elder, received $6. How small when contrasted with the present!

The next quarterly meeting was held at Salem meeting-house, January 23, 1808. Twenty-one classes were represented, and Rev. John Collins, preacher in charge, received $31.37 salary, and Joseph Bennett $16.40, and Rev. John Sale, presiding elder, $3.35.

The ensuing quarterly meeting, for 1808, was held at Benjamin Turner's, July 16, 1808. There were present at that meeting *sixteen preachers*, six exhorters, eighteen class-leaders, two stewards, and John Shields, *Recorder and general Steward;* also, John Foster, Edward Karen, George Vincenhellor, and Elijah Truitt licensed to preach on trial for one year.

August 11, 1809.—At Benjamin Turner's, Robert W. Finley and James B. Finley were *recommended as traveling preachers.* Rev. Abbott Goddard, circuit preacher, received, for his services on the circuit, the sum of $56.12½, and his colleague, Rev. Joseph Williams, the same amount for one year's hard toil.

May 19, 1810.—Quarterly meeting was held at Thomas Foster's; John Sale, presiding elder, and Rev. Alexander Cummins and Robert Dobbins, circuit preachers.

August 25, 1810, it was held at George Suiter's, and the next was held at Joseph Moore's, *December* 15, 1810. The total amount of quarterage sent to this meeting was only $6.80, to be divided between the presiding elder, Solomon Langdon, and the two circuit preachers, Timmons and Fraley. These were the days of trial.

Brush Creek circuit was organized in 1811. The first quarterly meeting was held at Joseph Moore's, February

22, 1811—William Kearn and Daniel Fraley, circuit preachers.

Second quarterly meeting was held at Zepheniah Waid's, May 8, 1811; the third quarterly meeting at Eagle creek camp-ground, August 8; the fourth at Brush creek meeting-house, September 9, 1811, at which meeting Robert W. Finley was recommended to the annual conference, William P. Finley licensed to preach, and Rev. William Kearn recommended to the annual conference. The total amount collected for the support of two preachers and the elder did not exceed *one hundred and ten dollars.*

At Alexander Mehaffy's on Eagle creek, in Brown county, about twelve miles east of Ripley, a quarterly meeting was held September 12, 1812; Solomon Langdon, presiding elder; Isaac Pavey, circuit preacher. Among the class-leaders present, I find the name of Henry B. Bascom, late Bishop Bascom. His name is first entered on the Scioto circuit book of records as class-leader, September 12, 1812; and in May 29, 1813, it appears again among the leaders, at which time the society at Fitch's, on Eagle creek, through him, is credited with $4.50 quarterage. And at a quarterly meeting at Philip Moore's, May 29, 1813—James Quinn, presiding elder, and Robert W. Finley, circuit preacher—Henry B. Bascom was elected and licensed to preach the Gospel.

At the Eagle creek camp-ground, August 9, 1813, at the last quarterly meeting, I find the following unique record:

"Henry B. Bascom recommended to annual conference for a circuit to travel and preach; obtained it.

"Signed, ROB'T. W. FINLEY, Pres. pro tem."

At this meeting, brother Bascom received $16.43 quarterage for his services on the circuit as assistant.

In 1815 and 1816 the number of societies had increased to thirty, and the names of fifteen local preachers are recorded on the "official list" as residents within the bounds of the Brush Creek circuit, among whom are found the names of Greenbury R. Jones, John Meek, William Page, Robert Dobins, Christopher Wamsley.

In 1823 Rev. H. B. Bascom was preacher in charge of Brush Creek circuit, and received *seventy-one dollars and ninety-eight cents quarterage.*

At the close of this year a camp meeting was held at Jacob Turner's, near the Chillicothe road. Rev. William M'Kendree, senior bishop, was present at that time, and preached.

In 1831 Brush Creek circuit had increased to *forty-one classes,* and sustained three preachers; namely, Rev. G. W. Walker, Rev. Henry E. Pilcher, Rev. A. D. Beasley; Augustus Eddy, presiding elder. Total amount of collections from all the classes and "public collections," $561.87.

In the fall of 1832 the annual conference changed the name of the old Brush Creek circuit to that of West Union, and appointed Rev. Henry Turner and George C. Crum circuit preachers.

On the 13th day of December, 1835, I commenced traveling West Union circuit, under the direction of the elder, Rev. Leroy Swormstedt. I preached once every four weeks at the following places: Ripley, Fitch's, Aberdeen, Pownell's, Ebenezer Copple's school-house, Decatur, Hopewell Moore's meeting-house, John Connell's, West Union, Freeland's, Satterfield's, Naylor's, Dreennon's, Beasley's Fork, Manchester, ———'s, Melvin's, ————, Matheny's school-house, "Grimes's Well," Eckman's, Watson's, Pennywait's. At the last quarterly meeting held at Richard Noleman's, near the camp-ground, I was recommended as a suitable person to be

admitted into the traveling connection. The late Rev. John Collins was then acting as presiding elder. My salary, for services rendered, was $87.

In 1848 West Union circuit was again divided, and the south-western part is now called Aberdeen.

In the year 1827, when Rev. Russel Bigelow was presiding elder, and Rev. Wesley Browning and Rev. Absalom D. Fox circuit preachers, there were sixty official members on the old Brush Creek circuit, among whom were many men of talents both in the local ranks and laity. Rev. G. R. Jones was Recording Steward for several years. He and his nephew, Rev. Z. Connell, were recommended from that circuit to the annual conference in 1818. The late Hon. William Russell, who, for many years, resided at West Union, was for a long time an official member of the circuit. The late William Armstrong served as a member of the Board of Stewards for a long time previous to his removal to Cincinnati, in the summer of 1826. How many interesting reminiscences are awakened in regard to the past history of the Church and many of its valued members, by the brief outline I have here sketched, and how full of instruction and encouragement to all who take pleasure in contemplating her glorious future!

I will now furnish my readers with a few extracts from the old Scioto circuit records, after Brush Creek circuit was organized.

"STEWARDS' BOOK

"OF THE SCIOTO CIRCUIT,

"Which was divided, in the year 1811, into the present form."

This book was kept by *Rev. Thomas Wilson*, who was the Recording Steward of the circuit. Father Wilson lived near the present town of Sharonville, in the "Big

Bottom," below Chillicothe. He was long a pillar in the Church of Christ, and was universally and eminently respected for his evenness of temper and consistency of life. The following is an exact transcript of the first page of this old "Stewards' Book:"

Quarterly meeting held at Freshour's, November 16 and 17, 1811.

Thomas Foster's	$8	12½	As the presiding elder did not attend this quarterly meeting, the whole was appropriated to the use of Ralph Lotspeach, the assistant preacher of this circuit.
Richard Foster's	3	50	
Chenowith's	4	06½	
Shelpman's		37½	
Mustard's	1	50	
Davis's		65	
Kerne's		63	
Johnagan's	2	18	
Lucas's	4	00	
Fitchpatrick's	3	00	
Hillsboro	3	25	
Drake's	2	00	
Jackson's		25	
Pavey's		60	
Hill's	2	00	
Thomas's			
Lunback's			
Garner's			
	$36	17	

The second quarterly meeting was held in Hillsboro, February 1st and 2d, 1812, at which the collections amounted to $42.36½.

The third quarterly meeting was held at Pee-Pee, or Chenowith's, about two miles from Piketon, April 18th and 19th, 1812. Amount collected, $64.60½.

The fourth quarterly meeting was held on Paint creek, near the present town of Bournville, September 19th and 20th, 1812. Amount raised, $65.03.

In order to form some idea of the size of the circuit traveled by Ralph Lotspeich alone, in the years 1811 and 1812, and the scanty support which he received from that large territory, I will give the names of all the

appointments, and the aggregate paid by each during the whole year, and also the appropriations made.

Thomas Foster's	$37	25	Garner's	$2	50
Richard Foster's	12	72	Butcher's	2	56
Chenowith's	18	66	Hare's	17	60
Shelpman's		37	Graves's	2	13
Mustard's	7	18	Hughey's	2	00
Davis's	3	28	Verdan's	2	00
Kerne's	5	30	M'Kinsey's	4	00
Johnagan's	7	80	Public collection at 2d and 3d quar. meetings.	7	31
Lucas's	8	60			
Fitchpatrick's	8	94	At Hinton's camp meeting, August 2d	3	33
Hillsboro,	16	81			
Drake's	9	80	Big Bottom camp meeting, August 16th	8	87
Jackson's	2	50			
Pavey's	3	63	Paint creek camp meeting, Sept. 21st	2	45
Hill's	3	50			
Thomas's	0	00	Total	$209	59
Yokeam's	0	00			
Lunback's	8	50			

APPROPRIATIONS.

Solomon Langdon, P. E. Traveling expenses	$00	87	Quarterage	$189	17
Quarterage	12	00	Wine	3	42
Ralph Lotspeich. Traveling expenses	4	13	Total	$209	59

Thus, it will be seen that this large circuit of twenty-five appointments, extending from Paint creek to Sunfish, and from the "Big Bottom," on the Scioto river, to Hillsboro, was traveled by one preacher; and for his labors he received the paltry sum of one hundred and eighty-nine dollars and seventeen cents. In those days there were no appropriations for house-rent and table expenses. There was not, perhaps, a meeting-house in all the circuit: hence, the places are generally designated by private residences. Three camp meetings were held during the year. The Scioto circuit then embraced what is now included in Sharonville, Waverly, Bainbridge, Sinking Springs, and Highland circuits, and Hillsboro station. Then one man cultivated the whole

field, now it employs the time and labors of ten; then there were nine hundred and eleven members, now three thousand, three hundred and eighty-seven; then there were no meeting-houses, now they are multiplied. In 1811 the Scioto circuit paid but about two hundred dollars for the support of the Gospel, now, in 1855, the same territory gives, perhaps, not less than four thousand dollars. Thus the little one has become a thousand, and, we may say, with emphasis, what has God wrought! If Lotspeich could only have looked forward forty-three years, to the present time, and have contemplated the present condition of his field, what a mingled feeling of wonder and delight would have filled his mind! Hundreds have already followed him from the old Scioto circuit, and thousands more are on the way. To God be all the glory!

CHAPTER XXIII.

WHITE OAK CIRCUIT.

THE next year I was appointed to White Oak circuit, in Clermont county, Ohio. This was a year of unusual interest to me. I had twenty regular appointments to fill in three weeks; this was very hard work for one as feeble in health as I was at that time. The people, however, received me with great kindness, and the work of the Lord prospered. The Lord gave me some spiritual children at almost every appointment. I shall never forget the feelings with which I commenced my labors in the town of Felicity. On Saturday evening, after supper, I went out in search of the church; and when I found it, I went round to the rear of the build-

ing and kneeled down with my face toward the wall, opposite the pulpit window, and there poured out my soul in *mighty prayers, with strong cries and tears.* The burden of my cry was that God would help me, every time I stood within those consecrated walls, to preach Christ and him crucified with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven. I did not leave that spot till I felt that my prayer was *heard,* and that God would fulfill his promise, "Lo, I am with you alway."

At one of my appointments, at the close of service, a lady came forward and requested me to preach the funeral sermon of her husband. I understood they were both members of our Church. I immediately consented, and arose and informed the congregation that at my next appointment in that church I would preach the funeral sermon of brother N. I observed the announcement produced great surprise in the audience. After the congregation was dismissed I learned that Mr. N. was a Universalist in sentiment, and had died without any certain hope of future happiness. This perplexed me very much; but after a moment's reflection I concluded to meet my engagement, and trust in God for help and divine direction, that he would overrule it all for his glory and the good of others. At the appointed time a large concourse of people were assembled, many more than could find seats in the church. I selected for my text Psalm cxlv, 20: "The Lord preserveth all them that love him, but all the wicked will he destroy." I had great liberty of speech, and the Lord carried home the truth to many hearts. I informed them in the close that I had no knowledge whatever of the life and character of the deceased; I had been told, however, that he was a Universalist, and lived an immoral life. It was not for me to pronounce his doom; long since his spirit had passed into the presence of the Judge

of all the earth, "who would render to every man according to his works." I then exhorted all present to shun his vices and imitate his virtues; for only those who loved God could expect his protection in time and his approving smile in eternity. I desired them to ponder well the solemn declaration in my text, "but all the wicked will he destroy." Blessed be the name of God! although I "sowed the precious seed" with tears on that solemn occasion, it was not many months till we were permitted to "reap in joy." Early in the spring I appointed a two days' meeting in that church, and on Sabbath at three o'clock the "Lord made bare his holy arm in the sight of all the people." The altar was filled with weeping penitents, and several found peace in believing. I appointed a meeting on Monday morning, doubting whether many would be able to attend, as the church was in the country and the farmers busily engaged in planting corn; but to my great astonishment, the church was almost full of deeply-attentive hearers. Rev. John Miley, then a student at Augusta College, came over to my assistance, and preached during the whole meeting with a holy unction, such as I had seldom witnessed. During that day the word of the Lord spread like fire in dry stubble, and twenty found peace in believing. The next day the battle waxed much hotter, and the farmers laid aside their work and brought their families with them to the house of God. During the balance of that week we held meeting twice every day, and for three days we ate our dinners at the church, because we could not find time to go home between the morning service and the exercises at three o'clock, P. M. We kept up the meeting till the following Monday morning, during which time fifty were soundly converted to God and nearly forty added to the Methodist Episcopal Church That

was the first "protracted" meeting ever held in that neighborhood. It was a time of "refreshing from the presence of the Lord" never to be forgotten. Many were awakened and converted, who shortly afterward united with other denominations in that region of country. To God be all the glory for all the good that was wrought by our hands on that memorable occasion! "His own arm hath gotten him the victory." Amen.

CHAPTER XXIV.

REVIVAL OF RELIGION IN A SCHOOL.

In the latter part of the winter of 1837, in F., I witnessed a most glorious revival of religion in a school-room. It was effected principally through the instrumentality of Miss ——, the preceptress. Early one morning, while engaged in the performance of pastoral duty, a messenger came in haste to inform me that the principal of the school wished to see me immediately. For a moment I hesitated, not being able to determine whether to go then or defer it till I had accomplished my round of pastoral visitations. It was not long, however, till a second messenger was sent to inform me that there was an unusual religious excitement among the pupils. This enabled me to decide in a moment what course to pursue. I resolved to go with the messenger; and on entering the school-room, I was surprised at the scene before me. All eyes were suffused in tears, and heart-felt sorrow was depicted in every face. The preceptress, who was a member of another Church, received me kindly, and as soon as I was seated, gave me the following interesting account of all that had transpired up to

the time that she had sent for me to visit her school. "This morning," said she, "after reading the usual morning Scripture lesson, in which all the pupils take a part, I felt deeply impressed by the Spirit that before we commenced the regular forenoon recitations I ought to address the young ladies on the great importance of seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness. This I did in the best way that I could. I then told them, as the session was drawing near to a close and the time of our separation was at hand, I felt interested in nothing so much as the salvation of their immortal souls. I then closed my remarks by expressing the fond hope, when life's toils are ended, to be reunited with them in the heavenly world. They then requested me to pray for them, which I have done in secret almost every day. After prayers I ordered them to prepare their recitation, but not one of them left their seats; they all bowed their heads, and some wept aloud. I talked to them again, and asked them what they wished me to do more. They then asked me to send for a minister to pray for them, and tell them 'what they must do to be saved.' And by a rising vote they requested me to send for you, and I am truly glad that you are now present, for I can do nothing more." She then resumed her seat, bathed in tears, and appeared deeply affected. I arose and sung part of the hymn commencing,

"Alas, and did my Savior bleed,
And did my Sovereign die!" etc.

And while singing the verse so expressive of consecration and entire surrender to God,

"But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do,"

the Spirit of God seemed to be working powerfully in every heart. Half-suppressed sighs and penitential sobs filled every bosom. The scene at that moment was well calculated to melt the most obdurate heart in the world. We then kneeled in prayer at the shrine of mercy, and mingled our tears and fervent prayers together. I then requested any of the young ladies, who felt like doing so, to rise up in their seats and relate to their school-mates the exercises of their mind. Many arose in different parts of the house and spoke freely, and closed by expressing their determination to give themselves up fully to the service of God in the morning of life. This produced a still deeper impression on the minds of the half-awakened, and caused a more general excitement than before. By request I again united in singing and prayer for the broken-hearted mourners. I then read a part of the third chapter of the Gospel of the Evangelist John, and explained to them *the nature* and *necessity of the new birth*, together with the manner of obtaining it—by a simple act of faith in the Son of God. I closed my remarks by repeating several times, "*Whosoever cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast them out.*" While I spoke the word with great boldness, it was a time of general weeping and merciful visitation to many a sinner's heart.

The whole forenoon was spent in suitable religious exercises, exhortation, singing, preaching, and prayer. Blessed be God, the seed "fell into good ground and brought forth fruit, some a hundred-fold, some sixty-fold, and some thirty-fold." Many on that morning found peace in believing. This will appear to the reader by perusing a few extracts written in the memorandum books of the young ladies on the afternoon of that ever-memorable day, February 14, 1837. These precious little memorials were furnished me by their teacher at the

close of the session. I will only transcribe a few of them:

"I have learned this day, by happy experience, that it is a good thing to remember our Creator in the days of our youth. H. N. A."

"I have learned this day, by happy experience, that those who obtain an interest in Christ can rejoice with exceeding great joy. M. A. B."

"I have learned this day, by happy experience, that nothing but religion will fit us for the kingdom of God. "J. L. W."

"I have learned this day how important it is for us to

'Tell to sinners round
What a dear Savior I have found;'

and how God loves those who approach him in prayer in the morning as well as in the evening. A. O."

I continued to visit the school, to pray and converse with the pupils for several days subsequent, and before the end of the session most of them were savingly converted to God. Since that interesting occurrence how many changes have transpired in that town and vicinity! A number of those who embraced religion in that revival have long since died in the hope of the Gospel, and others are now useful members of the Church militant.

CHAPTER XXV.

CONVERSION OF MISS W., A SCHOOL-TEACHER FROM VERMONT.

At the commencement of a two days' meeting in F. I requested all Christians present to single out their dearest friends as the subject of special "intercession"

during the progress of the meeting; and also desired every one who would thus agree to carry their friends to the "troubled pool," to rise up in the congregation. Many did so, and among them a young lady of another denomination. The meeting was one of great interest. In answer to prayer many had the pleasure of seeing their children and neighbors converted to God. About fifty were converted and over thirty added to the Church. My colleague, Rev. John A. Baughman, preached and labored at this meeting with great success. At the close of this meeting I concluded to visit my relatives, some twenty-four miles distant. On my way home I passed through the town of G., the county seat of Brown. I was detained over night, and pressed to preach at a private house. The rooms were well filled, and I tried to do the best I could. At the close of my discourse I concluded to give them a short account of the work of God at F., and the manner in which it had been carried on. I especially alluded to the "public covenant," made at the close of the first sermon, in which many promised to make their unconverted relatives the subject of special prayer. I also informed them that nearly all were converted before the close of the meeting; and I hoped all of them would yet be saved for whom so many warm prayers had been offered within the last few weeks. Here I was interrupted in the narration by the loud weeping of a young lady sitting just before me. The place "was shaken," and the feeling spread all over the house. I ceased to preach, and invited any present who desired an interest in our prayers to come forward. Two young ladies came up and joined with us in prayer at the close of the service. One of them appeared deeply convinced of sin, and wept most bitterly. Listen! I will now give the sequel. At the meeting in F. a young lady who was a school-teacher from the state of Ver-

mont, in whose school I had witnessed such a remarkable awakening a few months before, although a member of another Church, to the surprise of her friends arose and pledged herself to pray for some of her unconverted relatives, none of whom were living in that town at the time. However, she had a younger sister engaged in teaching school in the town of G., where I had preached so unexpectedly at night in a private house. Miss W., after making the public covenant referred to above, went into her room and wrote to her unconverted sister, in substance, as follows:

"DEAR SISTER,—I attended the Methodist Episcopal church to-day, and very unexpectedly to myself felt it to be my duty to make a public pledge—as did many others in the congregation—to pray for their unconverted relatives. I write to let you know that, although absent from me, I will pray for you two or three times each day till you are 'made partaker of like precious faith with me.' Remember we are far from kindred and friends, and what great pleasure it would give me to know that you had an interest in Christ. Now, dear sister, let me exhort you to seek the Savior without delay."

This communication at first made little or no impression on the mind of her gay and thoughtless young sister. It seemed to her as an idle tale, and she cared nothing about the matter whatever. But on that evening, hearing that a strange young man was to preach in town, who resided in the same place where her older sister lived, she was induced, by a love of novelty, or a latent hope that she might hear something from her sister, to go to the place of worship. But O, little did she think that I had a "message," not from her sister, but from God, for her soul. She remained unmoved, however, till I referred to the singular fact that nearly

all had found peace in believing who were made the subject of prayer by their friends. At that moment her sister's almost-forgotten communication rushed upon her mind. She exclaimed, "O, how ungrateful I am! For many long weeks my dear sister has been weeping and praying for my soul, and as yet I am thoughtless and forgetful of God, my Maker." The Holy Spirit seized upon these circumstances, in connection with the sermon, to bring her, without delay, as a weeping penitent to the throne of mercy. At the close of the sermon she remained, and, to my great joy, made known the state of her mind, and related how strangely the Lord had awakened her soul that evening. I encouraged her to seek the Lord with all her heart, and promised to pray for her also. She went home and communicated with her sister that evening, and requested her not to cease praying for her by day and night till she should find Him of "whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write." It was not many weeks till they were permitted to rejoice together in hope of a common faith and a *common salvation*, in answer to their united faith and prayer.

Shortly after her conversion she came to reside with her sister at F., and proposed to unite herself with the Methodist Episcopal Church, to the great surprise of all her acquaintances and mortification of her older sister, who was of the Calvinistic school, and had been a Congregationalist. Every effort was made by her sister and the Presbyterian minister and elders residing in that place, to dissuade her from forming a union with the Methodist Episcopal Church. But it was all in vain. Persecution of the most forbidding character was also tried without effect. The conduct of her opposers became the subject of public animadversion, and even the wicked declared their opposition to her wishes was anti-

christian and cruel. But the young lady was firm and unyielding. She constantly affirmed her belief in our doctrines, and that she never could subscribe to the doctrines set forth in the "Confession of Faith" and standard works of the Presbyterian Church. She took ample time for reflection and prayer, and then with great deliberation came forward and joined with our society. In the course of a year or two she returned to the state of Vermont, and was the means of the conversion of many of her relatives, and when last heard from was still on her way to the kingdom of glory.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE TIMELY WARNING.

About midsummer, at Calvary meeting-house, at the close of one of my sermons, I felt strangely drawn out while warning the congregation against the "delay of conversion." Many wept aloud, and the Spirit seemed to strive with the ungodly in a most wonderful manner. I told the congregation I felt impressed by the Spirit that some were hearing the last offer of salvation which would ever salute their ears in time. I lifted up my voice and wept, and cried, "'O that thou hadst known, in this thy day, the things that belong to thy peace!' but soon, ah! very soon, they will be hid from your eyes. 'Behold, now is the accepted time, and now is the day of salvation.'" I closed by saying, "I am fully persuaded that it is *now* or *never* with some who hear me at this hour." When the congregation was dismissed, a gentleman of the name of B., on his way home, remarked to his wife as follows: "My dear, I had strange feelings to-day, such as I

never experienced before. I felt that I ought to unite with the Church immediately, or I fear it will soon be too late." She replied, "I felt as solemn as if I was attending a funeral. Husband, I fear something of a serious nature is going to happen soon to one of us. O, I do wish we were members of the Church and each prepared to die." This was the theme of their conversation for a considerable time after they left the house of God. They resided in the town of M., on the bank of the Ohio river, about four miles from the church. Mr. B. kept a wood-yard for the accommodation of steam-boats. Between the going down of the sun and twilight, a boat rounded to, as was the custom of steamers, and took one of his wood-boats in tow, as she continued her upward voyage. When the wood was all placed on the guards of the steamer, and Mr. B. had received his money, he cast off one of his cables and jumped into his boat to return home. On passing the wheel-house he was suddenly knocked overboard, and sunk to rise no more. It was now quite dark, and the steam-boat continued her onward passage, none knowing the melancholy fate of Mr. B. The evening was calm, the air was mild and balmy, and his wife went out soon after dark and seated herself by the river side to watch for his return. As time passed slowly away, she was filled with serious reflections upon the solemn services of the afternoon. The wood-boat drifted out into the current and passed by unobserved, but her husband returned not. After waiting a reasonable time, she returned and expressed her fears to her family and friends that some accident had befallen him. She refused to retire to her bed, but spent the greater part of the night in company with some of her neighbors, on the bank of the river, watching for his return. O, that was a sad and gloomy night! The morning dawned, but no tidings from Mr. B. Messengers were dispatched up and

down the river, and the boat was found ashore, the next day, seven or eight miles below, confirming the belief that Mr. B. had found a watery grave. Several days afterward the body of her husband was recovered by a steam-boat in some shoal water, eight or ten miles below, and conveyed to his almost heart-broken wife in the town of M. A deep and settled gloom pervaded the entire community for many months after this melancholy occurrence.

"There is a time, we know not when;
A point, we know not where,
That seals the destiny of men
For glory or despair:
To pass that limit is to die."

I often conversed with his bereaved companion in regard to this fatal catastrophe. She took the timely warning, sought an interest in Christ, and, not long after his death, I received her on trial in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

At our camp meeting, late at night, I opened the doors of the Church, and many came forward and made application for membership. Among that number, I noticed a very intelligent and promising young man. He seemed very much affected, and manifested a degree of firmness of purpose that attracted my attention. At the close of the sermon, the next morning, I gave another invitation to any desiring to unite with the Church, and, to my surprise, this same young man came forward and gave me his hand again. When writing down the names of the applicants, I said to him, "My dear brother, did you not unite with the Church last night?" He replied, "O yes." "Why, then, have you come forward again?" He answered, "The excitement was very great last night, and a large number joined; I was afraid you did not get my name. I have considered the matter well. I am not ashamed of what I have done. I want the world, and all

my friends especially, to know that I have united with the people of God. Brother Gaddis, I want you to take my name again, so that there shall be no mistake about it."

On taking my leave of the people on White Oak circuit, I undertook to preach what is called a "farewell sermon" at all of my appointments. Many of those occasions were seasons of peculiar interest and trial. After the close of my last round, I was scarcely able to leave my bed for a week. At F. I closed the labors of the year with a two days' meeting. In this meeting I had the assistance of Rev. R. S. Foster, Rev. John Miley, and Rev. Levi P. Miller. The close of the meeting on Sabbath night will never be forgotten by hundreds. Some of the members requested me to stand in the front of the altar, and, while the last hymn was singing, to allow the members to pass from the right to the left and bid me farewell. As I had no experience in things of this kind, and being naturally of an obliging spirit in matters of no vital importance, I readily gave my consent, and announced the arrangement of the procession. However, it was not long before I was crying, and the people too, while some were shouting aloud the praises of my Redeemer. Before half the congregation had passed round the house, there was a perfect "blockade" in front of the altar, and the procession was brought to a halt. The glory of God filled the temple, and some sinners dated their awakening from that hour.

It was near the hour of twelve o'clock before all the congregation had left the house. Some were so filled with the Spirit that they praised God aloud in the streets as they returned to their homes. I was greatly attached to the members of the Church on this circuit. I am happy now in the reflection that, in turn, they loved me much for "Christ's sake," and, no doubt, still pray for my prosperity. At the close of this year, the total num

ber of members on White Oak circuit amounted to *one thousand, one hundred and ninety.*

During that year I had a pleasant place of "rest" in the kind family of the Rev. John W. Clarke, near the town of Bethel, Ohio. The Lord bless him and his lovely family, for their kindness to the young itinerant!

CHAPTER XXVII.

WEST CHESTER CIRCUIT IN 1837.

At the close of my labors on White Oak circuit I went to conference at Xenia, Ohio. On my way I enjoyed myself very much. For several days I was in company with two noble-hearted brethren, and we preached, exhorted, and sang the songs of Zion as we journeyed along the highways. This beguiled the tediousness of the journey and improved our gifts and graces also. This was the first conference that I attended. All the deliberations and religious exercises made a deep impression on my mind. At that conference I met with the late F. A. Dighton, who was then agent for the American Bible Society. I never shall forget his sermon and his speech at the anniversary of our Missionary Society. My feelings were so excited that I gave away nearly all the money I had. But I must here record the singular fact, that before I completed my first round on the circuit to which I was appointed, I received it back with good interest. This was a great blessing to my soul. I there learned the glorious and ennobling truth that "it is more blessed to give than receive." I was appointed at that conference to West Chester circuit, a most fertile and beautiful district of country, lying between the Little and Great

Miami rivers; beginning at Montgomery, within five miles of Milford, and extending over to the Great Miami, at Hamilton, in Butler county. One of my appointments was within eight miles of Cincinnati. This was a region of country I had never visited; and when I left home to go to my work, "I went out not knowing whither I went." But I shall never forget the day I arrived in Milford at the house of Rev. William B. Christie, who was still presiding elder of the district. I remained with him till about four o'clock in the afternoon. Before I started we walked out on the bank of the river. I looked over to the other side and wept like a child, and said, "O, how can I cross this river and go again among strangers to commence the labors of another itinerant year?" Brother C. put his arm kindly around me and pressed me near his heart with all the tenderness of a father, and spoke words of comfort to my desponding soul, and said, "'Go through the land in the length and breadth of it, and as ye go, preach.' Be not afraid of the face of clay. The Lord God of Jacob will go with you and give you greater success this year than formerly." We went into the house and prayed together, and I took my departure. I was deeply engaged in prayer all the evening, and as I came in sight of Montgomery I lifted my hat and prayed to the God of battles to give me every unconverted soul in the place. It was late on Saturday evening when I arrived at the house of my good brother D. N., who was one of the stewards of the circuit and leader of the small class in that town. He informed me that I was to preach the next day, not, however, in that place, but at Sharon. Early in the morning I started for my appointment. My heart was sad at the thought of beginning another year's toil—to endure the same conflicts through which I had passed during the last twelve months. There was

one thing that pressed heavily upon my mind—I was often tempted to doubt whether it was my duty to *travel* and preach. This brought darkness upon my mind, and I did not enjoy my own preaching. Sometimes for weeks I would labor under a cloud of this kind, which made me feel very unhappy. I was not satisfied to see others feasting on the Gospel which I preached; while during its delivery I had not much comfort in my own soul. I was all the time "like a cart pressed with sheaves." I realized every moment of my waking hours the fullest meaning of these words, "The zeal of thine house hath eaten me up." I had no rest either in mind or body, I was so anxious to see sinners converted to God. I had oftentimes asked the Lord to give me a token or a sign that he would stand up with me and make known the saving efficacy of the Gospel. This morning I resolved to settle this matter before I went to another appointment; like Gideon I desired yet another sign. "And Gideon said unto God, If thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, behold I will put a fleece of wool on the floor, and if the dew be on the fleece only, and it be dry upon all the earth beside, then shall I know that thou wilt save Israel by mine hand, as thou hast said. And it was so; for he rose early on the morrow, and thrust the fleece together, and wringed the dew out of the fleece, a bowl full of water. And Gideon said unto God, Let not thine anger be hot against me, and I will speak but this once: let me prove, I pray thee, but this once with the fleece; let it now be dry only upon the fleece, and upon all the ground let there be dew. And God did so that night; for it was dry upon the fleece only, and there was dew on all the ground." Judges vi, 36–40. So I said to the Almighty, "'I will speak but this once: let me prove, I pray thee.' Give me another sign."

I rode into the town of Sharon before nine o'clock, and was informed that my first appointment was at Union Chapel, some nine miles distant. I found I could not reach it in time, and the brethren urged me to remain there and preach at eleven o'clock, A. M. I finally concluded to do so. I then retired alone into the graveyard and kneeled down among the tombs, where no eye but God could see me. O never shall I forget the anguish of that hour. My soul was troubled, and I resolved never to leave the spot till I heard the inward whispers of the Spirit giving me the assurance that my prayers were accepted and that it should be even as I desired. I moreover promised the Lord if he would grant me this favor, I would never ask for any other signs except "living epistles, read and known of all men," as the seals of my apostleship. I then asked the Lord to give me to feel the delightful influence of the "Comforter" in my own poor soul while proclaiming the Gospel to my dying fellow-men; and, if it was my duty to travel on that circuit and preach his truth, "to make my great commission known" that day by not only awakening sinners, but also filling my own soul with the joys of his salvation, while proclaiming it to others, in such a measure as I had never experienced before.

While thus "agonizing" in prayer, on a sudden a sweet calm came over my spirit, and my heart melted into tenderness before the Lord. The heavens were opened, and I had by faith bright visions of the glory of God. I was only aroused from my reverie by the ringing of the bell for public service. I then arose from my knees and went into the church, and commenced the services by singing and prayer. I then announced a text from which I had never spoken before—1 Corinthians ii, 1, 2—"And I, brethren, when I came

to you, came not with excellency of speech or of wisdom, declaring unto you the testimony of God; for I determined not to know any thing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." The theme of my discourse was Christ crucified, and my determination not to know any thing else among them. The Holy Ghost laid bountifully to my hand. My tongue was like the "pen of a ready writer;" and when about half way through my sermon, I felt the warming rays of the Sun of righteousness shining directly into my heart, and before I had ceased speaking I was so filled with the love of God that I clapped my hands and shouted aloud for joy. Sinners began to weep and cry for mercy; saints shouted for joy, also. I then closed by opening the doors of the Church. Six or seven joined, and among the number a young man of the name of Samuel Riker, who was soon afterward converted, and is now a traveling preacher in the Ohio conference. I felt that day that I had gained a most signal victory, and I then resolved to gird on the armor afresh, and to make "full proof of my ministry" among that people. On my way to my appointment in the afternoon Satan thrust sorely at me, and suggested to my mind that I should soon get into darkness again upon the same subject, but I instantly "resisted him," and he left me in the quiet possession of the field of victory. At my afternoon appointment in the town of P., I even felt better than I did in the morning, and seldom preached with a barren soul during the whole of that year. This was a year of peculiar trial, and twice I was brought down almost to the brink of the grave. My colleague, Rev. J. J. Hill, was a holy man, and the work of the Lord spread all over the circuit. I concluded to make my home at Montgomery. Here Satan had his seat. At this time the Presbyterians had the only church in the village.

The Methodists were feeble, and held their worship in the old academy. The large majority of the membership resided in the vicinity, but some of them several miles distant.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

REVIVAL AT MONTGOMERY.

In the town of Montgomery I found an "open door," but we had "many adversaries." At my second appointment in that place, after trying to preach, I felt deeply impressed that I ought to invite persons to join the Church. Although the word preached seemed to produce very little effect upon the audience, I urged upon all present the necessity of coming out from the world, and making a public profession of Christ. While we were engaged in singing the first hymn at the close of the sermon, a young lady came forward, and presented her application. I felt much encouraged, and made a few remarks; and, while singing another verse, a young man came forward and gave me his hand. This, I discovered, produced a great sensation in the assembly. I could then discern the hand of God outstretched to save, and again urged others to come to Christ; and, while singing a few verses more, a married lady came forward, and presented her application also. By this time the excitement became very general, and the majority of all present were bathed in tears. I exhorted again, and, while singing the closing hymn, an aged gentleman came up weeping, and gave me his hand, and said, "I will go also; these are all my children!" At the close of the service, I learned that it was a father,

son, and two daughters who had so unexpectedly sought a refuge in the house of the Lord that night. This was the beginning of a most gracious revival. The family were very respectable, and exerted a powerful influence over those with whom they daily associated. It was only a few weeks after they had joined the society, till they were all soundly converted. They soon began to publish, among their unconverted relatives and neighbors, the wonderful love of the Savior to their poor souls. This became the general topic of conversation in the stores and shops in the village—some marveling, and others persecuting and even cursing the Church and the stranger who had settled there to preach the Gospel and defend the doctrines of Wesley and Fletcher. I appointed a prayer meeting at my boarding-house, during the week, at which I related my own conversion, and exhorted the young people all to follow the example of the R. family, and join the Church. It was not long before many began to inquire, in secret, "What must I do to be saved?" Their number increased every week, and at last they commenced, in a more public manner, to show that they "sorrowed after a godly sort."

As the old year was closing, I appointed a protracted meeting, which was owned of God in the conversion of many souls. As the new year opened upon us, God lifted up the light of his countenance upon his little Church in M. The work broke out afresh, and the whole community was shaken by the mighty power of the God of the armies of Israel. In less than six weeks nearly one hundred were added to the Church, and more than that number converted to God. This work was violently opposed. Persecution waxed hotter as the work of God advanced. Every stratagem that hellish malignity could devise was at length resorted to. The young converts were ridiculed in public and private circles, but they

were "in nothing terrified by their adversaries." I, at length, became the "song of the drunkard," and almost every night some "lewd fellows, of the baser sort," would follow me to my boarding-house, and stop on the pavement opposite my room, and sing over all our "revival songs," and then dance, curse, and swear, and give three "hurrahs" for the young Methodist preacher; and then all would say "Amen!" and depart for their respective homes. I never upbraided them either in public or private. I remembered the words of my blessed Redeemer, "Blessed are ye when men shall revile you and persecute you, and say all manner of evil of you falsely, for my sake: rejoice and be exceeding glad, for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you." While they were nightly engaged in "scorning," I would kneel down and pray to God to have mercy upon them, and, before the close of that revival meeting, to make them the trophies of his redeeming mercy.

It was not long after this till one of their number was awakened, and called upon me for a note of admission into love-feast. I most cordially granted him his request. The same day, as he afterward informed me, he received a ticket to a ball, which was to "come off" at the same time in that vicinity. This was a device of the emissaries of Satan to destroy his soul. They well understood his passion for this kind of amusement, and predicted that he would soon give up all his seriousness, and that night would be found among his old companions in the merry dance. His soul, during all that day, was a mighty battle-field. The "strong man armed" was unwilling to quit his abode. He informed me that more than twenty times, during the day, he took out his "card of invitation" to the party, and his "love-feast ticket," and placed them side by side, and read them over

and over again. When he read, "Admit the bearer, J W., to love-feast, January, 1838," he would say to himself—as he told me, with tears—"I have had many a ticket to attend dancing-parties, but this is the first note I have ever had to go to a Methodist love-feast." The devil and his young companions still urged him to accept the former, and had so far prevailed as to get him to dress for the dancing-party; but, at length, he came to the conclusion to go to the love-feast first, and, after the close of the meeting, to attend the "ball," if he felt like it; but before the close of the love-feast meeting, with a broken heart, he joined the Church, and before twelve o'clock, that same night, in my boarding-house, after the close of the public service, was soundly converted. This was a source of great grief among the enemies of the cross. The young men had now lost their leader, and the band of "scorners" were suddenly disbanded. But the meeting went on with power, and souls were added to the Church almost every day. Persecution raged at different points on the circuit, and at several places my colleague had the disturbers of our congregations arraigned before the civil magistrate, and fined for "disorderly conduct;" but this process was not attended with any beneficial results.

Notwithstanding the continued opposition of our enemies, the word of the Lord grew and mightily prevailed. At what was called the Company Mills, on the Little Miami, many souls were powerfully awakened and converted to God at one of our protracted meetings. During the progress of this meeting, two gentlemen, living in that region, were both awakened to a sense of their lost estate. For a number of years past they had been at enmity. Now both of them felt the need of forgiveness, and were willing to be reconciled to each other; but *pride*, that fearful enemy, kept either from making

the first advance till near the close of our meeting. At last the one who had offended the most grievously, rose up in the public congregation, and said, "It is well known in the neighborhood that Mr. —— and myself have been at enmity for a number of years. I now rise up here to confess to my fault, and ask his forgiveness for any and all the injuries that I have done him; and I also ask him if he is willing to be reconciled, to meet me in the middle aisle of the church." In a moment his neighbor sprang to his feet, and said, "I am more than willing!" and started toward the aisle. They soon met, and embraced each other cordially. It was one of the most deeply-affecting scenes that I ever witnessed. They wept aloud, and the congregation wept also, and many of the people of God shouted aloud for joy. They were both converted, and joined the Church. One of them died, not long afterward, in the full assurance of a happy immortality.

During that summer, we resolved to build a new church in the town of Montgomery. It was with great difficulty that I obtained the amount requisite; but mighty prayer, faith, and perseverance can accomplish wonders. A lot was procured, and the building put under contract before I left the circuit. The house was neatly finished, and dedicated the next spring. I had the pleasure of preaching the first sermon in it after it was completed. We closed our labors on the circuit with a membership of *six hundred and twenty-two.*

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER.

Among the first fruits of my ministry at M., was a young lady, the daughter of a wealthy merchant. Soon after I commenced my labors in that place I appointed a prayer meeting for Wednesday evening, at my boarding-house. I first noticed her at the close of one of those meetings, apparently much concerned in regard to spiritual and divine things. In the early part of the winter we held a protracted meeting. I gave public notice that we would hold a love-feast meeting on Sabbath, and that all who, though not members of our Church, desired to "flee from the wrath to come," must come to my lodgings and procure, if they wished to attend the love-feast, what is usually denominated a "note of admission." Among the number who applied was Miss Mary ——.

At the close of the love-feast on Sabbath morning, I discovered that she was deeply affected by the exercises; and during the singing of the last hymn, I went to her and thus accosted her: "Mary, do you not feel your need of an interest in Christ?" "I do," was her prompt reply. "Do you not feel like seeking religion now?" She replied in the affirmative, with deep emotion. I then asked her if she did not think it would be better for her to unite with the Church, and she answered, "Yes, sir, I know it would." Having learned, a short time previous, that her father was opposed to any of his family joining any Church, and especially the Methodists, I asked her this question: "Mary, do you think your father would oppose you?" To which she replied, weeping bitterly, "Yes, sir, I know he would." I then said to her, "I can hardly persuade myself to believe that he would oppose

you in doing right," and returned to the stand and closed the meeting. Not long after this some one informed her father that she was at the love-feast, and that I had spoken to her about joining the Church. He became very angry, and the first opportunity called his daughter into a private room and demanded of her a correct statement in regard to the whole matter. This she gave with her usual candor, and without the least hesitancy. He then requested her to repeat to him all that I said to her in the love-feast. This she also did with great accuracy. He then enjoined it upon her never to speak with me again upon any subject, and also forbade her ever going to the Methodist Church again while she was under parental authority. This, to her, was a very great trial. She felt her need of salvation, and loved our doctrines and usages better than those of any other denomination. She was often heard to say that she would give a handful of pure gold for the privilege of going to our Church again to hear the Gospel proclaimed.

At the close of this interesting meeting I left home to fill my regular appointments on the other part of the circuit. I think I was only absent at this time for about two weeks. On my return home I was surprised to learn that soon after my departure the whole village was thrown into a state of excitement by the conduct of Mr. ——, the father of the young lady with whom I had held the conversation in love-feast. In public and private he had threatened to whip me as soon as I returned home, assigning as the reason, that I had the impudence to talk to his daughter on the subject of religion in the public congregation without an introduction. Every one that met me told the same story, and many advised me to keep out of his way till his passion should subside a little. I assured them that they need not be alarmed; that I was not afraid of him when walking in the path of duty. Up

to this period I had never spoken to Mr. ——, although I had purchased goods at his store. Two or three days after my return home, I told brother N., with whom I boarded, that I wanted some letter paper, and thought I would go and purchase it at the store of Mr. ——. He advised me not to go there, and said, "it would look like inviting an attack." I replied, that I had two appointments to fill the next Sabbath, and if I was to have a whipping I would prefer to have it in the early part of the week, so that I would get over the soreness before Sabbath. This seemed to amuse him very much, but he persisted in urging me not to go to his store again. I replied, with firmness, that, by the grace of God, I had resolved to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left, but would continue to do as heretofore, unless prohibited by those concerned in the store. I then put on my hat and started down street. I was very soon "the observed of all observers," and several followed me at a distance, to see that I was not insulted, or injured in my person. I entered the store and asked the clerk for some letter paper, which he folded up and handed me; and after I had paid for it I stood at the counter for a few minutes, and then started out. Mr. ——, who was seated in a chair, on the outside of the counter, conversing with some gentleman, rose up hastily and followed me. As I stepped out on the steps he accosted me as follows, in a very abrupt manner: "Are you Mr. Gaddis?" I replied, "That is my name, sir." "Well, sir, I have long wanted to have a conversation with you, for I consider you a very dangerous man." At this declaration I laughed heartily, and replied, "Well, sir, proceed. I am here now, and can answer for myself." He became very pale, and began to tremble all over, and again repeated the assertion with emphasis—"*I consider you a very dangerous man!*" I then asked him for his reasons for thinking so. He

replied, "You teach very dangerous doctrines, sir." I replied promptly, "Name them, if you please." He answered, with great emotion, "Sir, you teach that children should disobey their parents." I replied, "I deny it, and call upon you for the proof of your unfounded assertion, that, either in public or private, I have taught children to disregard parental authority." He then rehearsed all the conversation which passed between his daughter and myself in the love-feast, with this addition—"Join the Church any how, and I will bear you out in all the consequences resulting from disobeying your father." I then stated, so that all present could hear me, that I had never used such language, and felt confident that if his daughter was present, she would assert my innocence, and insisted on having her called into the store. This, however, he refused to do. I then told him plainly, never to make such a charge again in my presence, or I would hold him accountable for slander. He then remarked, that perhaps it was the Rev. Mr. C. who had given her such bad advice, and then said, "But, sir, I still regard *you* as a very dangerous man; you are a disturber of the peace, and a setter-forth of strange doctrines. You have scared many of the young people by saying things which are not in the Bible." I replied, "Did you ever hear any one preach who did not use some things not recorded in the Bible? How do you know what I preach—you never come to hear me? But I will now tell you plainly, what you may expect in the future—that if preaching 'Christ and him crucified' disturbs the peace of society in this town, I expect to continue this disturbance as long as I remain among you; and as to 'scaring people,' I would to God I could alarm every man's conscience so as to induce all to forsake their sins." "Well, sir," continued Mr. ——, "why do you shout and make such a noise in your meetings here? I know the Methodists do not

behave so disorderly in other places." To this I replied, "Methodism is the same all the world over, and I want you to know this is a free country, and that I will shout and praise God whenever I feel like it, whether you are pleased or displeased; and besides, every man is left to serve God according to the dictates of his conscience, provided he does not in so doing interfere with the rights of others." At this declaration he trembled somewhat after the manner of one of the old kings, till his knees smote together. But recovering himself a little, he inquired next, "Why, sir, did you dare to address my daughter upon the subject of religion without a previous introduction to her?" I answered, "Simply because your daughter introduced herself to me *first* as a sincere penitent, I trust." "Where did she first speak to you?" I replied, "When she came, in company with several other young ladies, to obtain a 'note of admission' into love-feast." Mr. —— added, "I want you to know, sir, that I have taken great pains in the education of my daughter, and that she is possessed of a fine intellect, and I do not intend to have her mind injured by becoming religious or a member of any Church." My answer was in substance as follows: "Religion does not weaken, but develop and strengthen the intellect and all the powers of the soul, and that it would strengthen her mind and his, too, to become truly pious." "But did I not tell you," said he, "that you must let me and my family alone?" "To be sure you did, but then you must remember that I will reply to all that you have to say against the religion of my blessed Savior; and if you do not like my replies you had better not ask me any more questions." He then turned round and went through the store into the house, apparently in a great rage, to the amusement of all the bystanders, many of whom were intelligent

men. How true it is that God can cause even the wrath of man to praise him, while the remainder of wrath is restrained! "And who is he that will harm you, if ye be followers of that which is good? But and if ye suffer for righteousness' sake, happy are ye: and be not afraid of their terror, neither be troubled; but sanctify the Lord God in your hearts: and be ready always to give an answer to every man that asketh you a reason of the hope that is in you with meekness and fear."

The next day he reported through the village, the reason why he did not give me the promised "whipping" was that I "begged for mercy." Poor fellow! he could get none to believe him, not only because the report was false, but credible witnesses, who heard all that had passed had already given a correct version of the affair.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE MERCHANT'S DAUGHTER—CONTINUED.

In the early part of the revival a young man by the name of R. had united with our Church, who was a great favorite of the gentleman who was so much incensed at his youthful daughter for desiring to become a Christian. On one occasion he took the opportunity of saying to my young friend, "Well, R., you know I always liked you, and intended to assist you in business, but now you have made such a fool of yourself in becoming a Methodist, that I will never do any thing for you unless you leave the Methodist Church. I want you also to discontinue your visits to my store and house both." To this unexpected attack Mr. —— replied in the true spirit of a Christian, that while he regretted to lose his friendship, he loved the favor and friendship of

God more; like one of old, "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people God than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season; having respect unto the recompense of the reward." But perhaps the reader is ready to ask, what has the history of this young man to do with this interesting narrative? I answer, "Much every way, as you will learn from the sequel of the story."

At the time this young man joined the Church the daughter of Mr. —— was present, and determined to be a Christian also. The persecution of her father toward this young man increased her admiration of his moral character and worth every day. It was not long till a mutual attachment sprang up between them. This was soon discovered by the father, who forbade any intercourse unless Mr. —— would agree to leave the Methodist Episcopal Church. This he promptly refused to do; in consequence of which refusal, he was not allowed to visit her father's house or speak with her upon the street. This only served to fan the flame of love that now existed in each bosom. M. was the idol of her father, the eldest daughter, and one that he loved more dearly than all the rest. She was a young lady of high moral worth, and a great favorite among all who knew her. Her father was about to go east for the purchase of a new stock of goods. He invited his daughter to go along. The trip was pleasant, and he treated her with a degree of kindness which she had never experienced before. He never mentioned the name of her lover but once during their absence, and then in rather a jocular way, on presenting her with a new book. However, when almost in sight of her home, again he introduced the subject so far as to ascertain that her feelings were still unchanged toward Mr. ——. From that hour he treated her with great unkindness. It was not long after her return home before Mr. ——

asked the consent of her father to their marriage. He was met with a stern refusal. The young man then reminded him of a conversation he had once held with him on the subject of matrimony; during which he had said, "Mr. ——, if you ever take a notion to marry a young lady, and her father refuses to give his consent, HAVE HER OR DIE IN THE ATTEMPT!" "Now, sir, I am determined to take your advice, and marry your daughter at all hazards!" Here the conversation ended, and they parted. The young lady was watched with continual vigilance by her father, lest she might in some way carry on a correspondence with her accepted lover. But his efforts were unavailing. About this time a mute came to reside in the town of M., and it was not long before the most of the young gentlemen and ladies had learned the "deaf and dumb alphabet," so that they could converse intelligibly with signs. About this time our young friend accepted a clerkship in a store situated at right angles across the street from the residence of Mr. ——. By the aid of the "deaf and dumb alphabet" our young friends, Miss —— and Mr. ——, held daily communication without even the slightest suspicion on the part of her sharp-sighted father. They also kept up a regular correspondence, and she often delivered her letters to him in the street in sight of her father, without the knowledge of any one. They had fixed upon a sign, which was given in the following manner: when about to pass each other on the side-walk, if she had a letter for him, when within about a half a square, she would place her right hand upon her bosom; he would then take off his hat and carry it carelessly in his hand, swinging it back and forward at his side till they would draw very near to each other, and then she would drop the letter in his hat while in the act of passing on the side-walk, without speaking a word or

even halting for a moment. Her father took out of her room her fine traveling-trunk, and placed in its stead an old hair trunk from the store-room, without lock or key upon it. He would not allow her even to keep a sheet of paper, pen, or ink, or to have a lighted candle in her bed-chamber after dark. Most of her letters were written by moonlight, after the family had all retired to rest. Another expedient was adopted for conveying her letters to him. She would sit at her window up stairs with her letter in her hand late in the evening when but few were walking the streets. She would recognize the approach of her devoted —— by his being seized with a peculiar fit of coughing just before he came near her father's dwelling. She would then place her hand outside of the window up stairs and wait till he would stop on the pavement below where she would drop the letter just before him on the side-walk, where he could readily pick it up without halting but a moment. She artfully concealed his letters about her person so that they were never discovered by any of the family. Heretofore she had been in the habit of assisting her father in the store, but he now prohibited her even from visiting the store-room, and refused to give her any more new clothing. She then sent her best clothes to the house of a friend, who conveyed them in safety to her affianced lover. He made a fine bureau and placed them in it, which article of furniture they still retain in their own family to the present day. I was removed to a city station the next year, and did not hear from them for a long time. At length brother —— called on me to inform me that, as it was nearly twelve months yet before Miss —— was of age, they had concluded to "run away and get married as soon as possible." We talked over the matter, and finally I persuaded him to desist from such an unpleasant undertaking, and to wait till she was of

age. Shortly after this Mr. — discovered the intentions of his daughter more fully, and called her into the room one day and asked her if it was true that she intended to marry Mr. —— as soon as she was of age? She replied, "Yes, father, I do." He then became dreadfully enraged, and said, with a voice and manner that almost frightened her out of her senses for a moment, "M., if it was not for the laws of my country I would shoot you dead at my feet." Time rolled rapidly away, and nothing occurred to alter her mind in the least. She was well persuaded that the opposition of her father arose from the simple fact that Mr. —— had joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, and was now appointed a class-leader. This made her love him the more; and she prayed to God day and night that he would make her a partaker of "like precious faith" with him whom she now so dearly loved.

About two weeks previous to the time that her father thought her of age he said to her, "If you are going to marry Mr. ——, do not run away, but marry him at home, and then leave my house forever. And after your marriage you must never cross my threshold, even in a *time* of *sickness* or *death!* Do you understand what I say?" She meekly replied, "*Yes, father, I know it all.*"

He then brought down the old hair trunk, and told her to pack up her clothes, which she did in the presence of her father, mother, and sisters. And as she told me, when they were all in, "they resembled the wardrobe of a pauper" more than the daughter of a wealthy merchant. In the evening her little sister clung to her with an affectionate tenderness that almost broke her heart. The next day she left home to make arrangements for her wedding. On her return her father never invited her to eat, but would call all the rest of his

children by name to come to the table. For one whole day she did not taste food. And, to cap the climax of his cruelty, a few days before he thought her of age he ordered her away, and in the most abrupt and repulsive manner. She then went to her aunt's to make arrangements for her wedding, which took place soon after she became of age. Her father destroyed the old family record, and entered all the rest of the names of his children in a new place, omitting the name of his beloved and eldest child M.; and it is said, when asked how many children he had living, always refused to reckon her among the number of the household.

God smiled upon her marriage union, and her husband was prospered in his business. They commenced keeping house within about a half square from the residence of her persecuting father, where she could see him passing her door almost every hour of the day. I must now take leave of them just at this point in their history, to present the reader with another side of this picture.

From the time I began my ministry in the town of M., this man, who was so unkind to his daughter, did all that he could do to oppose the progress of the Gospel. I told him on one occasion I was afraid the judgments of the Almighty would overtake him unless he repented and ceased to oppose the truth. And after his last act of unnatural treatment of a lovely daughter, we may date his decline in worldly prosperity. Heretofore every thing prospered in his hands, but now loss succeeded loss, and disappointment followed disappointment till he was compelled to acknowledge that the hand of God was chastising him.

How mysterious are the ways of Providence! O how often had I prayed to God to bring his child into the Church of her choice! But I little expected to have that pleasure myself. A few months after her marriage

she attended a camp meeting near the city of ——, where I was then stationed. I did not know she was there. At the close of an interesting sermon I exhorted, and then opened the doors of the Church. Many joined, and among the number that attracted the attention of the audience was Mrs. R. She came forward and gave her hand, and then fell down upon her knees and wept aloud. In a short time a gentleman from M. approached me and inquired if I recognized the one who came forward last. I told him I did not. "That," said he, "is Mrs. R., formerly Miss S., who, years ago, was awakened under your ministry, but forbidden by her father to go any longer to the Methodist Episcopal church." My feelings were indescribable, and I shouted aloud for joy, and gave the congregation a short history of the trials through which she had passed before she was privileged to enter the Church of God. From that hour she was truly decided in her Christian course. She returned to her home of love, and almost for a season forgot the sufferings and cruelties of her father previous to her marriage.

In about twelve months she gave birth to a beautiful daughter, which was greatly beloved by all of her connections. The little prattler was taught the name of its grandfather, and when old enough to walk the streets would run against him and call his name. For a long time he repulsed it with great coldness. But at length his iron nature yielded, and when unobserved by his daughter he would pick up the child and caress her fondly. But this sweet bud of promise was taken suddenly ill, and died. Before its death the grandparents were sent for to see it die. The grandmother came, but Mr. — refused to attend its funeral. His cold-hearted nature would not yield; and when the child was buried he brought down upon him the maledictions of the whole

community. The death of this child occurred a short time before Mr. — moved to the city of ——. While the heart of his daughter was bleeding on the account of the death of her first-born, some of her friends advised her to go over and see him before his removal. She finally yielded to their importunities against her better judgment, and went to see him. She was near him before he observed her presence. She laid her hand upon his arm and exclaimed, "Father! O, father! father!" She could add no more. He rudely thrust her away with his elbow, and refused to speak or even pronounce her name. She returned to her desolate home with a heart bleeding afresh at every pore; but God healed her wounded heart, and caused her spirit to rejoice because of his goodness. Time rolled rapidly away, and for seven long years she was not in her father's house. Her mother was taken ill, and died. She desired to see her daughter, Mrs. R. As soon as her daughter received the sad news she started for the city to see her mother die. When she arrived at the residence of her father, she refused to go in unless he would invite her, as he had positively forbidden her entrance even in a time of sickness or death. The messenger returned with this answer, "Tell her to come in if she wants to." She entered the dying chamber of her mother a few minutes before she expired. Her father on seeing her said, "O, Mary! Mary!" This was the last time he ever was heard to pronounce her name. He has never spoken to her from that time up to this day, for no other offense than that of marrying a religious man.

CHAPTER XXXI.

A DEBATE ON UNIVERSALISM.

In 1838 Rev. Robert Smith, a Universalist preacher, living in Mason, Warren county, Ohio, preached every four weeks in the town of New Richmond, Clermont county, Ohio. He frequently, at the close of his sermons, challenged any orthodox minister to meet him in debate. Finally, Rev. Mr. Atmore, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, residing within about three miles of that place, accepted the challenge. Mr. Atmore was a high-toned Englishman, a good preacher, and had only been about twelve months in America. The preliminaries were all arranged, and the parties met, on the first Monday of April, in the town of New Richmond, on the Ohio river. The debate commenced at 11 o'clock, A. M. Mr. Atmore opened the discussion, and Mr. Smith followed; but before they had proceeded far, Mr. Atmore became disgusted at the personalities of his opponent, and especially with the irreverent manner in which he handled the Scriptures. He remarked in substance as follows:

"My Audience,—In accepting a challenge from Mr. Smith, I, of course, supposed that he was a courteous debater, and would demean himself with *gentlemanly* bearing toward his antagonist; but I am sorry to say, I am greatly disappointed in this respect, and self-respect compels me not to prolong a debate with so irreverent and discourteous an antagonist."

On closing these remarks, he bowed himself politely out of the pulpit, picked up his hat, and took his departure for home. Mr. Smith construed Mr. Atmore's conduct into the *weakness* of his cause, and the want

of ability to sustain himself in the debate. The meeting was adjourned till some time in the afternoon. Mr. David Fisher, a layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who resided nine miles above New Richmond, came down to attend the debate. On entering the church, at three o'clock, P. M., Mr. Smith was speaking. He soon afterward remarked that, as Mr. Atmore declined to discuss the subject any longer, he should proceed to give his own views at length. After speaking for nearly an hour, a Universalist gentleman went into the pulpit, and whispered something in the ear of the speaker. Mr. Smith soon stopped for a moment, and remarked that he was informed that there was a Methodist minister present, who would, probably, take Mr. Atmore's place, and go on with the discussion. No one replied. This friend of Mr. Smith's went into the pulpit, and spoke to him again. Mr. Smith then remarked that he alluded to Mr. Fisher. Mr. Fisher then arose, and remarked that he was not a *minister*, and, consequently, did not suppose that the allusion was to him; he was a layman of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and came down there, as a high private, to *hear*, and not to take any part in the discussion. He also stated that he was entirely unprepared; that he had no reference-books, not even his Bible. Mr. Smith had, no doubt, been a long time preparing for this debate, and it would not be doing justice to the cause or to himself, to enter upon this debate now; but if Mr. Smith desired it, he would reply, in one speech, to all he had just said, and would be happy to meet Mr. Smith in debate at some future time. To this Mr. Smith cordially assented, and the arrangements were soon completed. Mr. Smith then asked his opponent when he would be ready. Mr. Fisher replied, "I am a farmer, and must plant my corn, after which I care not how soon the time is fixed; I will

try and be ready." Mr. Smith replied, "Give yourself time, Mr. Fisher; get your work out of the way, for I do not know how long I will keep you here after we commence; for I am determined to have my full satisfaction out of *orthodoxy* before we part." Mr. Fisher good-humoredly replied to this braggadocio speech, "I only desire time, Mr. Smith, to plant my corn; I suppose you will let me return home to cut my wheat harvest, will you not?"

The time finally agreed upon was the second Monday in May. As the Rev. R. Smith lived in the bounds of my circuit at the time, I made my arrangements to attend this debate. It was published far and near, all over the country; and as the circumstances and character of the debaters were well known, at the appointed time a large crowd was attracted to the little town of New Richmond. I arrived there in good time for the opening of the controversy. The Rev. Andrew M'Clain, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, acted as moderator on the behalf of brother Fisher. They had agreed upon two distinct propositions. Of the *first*, Mr. Fisher had the affirmative, and of the *second* proposition Mr. Smith the negative. The debate was held in the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was crowded to its utmost capacity during the whole of the controversy. Mr. Smith had not such a smooth road to travel as he expected. He soon found out that his opponent was a "prince in disguise"—a most formidable controversialist, possessing most admirable qualities for a good debater, correct knowledge of the subject, perfect self-control, and remarkable powers of condensation, just saying enough on each point, and not one word more.

On the afternoon of the second day, our attention was diverted from the debaters, by the strange request of the Rev. D. Parker, who resides a short distance above the

town of New Richmond. He asked permission of the moderators to preach a sermon on that evening, containing *his peculiar views.* He then remarked, as he occupied "*middle-ground*" between the present disputants, he thought the audience ought to hear him. I arose, and remarked I supposed there could be no objection to his request, provided some of us present should have the privilege of replying. To this, however, he strongly objected, declaring that he had lost all taste and desire for public controversy, but hoped his old friends and neighbors in New Richmond would allow him to preach them a sermon in that house at early candle-light. He finally obtained permission by a vote of the audience. He took for his text, "Study to show thyself approved unto God." 2 Timothy ii, 15. He commenced by remarking as follows:

"If my faith is right others are wrong. He had seen a difficulty all the way, while listening to Messrs. Smith and Fisher, and was exceedingly happy to have the privilege of setting *all right* upon the important subject now under consideration." He then told us there was "no threatening of death beyond the present life in the Old Testament; that Adam, by transgression, only lost communion with God. The word infinite was only mentioned three times in the Old Testament—Job, Nahum, and 145th Psalm. The soul was not *immortal* by nature, only as it was united to Christ as the branch in the vine. There was a difference between the word and revelation; the one was the *letter*, the other the *spirit.* The Bible was never made flesh; the Bible is the *scabbard* of the *sword.*" He said "the world was suffering greatly for the want of this *idea.* There were but two distinct kingdoms; one belonged to God, the other to Jesus Christ—one *eternal*, the other *mediatorial*—no *immortal devils*—soul of the righteous sleeps till after the resurrection."

These were the prominent thoughts of the discourse, which lasted over an hour. It was pronounced, by the majority, a most signal failure. I admired his zeal more than his knowledge of the word of God. He offered to *bet his farm* three or four times during the sermon, or give not only his farm, but all his personal effects, also, to any one present, who would convince him that he was wrong. (?) From the zeal he manifested that night, I feared he would be as difficult to "*convince*" as an old Dutchman, of whom I had read, was to beat in a foot-race. His friend outran him three times in quick succession, and then said, "Now, Mr. ——, you will acknowledge that I can beat you running, will you not?" "O, no, sir," replied his German friend; "I never acknowledges I'se peat till I gives up, and, py sure, I never gives up! Let us run again." At any rate, the old "restoration" parson has so managed as to retain his farm, and is now in the enjoyment of a "green old age," much respected by his neighbors.

In closing his sermon, he said that he was often asked this question: "Why is religion necessary at all, if your doctrine of 'final restoration' be true?" "My answer," said he, "is this: I think there is about the same difference as there would be between a passage from here to the Queen City on one of our excellent steam-packets, and traveling on foot by the way of Bethel, Batavia, and Milford. The 'packet' route is short, direct, and safe, with good accommodations; the other, 'on foot,' rough, out of the way, a longer route, and difficult to perform the journey." The application was very easy, and I replied, in an under tone, "*Take to the packet at the wharf, every one of you! The last bell may now be ringing!*" Thus ended this pleasant little episode. The old gentleman seemed much gratified, and we all returned to our lodgings, without any change in our views

as to heaven and hell, or future rewards and punishments.

The next morning the church was crowded at an early hour, and the debate proceeded regularly till about 11 o'clock, when Mr. Smith remarked to his opponent that he did not think it would be necessary to prolong the debate through another day; that he could say all he desired in one or two speeches more. This announcement produced quite a sensation in the audience, while defeat was already plainly written on the face of Mr. Smith. Mr. Fisher replied, "I have no objection to your closing your remarks to-day; but, as I am now following your tracks, I stand here prepared to refute all the arguments you have to bring, just as long as you have a word to utter." Mr. Smith then said he would close with two speeches more in the afternoon.

As brother M'Clain was compelled to go home, I was chosen to act as moderator in his place. This brought me near the speakers, and also gave me a good opportunity to take notes of the debate and all that transpired on that day.

It was evident, to all parties present, that Mr. Fisher had his antagonist by the "horns," and he was making many doleful sounds. Mr. Fisher's closing speech was a logical and masterly effort, such as would have done honor to the head and heart of the ablest theologian in America. His personal appeal to his opponent, Mr. Smith, was a "word in season," and it was received in the same spirit of kindness in which it was given. I shall never forget it. His address to the audience, and his timely warning to the young to beware of such a dangerous heresy, moved all present to tears.

"I have seen," said Mr. Fisher, "its ruinous effects on many of my neighbors. It has destroyed them soul and body; it will do you no good in the dying hour. Do

take the safe way. Seek and obtain an interest in the Savior; lead a life of holiness and self-denial, and then you will certainly escape that hell of endless woe which was originally prepared for the devil and his angels." And then, turning to Mr. Smith, he said, "I am now done;" and, with a look of compassion and tenderness for an erring fellow-mortal that I never beheld before or since, he continued to remark, "I must now bid you and this audience *farewell!* I may never see you again till we all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ, where each of us 'must give account of himself to God.' O, then, sir, when the 'Judge of quick and dead' shall pronounce your doom, among the rest, and say, 'Depart, go away into EVERLASTING punishment!' it will be too late then to rise up and say to Him that 'sits upon the throne,' 'Stop, there is *no eternal punishment for me!* the Bible taught me that all mankind would be raised to a state of final holiness and happiness after death.' Mr. Smith, if you die in this belief, you are a ruined man! I beseech you, renounce your false system, and embrace the ONLY way of life and salvation!" Mr. Fisher then resumed his seat.

Mr. Smith then arose, and thanked Mr. Fisher for his gentlemanly conduct during the debate, and also for the interest he had just manifested in his future welfare; and then, turning to the audience, he said, "I have held a number of debates with clergymen of different denominations in the east and west; and, not many years ago, I debated with Rev. Mr. Waterman and Rev. S. A. Latta, M. D., both distinguished Methodist clergymen, all of whom were children in debate, when compared with my good friend, Mr. David Fisher, with whom I have controverted for the last few days. Indeed, gentlemen and ladies, I frankly confess he has done the best for a bad cause of any man that I ever 'broke a lance with.'" I

have often said to my friends, and I will now record it here, that it will ever be a matter of regret with me that I did not, at that moment, set out one of the benches in the altar, and *"call up the mourners."*

I think Mr. Smith was then powerfully convicted by the Spirit of God, as well as many others in that attentive assembly. I believe now great good might have resulted from such a winding up of that debate. I know it is often said that nothing is gained for truth and the cause of God by public controversy. I do not subscribe to this statement altogether. God can make the wrath of man to praise him." Certainly great good resulted from this controversy in the town of New Richmond. Not long afterward, Mr. Smith himself renounced Universalism, and is now a minister among the Campbellite Baptists.

CHAPTER XXXII.

SABBATH DESECRATION.

THE gentleman with whom Rev. Robert Smith boarded, Mr. F., was a stanch Universalist. He was the keeper of a hotel, and kept on hand a large supply of intoxicating liquors. The Universalists in the bounds of W. circuit were all lamentably deficient even in good morals. Many, indeed, were noted for profanity, gambling, intemperance, and their utter disregard for the Christian Sabbath. This same gentleman owned a saw-mill, which was erected close to the village of Mason, on a small, thundergust stream. It had been his practice, for a long time, whenever a shower of rain filled the race with a sufficient quantity of water, to run the mill on the Sabbath-day. My colleague, Rev. H., who resided in the

place, was frequently asked, by strangers, if the citizens of Mason approved of the conduct of their fellow-townsman in running his saw-mill on the Sabbath day. To this question he always returned a negative answer. "Why, then, do you not put a stop to this reproach?" He answered, "I will try."

On his return home, on a certain occasion, he went to the owner of the mill, and requested him to desist from pursuing a course of conduct so offensive to his neighbors, and in violation of the statutes of Ohio. Mr. F. replied that he would saw just when he pleased, and that he did not believe in *legal restrictions* concerning the Sabbath any how.

The next Sabbath he run the saw-mill as usual. My colleague went before Squire D., and made a formal complaint, on behalf of the state, against the owner of this mill. On the day of trial, Mr. F. acknowledged that he owned the mill, and that it was run by his orders. He was also often seen at the mill, and sometimes going to and from it with carpenter's tools under his arm; but the *sapient* justice, D., rendered a verdict in favor of the defendant, because no one would say that Mr. F. "*started the mill every time*" it was seen in operation! This decision was ridiculed and pronounced unjust even by the friends of Mr. D.

However, not long after the trial, a lengthy article appeared in the "Star of the West," written by Rev. Robert Smith, censuring the Methodist preacher for "*persecuting*" Mr. F., a man of *good moral character. (?)* When this statement was read to Mr. F., by one of his neighbors, he seemed to be perfectly delighted with all that his minister had said about the affair, except that the defendant was a "*man of good moral character.*" On hearing this read, he jumped up, and, scratching his head most violently, said, "O, my God! I wish he had

said nothing on that subject, for I am quite sure there is not a man of my acquaintance, in the town or country, that will believe one word of it." His own conscience told him it was false. This whole matter became a topic of conversation among all classes in that section of country.

My colleague was an "old warrior," though young in years. He still kept a watchful eye over his old friend, who seemed to be overjoyed at his unlooked-for acquittal by the Universalist magistrate, Mr. D. A few weeks afterward, on the day that my colleague preached in M., the mill was seen running all day; but there was no opportunity for approaching near enough to detect the violators of the holy Sabbath. The Rev. Mr. H. went home, extinguished all the lights about his dwelling, and retired to bed. About ten o'clock he arose and dressed himself, and walked deliberately up the small stream till he approached near enough to see the "*tender*," Mr. ——, start the saw-mill. He also discovered the owner, Mr. F., sitting there reading a newspaper, and now and then assisting in performing the labors of *sawyer*. Not long after he arrived, the mill was stopped, and the sawyer commenced sharpening the saw with a file. Brother H. then climbed up on the shaft connecting the saw and water-wheel together, till he had a distinct view of the personal appearance of the man actually engaged in working at the mill. He then, unobserved, returned to his home, determined, if spared, to give them another "*trial*" during the week.

The next day, however, he ascertained that Mr. F. had rented his mill to a man by the name of H. K., who was also a member of the Universalist society in M. The prosecution was now brought against H. K., before Squire B., a short distance from the village, a man of unflinching integrity. The owner of the mill and the sawyer

were summoned as witnesses on behalf of the state. At the appointed time, a large crowd assembled to witness the trial. Mr. F. was first brought upon the stand and examined. He instantly confessed the truth of the allegation. The sawyer was sworn next, but denied that he knew any thing about it that would go to condemn the defendant; but upon a strict *cross-examination*, the following facts were brought to light: Squire B. said, "Mr. H., did you see Mr. ——, the sawyer, at work on the day specified in this charge?" Answer.—"Yes, sir, I did." Question.—"Do you recollect the color of his coat?" Answer.—"I do; it was *black*." Here the sawyer jumped to his feet, in a rage, and exclaimed, "No, sir, it was not; I wore a *blue coat!*" Mr. H. then asked the justice if this *admission* was not enough to satisfy all present of his guilt. "But," said my colleague, "I wish to ask you another question, Mr. ——: If you had known that I was holding on to the shaft below, and looking up in your face while you were engaged in sharpening the saw, you would have let the water on the wheel, and started the mill instantly, would you not?" "No, sir; but if I had only known that you were there that night, I would have dropped the file in your face, and then would have come down and given you a good thrashing, such as you deserved." At this second *admission*, the spectators laughed most heartily, and said, "Well, boys, you are caught at last—fairly beaten at your own game. Hurrah for the Methodist preacher! he has *outwitted* the whole of them." A judgment was rendered against the defendant, the fine and cost of suit announced, the parties retired, and I never heard of the little saw-mill in M. cutting timber on the holy Sabbath again. So much for *legal* suasion in favor of the Sabbath.

Rev. Robert Smith and his host were sadly disap-

pointed in the result of the last trial about the saw-mill. This reverend divine had rather a singular and inconsistent method of preparing for a debate. A young lady, who lived in the family where he boarded, related the following remarkable facts concerning this great champion of the Universalists in the Miami Valley. Instead of taking the time and trouble to copy out of the Bible his *proof-texts*, he cut out, with a pair of scissors, such portions as he desired to quote, and pasted them on blank cards procured for that special purpose. In this way he would destroy a dozen of Bibles and New Testaments in a week. The precious word of God, thus mutilated, was ordered to be carried out of his room, and cast away in the back yard. Surely, no man, who had a proper reverence for the word of God, would treat it in this manner.

The following note from my old colleague, Rev. H., furnishes the last intelligence of this erring man, Rev. R. Smith:

"In the fall of 1850, I was appointed, by Bishop Andrew, to Irvine district, in the Kentucky conference. At my third quarterly meeting for London circuit, in Laurel county, a *wilderness region*, I noticed quite a familiar countenance in my congregation. I approached the gentleman, and asked his name. He replied, 'My name is Robert Smith; I think I ought to know you, sir.' I then told him my name was H.; that I formerly lived in Ohio, and resided for one year in Mason, or a town called Palmyra. Have I not seen you there, Mr. Smith? 'O, yes, sir, I used to live there.' 'Well, Mr. Smith, do you remember the Rev. Samuel A. Latta, M. D., and Dr. John Waterman, and a layman of the name of David Fisher, Esq., of Clermont county, in that state?' To this question he replied as follows, while a crimson blush mantled his cheek: 'O, yes, sir, I remember them very

well; but I have changed my course of life since then, and *retired* to this new country to live.' I was also informed that he had not lived long in that region, and that, since his arrival among them, he had kept himself hidden, as much as possible, from public view.

"Fraternally, YOUR FELLOW-LABORER."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

FEARFUL CONSEQUENCES OF OBSTINATELY RESISTING THE HOLY SPIRIT.

ABOUT the middle of the revival at M., an occurrence transpired worthy of record. A Mr. S., whose wife was a member of our Church, had been very friendly with me up to the commencement of the meeting. He then absented himself from the Church, and joined with others to oppose me. On one occasion I called to see him. I found him at work in his shop, adjoining his house. After a very friendly conversation about temporal things, on my rising up to depart, I gave him a kind invitation to attend the meetings which were now in progress. At this he became very much excited, and stated that he would not. I replied, "Very well," and then added that I hoped he would not be offended at me, for I did not wish to do him any harm, but was willing to do any thing in my power for either his soul or body. He then got very angry, and told me to leave immediately, as he did not wish to hold any conversation with me. "Why do you not," said he, "act like other denominations of Christians? What is the use of your holding your meetings so long?" He then began to curse and swear in a most shocking manner, upon which I walked toward the door to take my exit; but before I left I remarked to

him as follows: "Mr. S., I have only to say to you now, that if you still continue to pursue this kind of conduct toward the Church and the ministry of the word of God, you will make yourself a very unhappy man; and be assured, I will not cease to pray for your soul." He thanked me with a lip of scorn, and then added, "I will risk it; I can sleep as sound as the best of you."

I took my leave of him, and, to my astonishment, that evening, soon after service commenced, he came with his wife to preaching. The house was much crowded, and he took his stand about midway of one of the aisles in the old academy. He appeared restless, and soon went out, but returned again in a few minutes. He went out a second time before the sermon closed, and struck the door violently three times with a stone. His wife then rose up and went out, and they started home together. As they passed down the street he raved and swore like a madman, and told his wife he would take her life if she ever entered the door of the Methodist church again. After they reached home, he knocked over the chairs, and pitched the hearth-plate of an old stove up against the plastering over his head, and swore vengeance against the entire Methodist society. He slept none that whole night. The next day he was furious, and the wicked cried out, "Bravo! bravo!" when they heard what he had done. But it was not long till even public opinion turned against him, and he was actually ashamed to be seen walking the streets.

About three days after this occurrence, early in the morning, before I had left my bed, I heard some one rap at my door. I arose and opened it, and, to my great astonishment, I found Mr. S. standing on the steps. He immediately offered me his hand, and, bursting into tears, stated that he "could not sleep during the past night." "I have come," said he, "to ask your pardon

for treating you as I did the other day. Will you forgive me? Will you come and see me? O, I am indeed very unhappy, and could not rest till I would come and see you!" I told him I had long since forgiven him, and I hoped God would also forgive him, and that he would yet become a good Christian. "I have no hope of that," was his reply, in a sad and tremulous tone of voice.

I called to see him as I promised, but found him disinclined to converse upon subjects of a serious character. Time rolled away, and about two months after this he called again at my boarding-house, and sent for brother N. and myself, and, with streaming eyes, informed me that "he could stand out no longer," and that he came over to "ask me to pray for him." I visited him, and complied with his wishes. The following Sabbath it was noised abroad that he intended to join the Church. This drew a large crowd to the academy. Mr. S. was there, and when I opened the doors of the Church, he started and came about half-way up to the pulpit, and then stopped and looked back to see what his wicked associates were doing or saying. His conduct and appearance excited the congregation very much. He at last came up, and gave me his hand, as I thought, with some degree of reluctance. I also thought of the language of my Savior, "No man having put his hand to the plow and looking back is fit for the kingdom of God." I also remembered Lot's wife. His case was a most singular one; I will only give a small part of it. His health rapidly declined; he wasted away to a mere skeleton; he refused all consolation from the word of God; he would send for me one day and the doctor the next. Sometimes, when I would call to see him, he would step to the door, and look down street to see if any of his wicked neighbors saw me coming. After he

joined the Church, he told me that, from the time he ordered me away from his house, and told me that "he could sleep as sound as the best of us," he had not enjoyed one hour's undisturbed repose. He would go out and play cards to divert his mind, till at last, as a young man told me who played with him, he could not distinguish one card from another. Sometimes, on his way home, he would imagine the devil was after him, and he would start and run as fast as he could. Very often he would make his wife get up out of her bed and pray all night for him, and then in the morning threaten to take her life if she would tell any one that he was seeking religion; but at last his conscience troubled him so much he was forced to come and tell me, and also to offer himself for membership in the Church.

Soon after he joined the Church, he became incapable of attending to his business. Our enemies rejoiced at this, and charged me with the awful sin, as they termed it, of "setting this man crazy." I told them I had nothing to do with that matter, his own wickedness was chastising him; God had a controversy with him, and, unless Mr. S. would submit to the Gospel method of obtaining salvation, I had no hope of his salvation. All confessed "the hand of God had touched him." He continued in this state of mind for more than three months, till he looked like a walking skeleton; then, all of a sudden, he began apparently to recover, and soon became so fleshy that he could not get on any of his old clothes. At times he seemed penitent, and then again manifested his hatred to the humbling doctrines of the cross. He secretly "loved the wages of unrighteousness." At length the Holy Spirit ceased to strive with him. He then joined the Universalists, and became desperately wicked, and soon squandered all his property, and left his family and wandered about from

place to place, like some evil spirit seeking rest, but finding none. The last time I heard from him he was still "without God and without hope in the world."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

MY FIRST STATION.

THE following sketch of my labors in Fulton station, Cincinnati, I have extracted from my journal:

October 30, 1838.—In the fall of 1838 I was appointed to Fulton station, and commenced my labors October 21st. God owned his truth at our first coming together. In the evening the "glory of the Lord" filled the temple. "I thanked God and took courage." This day I rejoice in God for what he is doing in Fulton station, in the awakening and conversion of sinners. Last night I was very happy, and to-day my "peace flows like a river."

November 3.—Had several good meetings this week; upward of twenty were added to the Church, and the good work is still progressing. Attended a funeral to-day, at which a very unpleasant occurrence transpired. After the sermon was over I retired to another room, but soon learned that a difficulty had sprung up between the mother of the boy and a proud, ungodly son-in-law, who had arrived only a few minutes before. He told his mother-in-law that the coffin was not fine enough, and objected to having him buried till he would go down to the city and procure a more elegant one. Brother Christopher Smith, the undertaker, audibly remarked as follows: "I can make you a better one, but this coffin is just such a one as was ordered, and good enough to bury any Christian in, and I am afraid, young man, unless you change your conduct, your body may not have as decent

a covering as this when you are laid in the grave." It was a word in season. The poor, vain creature left the room, and the procession moved onward to the grave. To-day I visited a wretched family, living in a damp, cold cellar. They are very poor. While praying for them, God came down in mighty power, and healed the woman of her "backslidings," and she shouted aloud for joy. Her health is now rapidly recovering. O, the wonderful influences of "effectual prayer!"

Before the close of the old year God favored us with a most gracious revival. Upward of fifty souls were soundly converted.

Under date of January 10, 1839, I find the following brief record:

Thus far, in the new year, my health is much better. Prospects good. God is still with us. Amen.

February 15.—Yesterday I entered the fourth year of my ministry. "Bless the Lord, O my soul," for a continuation of his goodness to me! A great part of the time my health has been very poor; but I thank God, my labors have not been altogether in vain in the Lord. I will still go on.

In 1838 Fulton station embraced all east of Deer creek, in Cincinnati, and all of Fulton township. It was a hard field of labor, many of the members living at a considerable distance from the church. Early in the spring my health declined rapidly, so that it was with great difficulty that I performed the duties of a stationed minister. I loved the people of that station "fervently," and I know that I shared largely in their prayers and Christian sympathies. In looking over that pleasant field, I call to mind many sad and pleasing recollections. While boarding with brother R., a young man kept a store immediately under the room in which I had my lodgings. I often tried to allure him to the house of God, but without

success. I asked myself, "Lord, what more can I do for the conversion of this amiable young man?" At last I said to myself, "This will I do—I will kneel down every night, over his head in my own room, and pray God to awaken and convert his soul." Early in the morning after the third night, I met him in the back yard. He spoke very kindly, but looked pale and sad. "Mr. Gaddis," said he, before we parted, "I wish you would come into my store after breakfast. I desire to have a short conversation with you." I told him it would afford me great pleasure to do so. On conversing with him, I learned the following singular facts: He remarked, "On going to bed last night, I felt strangely impressed. I could not sleep for some time. At last I fell into a profound sleep, and did not awake till after midnight; at which time I was aroused by a most alarming vision, or dream. I thought that, for some wicked acts of my past life, I was condemned to die, and the day and hour named for my execution had come, and I was led forth to the scaffold. I was convinced that if I died as I then was, I would open my eyes in hell as soon as my soul was severed from the body. I awoke, and found it was a dream; but I am sensible it was a warning from God. I arose from my bed and spent the remainder of the night on my knees, pleading with God to regenerate my poor soul. Now, Mr. Gaddis," he said, "I have asked you in here this morning to request an interest in your prayers. I am resolved to change my future course of conduct and lead a new life." He was among the mourners that night at M'Kendree, and was soon made a happy partaker of justifying grace. I have always regarded his salvation as a remarkable answer to "importunate prayer," and another proof of the declaration of Elihu in Job: "For God speaketh once, yea, twice; yet man perceiveth it not. In a dream, in a vision of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon men, in slumberings

upon the bed; then he openeth the ears of men, and sealeth their instruction, that he may withdraw man from his purpose, and hide pride from man."

A Mr. —— was a striking example of self-deception. While digging a cellar, a portion of the bank next the hill fell down suddenly, and fatally injured him in the abdomen, as was generally believed by his surgeon and neighbors. Several days after the accident, he became apparently deeply penitent, and sent for one of my class-leaders to visit him, and pray for him. After several visits the sick man professed conversion, and sent for me to come immediately to his sick-room. On going in I found him joyful. He said he knew God had pardoned all his sins. The next day Dr. M. was sent for, who performed a very difficult surgical operation, and gave him sudden relief, so that in a short time he was pronounced convalescent, and entirely out of danger. I often visited this man's chamber, and heard him vow and vow again, should God spare him to recover, he would *immediately join the Church*, and devote himself and family to the service of God. But, alas! alas! how deceptive the human heart! The words of the prophet were strikingly fulfilled in his case: "When He slew them, then they sought Him; and they returned and inquired early after God: and they remembered that God was their Rock, and the high God their Redeemer. Nevertheless, they did flatter him with their mouth, and lied unto him with their tongues; for their heart was not right with him, neither were they steadfast in his covenant." This poor, deluded man recovered rapidly, and as soon as his strength returned he no longer had any use for class-leaders, ministers, prayers, or even the Bible of God. He was heard to laugh at his fears in view of a coming judgment, and to use profane language before he was able to quit his sick-room, and instead of coming to Church and uniting with the people of God, he

never crossed the threshold of the sanctuary. When I would see him coming down the street he would instantly cross over to the other side, to avoid meeting me on the pavement or side-walk.

During the progress of the revival at M'Kendree, two sisters came to the mourners' bench. One of them was converted soon, but the other could not obtain the "blessing." One night, before starting to Church, she put on her bonnet and stood before the looking-glass to see if all was right. When she discovered her "artificial flowers," she said to herself, "Well, every time I have approached the altar I have felt condemned for going there with my bonnet lined with flowers; now, by the help of God, you shall not go there to-night!" and, putting up her hand, she pulled them out and laid them on the stand; for, to use her own language, "Pride was my besetting sin, and I am determined to lay aside every weight and strip for the race." That night God converted her soul soon after she approached the altar.

I shall never forget the case of a discouraged "mourner," that came within my observation. A lady, who had sought the Savior for more than three days sorrowing, came to me at the close of our second quarterly meeting, in the spring, and asked me if I did not intend to protract the meeting. I told her we should have meeting the next day at ten o'clock in the morning. "I am glad of it," she replied, "for I was afraid your meeting would close before I found peace and comfort to my troubled soul;" and then, in a most eloquent and pathetic manner, told me the sorrows of her broken heart. I then said: "Sister, God can change your heart at home as well as at the church. He often disappoints us in regard to our expectations, desires, and plans of obtaining a knowledge of the remission of sins," and closed my advice by saying, "I want you to seek as you go home, and to-night,

before you retire, expect the 'blessing;' but remember this, 'Though sorrow may continue for a night, joy will come in the morning.'" The next day, as soon as I saw her, I knew she had met with a change. Her countenance beamed with joy, and bespoke a heart at peace with God. On that morning she arose early, and resolved to go out into the garden and pray, remembering those encouraging words, "Though sorrow may continue for a night, joy will come in the morning." She kneeled down with her face toward the east. It was a little before sunrise; she did not "wrestle" long before the natural sun appeared above the horizon, and "the Sun of righteousness arose with healing in his wings" upon her dark and troubled soul. Now she was enabled to say, from heartfelt experience, "Though sorrow may continue for a night, joy cometh in the morning." Like one of old, she "went on her way rejoicing" toward Mount Zion.

In the early part of the summer I made a short visit to the Esculapian Springs in Kentucky. It was then kept by Captain Carter, a very kind and amiable gentleman. The day before I left it was ascertained that I was a Methodist minister. Mr. C. and his family urged me to preach. I told them I had no objection, provided it met the approval of his visitors. He soon devised a plan to secure their approbation, and put up a notice that I would preach at four o'clock, that same afternoon, in the ball-room. I went to my room and spent the greater part of the intervening hours in fervent prayer to my heavenly Father for assistance in the time of special need. At the appointed hour the room was crowded full, and many were compelled to stand outside. I preached the Gospel with the "Holy Ghost sent down from heaven." It touched many hearts. Blessed be God, I have no doubt good was done that afternoon. An aged man, who leaned upon his staff, had not heard a sermon for ten long years before,

on the account of affliction. As soon as I pronounced the benediction a number came forward and shook me kindly by the hand, and asked me to remember them in my prayers. Some, I found, were Methodists and warm-hearted Christians; and some of other denominations made themselves known to me also.

It was customary to have music and dancing every night in the ball-room; but after the sermon that afternoon, none seemed desirous to engage in any amusement whatever. It was ten o'clock before any one even took a seat in the usual place of mirth—the ball-room. One remarked, "Another sermon of that kind would soon spoil all their fun, and cause the place to be deserted for the season." The next morning I took my departure, with a happy frame of mind, and more determined than ever to "know nothing among men but Christ and him crucified."

CHAPTER XXXV.

PRACTICAL AMALGAMATION.

"TRUTH is stranger than fiction." How often does the minister of Christ meet with a verification of this proverb! Many strange and wonderful incidents came under my own observation while laboring in this station. One afternoon I was called on to marry a couple who came from the city. The wedding was to be at the house of a member of my charge. Rev. John Miley accompanied me to witness the ceremony. It was what is usually called a "runaway match." The lady seemed rather of an "uncertain" age, and was much agitated during the marriage ceremony. I remarked at the time to brother Miley that I did not like her

movements, she had too much use for her "hartshorn." Her conduct was *studied,* not natural and easy. Soon after the ceremony was over she retired to her room. But all these strange and erratic movements were charitably explained by the *peculiarities* of her present situation. That same night the parties returned to the city and took boarding at ——. I did not hear any more of them till about four weeks afterward; I then learned that they had separated. This surprised me very much. A near relative of his furnished me a very satisfactory explanation of the whole matter. The young lady professed to be the daughter of a widow Grinson, living on —— street, near Court. Mr. S. was not permitted to see her previous to the marriage. The young lady told him when he first proposed marriage, that her mother would never consent to the match; and at the second interview, told him her mother refused to see any man who desired the hand of her daughter in marriage, and that she was growing old and wished her daughter to remain with her till her death. He then asked her if she would elope with him. She replied, "I will, if you will wait till I get my wedding clothes made." The time was fixed, and they came to F., and I married them, April 24, 1839. I will now furnish my readers the sequel of this wicked deception. Mr. S. urged his wife to make preparation for housekeeping. This she was very reluctant to do, but at length made all the necessary arrangements, and her husband procured a house in a very respectable part of the city. She now became unhappy, and manifested great disquietude of mind. Her husband was at a loss to understand the cause of her distress. At length she coolly said to him one day, "Mr. S., I wish you would leave Cincinnati, and go somewhere else to live." He inquired hastily, "Why, my dear, (?) do you wish to move away from this city?" "O," said she, "we

can never be respected here as we would be among strangers." "Why not?" responded her husband. She then fell on her knees and implored his forgiveness. "I have deceived you," said she, with a tone and manner that satisfied him she was not jesting. "I have deeply wronged you; but I was instigated to it by others, and tempted by the devil. O, will you ever forgive me? Will God forgive me for such a wicked act?" Not being a believer in practical amalgamation, they had an unceremonious parting that same evening, and she returned to soothe the few remaining days of her ebony, widowed mother. The next year he obtained a divorce.

A similar case occurred not long after, in the town of F. A young gentleman, a steam-boat pilot, formed the acquaintance of a young lady who resided at the time in the third ward, east of Broadway. After a short courtship they were lawfully married by the Rev. William Burke, and came to board near the M'Kendree Chapel, of which I was pastor at the time. On one occasion I was called, in great haste, to visit a lady residing at the house of Mr. ——, a short distance from my place of boarding. On entering her room I found her very ill, and her female attendants much excited. She was tossing to and fro, and moaning apparently in the deepest agony. It was the opinion of Doctor T., that unless she got relief she would die soon. In the midst of the excitement I tried to pray, as I was requested, for the sick young woman as well as I could. From the lady with whom she boarded I learned the following particulars: She had been married only about ten days or two weeks. Her husband being a regular steam-boat pilot, could not command his own time, but was obliged to depart whenever his boat was ready to leave that port for New Orleans. He left his young wife in charge of the family of Mr. B., with whom he had engaged her board till the time of his

return. The same night of his departure his wife slept but little, and about day-break she came down stairs in apparent alarm, but kept quiet during the day. The next night she was more disturbed mentally than on the previous night, and, long before morning, came down into Mrs. B.'s room and requested her to let her sleep on the floor till morning. The sympathies of the kind family were aroused in her behalf, and they did every thing they could to soothe her agitated mind, which they supposed arose from the sudden departure of her husband, and his consequent exposure on the river by night and day. However, all their efforts were fruitless. She grew worse and worse till she took her bed and sent for a physician. She refused all nourishment, and artfully concealed the true cause of her misery till her reason was well nigh dethroned. The sympathies of the whole community were awakened in the behalf of the youthful bride. Her strange actions from the moment her husband took his departure were the topic of conversation in the whole neighborhood for more than a week before the mystery was solved. One morning, while writhing in anguish, she put up her hands and tore off her "wig," and, to the amusement and chagrin of her lady nurses, a *curly head* dissipated at once the mystery that had enveloped her case. A messenger was dispatched for Doctor T. who, on further examination about the cranium, satisfied himself and all present, that she was not of Anglo-Saxon blood. Not long after this I met one of our good sisters coming out of her sick-room laughing most heartily, and as soon as she saw me she remarked as follows: "Well, brother G., I think your services may be dispensed with now; we have made a strange discovery. Our young bride turns out to be a most beautiful *mulatto girl*, with false hair, which she tore off this morning, and let us into the secret of her agony. It is a troubled con-

science that makes her groan and weep so much. You may rest assured," said sister M., "our young friend, Mr. ——, has been 'bitten badly' in this hasty matrimonial affair, but I suppose he will get no sympathy among the female portion of this community, for reasons not necessary to mention." You may imagine the excitement among the young people when the mystery was unraveled. I hasten to give the sequel. The mother of the bride was a respectable colored woman, living in Champaign county. The daughter left home to live with a gentleman in Covington, Kentucky. Not long after she came there a wicked-hearted woman, who was a slave, told her that she was surprised at a woman so near white living among colored folks at all; and then told her to go over to Cincinnati and purchase a "wig," and have her hair trimmed close; then she would be able to pass for a white girl, and marry a white husband. The silly girl took her advice. How well she played her part, and how much she suffered for her deceptions, I have in part already narrated. Her husband, before his return, was informed of his unenviable condition. On his return he resorted to no violent measures, but submitted to his fate with a heroism that astonished all with whom he had intercourse. She was brought down to the verge of the grave, and did not recover till near spring. Her husband employed a nurse to take good care of her, and when she got well, furnished her the means to return home to her mother. He was divorced from her at an early period. Of their future history I have not been advised. This is "romance in real life" in the Queen City and a suburban village.

I was much attached to the members of the Church at M'Kendree Chapel in Fulton. I know I had their confidence and esteem. The society was in a flourishing condition at that period, and numbered two hundred and

forty-two. A new church was erected some years afterward, but the society has not increased much in consequence of removals.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

EASTERN CHARGE, WESLEY CHAPEL, CINCINNATI.

In 1839 I was appointed to Wesley Chapel in Cincinnati; Rev. E. W. Sehon was my colleague, and preacher in charge of the station. Soon after the close of conference, which was held in Cincinnati, before entering on the duties of the station I concluded to visit my widowed mother in the county of Adams, about eighty miles from the city. I traveled on board a steamboat as far as Maysville, Kentucky, and then by stage to West Union. In the stage-coach I became acquainted with Rev. Mr. M'Cauley, of the Presbyterian Church. I was much pleased and edified by his remarks on the importance of the faithful discharge of the duties of the sacred office. When I was about to leave him he inquired, kindly, which way I was going; I replied, "To visit my aged mother," who was then residing with my only sister, Mrs. Wamsley, near Ohio Brush Creek Forge. As he gave me the parting hand he said, "Mother! mother! that is a sweet name, and you can but be happy in the prospect of soon seeing her, and to receive her blessing at the close of the toils of another year." The manner as well as the words he then uttered made a deep impression on my poor heart. We did meet very soon, and I felt that I was happy. Our meeting was short. We soon parted for the last time. I left on Friday and traveled as far as Georgetown, in the county

of Brown, where I concluded to spend the Sabbath. Early on Monday morning I received intelligence that my mother died on Sabbath, and that her corpse would be brought to Ripley on Tuesday for interment. This sad intelligence induced me to change my course, and I took the stage for Ripley on Monday evening. O how cheerless and cold the world looked that evening! I felt that I was bereaved of the best friend God ever gave me. My health was then very poor, and the affliction was very trying to my shattered constitution. Never shall I forget the emotions of my heart when I looked upon my mother's face for the last time. For several days afterward I felt as though my poor heart would break. At the hour of twilight I went out to the grave of my mother, where she was laid side by side with my beloved father. I kneeled down and prayed to God that he would permit her departed spirit to become my guardian angel in this land of sorrow; and that she might be especially near me when trying to preach the Gospel of the grace of God. Ever since I have loved to visit her grave and water it with my tears, and renew my vows that her God shall be my God henceforth and forever. When I last stood there I repeated over and over again the following beautiful words:

"Mother, I love thy grave:
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head; when shall it wave
Above thy child?

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above, thy look is imaged there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O come whilst here I press
My brow upon thy grave, and in those mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child!

Yes, bless thy weeping child,
And o'er thine urn, religion's holiest shrine,
O give his spirit undefiled
To blend with thine."

On my return home to Cincinnati, after the burial of my mother, I felt that the last tie which bound me to earth was now severed, and I had no care on my mind of an earthly nature. I resolved to consecrate soul and body anew to the service of my adorable Redeemer The work of grace progressed in my soul with greater power, and I had greater liberty of speech in proclaiming the Gospel.

Early in the year I was enabled to enter into a solemn *covenant* with God, to walk before him more holily and unblamably all the days of my earthly pilgrimage. Satan tried all his hellish skill to prevent the surrender, but, by the grace of God, at an unlooked-for moment, I was enabled to *give up all* into the hands of my blessed Master. It was during a most gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God in Wesley Chapel, and after my return late at night from a general class meeting. I feel it my duty to transcribe it here in honor of Him to whom I still belong. God grant that others who may read these "Foot-prints" may share such a rich blessing also!

THE CONSECRATION.

After the death of my beloved mother in the fall of 1839 my mind was deeply impressed with the necessity of seeking earnestly for a "clean heart." "Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect;" "Ye shall be holy, for I, the Lord your God, am holy," was constantly sounding in my ears, and also the beautiful words of one of our well-known hymns,

"Thou shalt see my glory soon
When the *work of faith* is done."

For several days just before the memorable transaction here recorded, these words also bore with unusual weight upon my mind, "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation!"

On the evening of the 5th day of December, while attending a general class meeting at Wesley Chapel in Cincinnati, I was most graciously visited by the power of God; and, on my return home, I could say of a truth, "My heart and my flesh crieth out after the living God." Rev. A. C., then stationed in the city, was present at our society meeting, and on invitation accompanied me home to my place of boarding, to remain during the night. Brother S., with whom I was boarding, requested Rev. A. C. to lead in family prayer, and while he was pouring out his soul in fervent supplication the love of God seemed to pervade every heart. Immediately after prayers the family retired. In company with brother C. I also went up into my bed-chamber; but, on reflection, I soon returned down stairs again to bathe my feet, as I was somewhat indisposed, from too frequent exposure to the night air while attending the protracted meeting. On re-entering the room where we had just offered our evening sacrifice of prayer and praise, I realized that the Divine glory still lingered around that sacred altar. The power of God moved upon my heart, and forcibly impressed my mind that I would never see a more favorable time for the consummation of a long-cherished desire of my heart—a settled purpose of mind, to make a *solemn and formal dedication* of myself to the Almighty, and subscribe with my own hand to the God of Jacob. I was also deeply impressed and clearly convinced: 1. Of the absolute necessity of holiness of heart, "without which none shall see the Lord." 2. The certainty of the attainment of a higher state of religious enjoyment; it being the "will of God, even my sanctifi-

cation." 3. The simple manner of obtaining it—by *faith* in the blood of Jesus Christ. "Thou shalt call his name Jesus, because he shall save his people from their sins." Without a moment's delay I resolved, then and there, fully to trust the Lord; unwavering faith apprehended the efficiency of the blood of Christ to "cleanse from all sin." My anxious and burdened soul cried out with vehemence, impatient to be free,

"O, kill in me this rebel sin,
And reign in triumph o'er my willing heart."

In a moment I felt my heart melt like wax before the fire, and my eyes suffused in tears of joy. I then rose from my seat and walked about the room, exclaiming in an audible voice, "I am the Lord's! I am the Lord's!" I then fell upon my knees, and made an offering of soul and body to God in the following simple manner: "Here, Lord, I bring to thee my poor, weakly body, and sin-polluted soul; take me, Jesus, just as I am." At that moment the Holy Ghost pressed home, with power, the following interrogation: "Do you give up all?" Bringing to my recollection a "form of surrender" mentioned in Livy, where Egenious had inquired, "Are you the embassadors sent by the people of Callatia, that you may yield up yourselves and the Callatine people?" It was answered, "We are." And was again asked, "Are the Callatine people in their own power?" It was answered, "They are." It was further inquired, "Do you deliver up yourselves, the people of Callatia, your city, your fields, your waters, your bounds, your temples, your utentils—*all things* that are yours, both Divine and human, into mine and the people of Rome's power?" They say, "*We deliver up all.*" And he answered, "So I receive you." After repeating these words several times, I said, "Now, O my God, I would in like manner *deliver up all*,

my soul and body; *all, all*—no longer mine, but thine, to all eternity. Wilt thou now receive me?" The Holy Spirit then immediately whispered in my heart, in sweetest accents, "*Yes, I now receive you.*" I instantly rose up from my prostrate position on the floor, and exclaimed with emphasis, "*I am the Lord's forever! I am the Lord's forever! I am the Lord's forever!*"

I then concluded I would go up stairs and make a record of this most solemn transaction between God and my soul, in my journal, calling to my recollection the striking words of the prophet, "One shall say, I am the Lord's; and another shall call himself by the name of Jacob; and another shall subscribe with his hand unto the Lord, and surname himself by the name of Israel."

"O God, what off'ring shall I give
To thee———————
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice:
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More thou shouldst have, if I had more.

Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine, I am:
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole;
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame:
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day."

On entering my bedroom I found that brother C. had retired to rest, wondering in his own mind, as he afterward informed me, what should have detained me so long. My only reply was, that "my poor soul was inexpressibly happy." He then remarked, "I think, brother Gaddis, you had better come to bed soon, as the room is cold, and you will injure your health by sitting up so late, when so much indisposed." I then very deliberately unlocked the book-case, and took out my journal, determined, by the help of God, not to give sleep to eyes nor slumber to my eyelids till I should make the long-promised dedication

of myself to God in writing. The tempter now assaulted me in a powerful manner, for the first time during the whole transaction, and suggested that I had better defer it till the morning, and, as I could not recollect the day of the month, the covenant would not be binding. I listened but for a moment, and then replied, "Get behind me, Satan, for thou art an offense unto me." Blessed God, Satan was bruised under my feet, and I was left in quiet possession of the victory, so unexpectedly obtained. I then, with much deliberation, inquired of brother C. for the correct time, and after having been assured that I was right, I made the following record, without a single moment's premeditation:

Half-past ten o'clock on this, the evening of the fifth day of December, year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and thirty-nine—I dedicate my soul and body anew, a living sacrifice unto God; and reckon myself indeed dead to sin and alive to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, from this time henceforth and forever, living or dying, to be the Lord's.

"My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent."

Amen!

MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

Cincinnati, Dec. 5, 1839.

After the signing of this solemn covenant I hastened to bed. I felt that I had accomplished at last what I had so long most ardently desired. I also felt an inward satisfaction which I had never experienced before. I could not sleep. My mind was impressed in a way and manner unknown before. After some time had elapsed I remarked to brother C., that I was dying, but that I was not alarmed. He then remarked, that from the moment I entered the room and told him I was so happy, his own emotions had been very peculiar. I recollect that he

wept as he talked of the state of his feelings. For a little season my frail body seemed to sink, and I was as cold apparently as if the vital spark had fled; but on a sudden the power of the Most High overshadowed me; my whole frame shook as if I had been seized with a severe fit of the ague. This feeling was of but short continuance; the Holy Ghost resuscitated my feeble frame and filled my soul unutterably full of glory and of God. My physical powers were strengthened in a most wonderful manner, and I shouted aloud for joy upon my bed. For a short time I was perfectly overwhelmed with a sense of the power and majesty of Jehovah. At times it seemed to me as if the frail casket would break and my disinthralled spirit

"Return on swiftest wing"

to mingle with the "blood-washed" before the throne. I cried out in the fullness of my soul, "O, yes, it is done! I am my Lord's, and he is mine—forever, forever, for evermore! Brother C., the 'record' is at last made—the great transaction is finished—*I am now the Lord's, and he is mine!* Blessed be the name of the Lord from this time henceforth and forever. Amen, and amen." I then thought of a dream which the Rev. L. L. H. had concerning me, a few nights previous, that seemed to have made a deep impression on his own heart. He stated that in his dream he saw me "die suddenly while standing in the altar at Wesley Chapel." Referring to his dream, in my ecstasy I exclaimed, "O yes, brother H., I am indeed *dying*—yea, I am now DEAD—but I am dying unto sin. Glory, halleluiah! Amen. I now reckon myself dead unto sin, but alive unto God. The dead praise him not, but the living shall praise him as I do this day.

'I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall my nobler powers employ
In that eternal world of joy.'"

All my bodily weaknesses were overcome, and I felt

"Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through his eternal Son."

All language utterly fails to convey to the reader any adequate idea of the *power felt within me.* It did seem to me that I had power and compass of voice to arouse the city of Cincinnati—yea, even a slumbering world;

"To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all."

But after shouting aloud and praising God for a consid erable time, I became anxious that all the household should share of my joy and cup of blessedness. I then called to brother S., who slept in an adjoining room, to come in and hear "what great things the Lord had done for me." His aged mother entered my room first, and after shaking my hand, kindly remarked that I must not think of getting up till she had roused up the fire in the grate, which was almost, if not quite, extinguished. I now distinctly recollect, that in the simplicity of my heart I remarked as follows: "O, never mind, my dear mother W., there is *fire* enough in my soul just now to keep us all warm. Go and get your son T. to come in and seek the Savior." It was not long till her son and his wife arose and dressed themselves. They entered my room together, weeping as they came. I called brother S. to the side of my bed and told him to kneel down. I had faith to believe that God would convert him that very night. I then reminded him of the promise I had made him when I came to board in his family—to pray for him once each day till he should be made a partaker of like precious faith with myself. I then told him that this was the "accepted time and the day of salvation." After which his heart melted like wax before the fire, and he fell upon his knees and cried aloud for God to have mercy upon him. In the

mean time the Rev. A. C. arose and dressed himself, but seemed to be so filled and overwhelmed with a sense of the presence of God that he was rendered unable either to sing or pray. The wife of brother S., after shouting awhile, fell prostrate and helpless on the floor by the side of her husband. I still continued at intervals shouting and praising God. The servant girl also came in and began to pray for pardoning mercy. The scene was one of great moral sublimity. The room was filled with the power and glory of God in a most extraordinary manner. I asked brother C. to pray for those who were seeking Christ. He replied, "I feel so overwhelmed with a sense of the Divine glory and my own unworthiness that I want you or some one to pray for *me*. O," said he, "I feel so humbled that I would be glad to have the poorest African pray for me." I then arose from my bed, put on my clothing and my cloak, and started down stairs. Mother W. followed me and caught hold of my cloak, and said, "My dear child, where are you going? I am not willing for you to leave your room." I calmly replied, "Do not be alarmed, I am not 'beside myself;' I feel perfectly calm and collected, as much so as I ever did in all my life. Let me go; I will soon return again. Go and pray for your son, and leave me in the hands of God." I went up street to the house of brother A., and after awaking him from his midnight slumbers, informed him that I wished him to come to my room and pray for brother S. He very cordially assented, and I immediately returned. It was not long till brother A. came, according to promise, and as soon as he entered the room I requested him to pray for brother S. We all kneeled before the Lord, our Maker, and poured out our fervent prayers in behalf of the weeping mourner. Glory be to God, we did not agonize long; the voice of deliverance came, the cry of anguish ceased, and the weeping son lay quiet in the

arms of his aged mother. In a few moments he opened his eyes and smiled sweetly; then gently whispered, "Glory, glory, halleluiah! I have found the Savior. O, my dear wife and mother, do help me to praise him." He then proceeded to remark as follows, with childlike simplicity: "O, mother, mother, how I am disappointed at last!" "Why or how are you so disappointed? My dear child, what do you mean? Are you not happy in the Savior? Has not Christ pardoned all your sins?" "O, yes, yes," was the prompt and satisfactory reply. "But then," said brother S., "mother, I will explain to you what I mean. I always thought previously, that if I was ever changed in heart, or converted to God, it would come suddenly, like an electric shock, a mighty torrent, or heavy shower of rain, *overwhelming*, in a moment, the powers of my soul; but O, now it comes like the *gentle refreshing dew*, distilling heavenly sweetness into my poor heart!" And then with a countenance beaming with seraphic joy he clapped his hands and exclaimed with an exulting spirit, "O do you not all feel it! 'It is like the dews of Hermon,' where the Lord commanded his blessing, even life forever. O I feel that it is settling down, down, down into the very depths of my poor soul—filling me with joy and gladness! O how rich, how full, how free! 'sweeter than honey from the honeycomb.' Glory to God in the highest, I will praise him! though I now feel

> 'Tongue can not express
> The sweet comfort and peace
> Of a soul in its earliest love.'"

Brother S. is still steadfast, immovable, always abounding in the work of the Lord. He is a trustee and steward at Wesley Chapel. Up to the period of which I am now speaking he had lived an utter stranger to a change of heart. Four years previously he had connected himself

with the Church. He took this important step at the request of a dying brother. His mother was a deeply-pious woman, and has since gone to her reward in the skies. His brother Morris, who has also joined the number of the finally saved, was one of the most devoted and fervent followers of the Lamb that I have ever known.

That was a memorable night; one that shall never be forgotten. It was a *special* blessing sent to prepare me to stand a severe "trial of my faith." It also prepared me to preach the Gospel more successfully than I had ever done before.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

EXTRACTS FROM MY DIARY AT WESLEY CHAPEL.

FOUR days after God so signally manifested himself to my soul, I find the following record in my diary under date of December 9, 1839:

Yesterday—Sabbath—was a day of peace and untold joy to my poor soul;—had the pleasure of preaching again to the people of M'Kendree charge, where I was stationed last year. Sermon from these words: "And to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, that ye might be filled with all the fullness of God," etc. It was a melting time. I felt the power of God resting upon me; I had great liberty and boldness of speech.

December 10.—Yesterday I enjoyed much of the Divine presence in the class-room, by the bedside of the sick, and in attending on other means of grace. This morning I feel that all is *calm—no doubt, no fears, no gloom.* My *confidence* in God is unwavering. It appears as if I had been sleeping all my life, and had just awak-

ened to behold the unobstructed rays of a summer's morning.

"O may I ever walk in Him,
And nothing know beside;
Nothing desire, nothing esteem,
But Jesus crucified!"

December 13, 1839.—Since last night week I have enjoyed more of the love of God than I ever have done before. My peace is constant; "God is love." I know that I am his by sacred ties. I feel that because "he lives I shall live also." This day four years ago I left Brush Creek Forge and all my friends to preach the "Lamb of God for sinners slain." O how little advancement I have made in divine things! This day I *renew my covenant.* O Lord give me greater success in declaring thy truth! When I look upon the past I feel astonished that such a worm as I has ever been used by God to spread the Savior's precious name. I have "enlisted" many hundreds of soldiers for Jesus. O that I may yet live to enlist thousands more! O Lord, give me many souls in Cincinnati! Why am I here if not to win souls for thee?

December 18.—Last Sabbath was a pleasant day to my soul. Preached in the morning at Asbury Chapel and attended sacrament at Fourth-street at 3 o'clock, P. M. Last night we had a precious season at Wesley Chapel. Nine were converted and nine added to the Church. The preachers were all very happy, and many of God's dear children shouted aloud for joy. Our prospects are growing brighter and brighter. O that God may visit Cincinnati this winter in a most gracious manner!

December 30.—Last week Satan thrust sorely at me and "*afflicted my soul;*" but, thank God! I obtained a glorious victory. Yesterday was a day of great peace and glory. God is still reviving his work in Wesley

Chapel; sinners are coming home to God, and my "soul is on the wing" for glory.

January 1, 1840.—This morning I feel happy in God, and more like living to promote the interests of the cross of Christ than ever before. Last night we "watched out" the old year at Wesley Chapel. It was the most solemn time I ever witnessed; twenty united with the Church, and more than *two hundred* asked the prayers of the people of God. The Lord is now powerfully reviving his work. I want to be more useful. O Lord, make me a "polished shaft!" O that this year may all be spent in glorifying God!

January 6.—It is now one month since I *dedicated* myself to God and *recorded* it with my own hand. I feel more than ever like living for God. I believe many sore trials await me, but I am also persuaded that grace divine will always give me support and consolation in them all. "Fear not, I am with thee; I am thy God; I will help thee. Yea, I will *uphold* thee."

February 9.—I was not mistaken in supposing that "sore trials" awaited me when I last wrote in this diary. I have recently passed through some sore and fiery trials. Of late "Satan has desired to sift me as wheat." At times I have viewed myself as standing on some high eminence or tower, exposed to Satan's shafts from every point of the compass; but blessed be God! "who always causeth us to triumph," I feel like the "bird rescued from the snare of the fowler." This Sabbath evening my soul rejoices in God my Savior.

The following extracts from a communication, which I wrote for the Western Christian Advocate, will give the reader an idea of the extent of the revival at Wesley Chapel at this period:

EASTERN CHARGE, CINCINNATI, O., JAN. 27, 1840.

We commenced the labors of this conference year

praying for a most gracious outpouring of the Holy Spirit. Our congregation increased at every coming together, and a goodly number began to inquire, "Men and brethren, what shall we do to be saved?" About the first of December our beloved brother, the Rev. J. N. Maffit, came among us in the name of his Master, determined to labor some weeks in our city for the good of souls. For seven weeks God has given proof that his indefatigable labors have not been in vain. Thousands upon thousands have attended his ministry, and there has been a general waking up and rallying around the cross. The altar is crowded night after night, and souls are awakened and converted at every coming together. In this revival whole families, husbands and wives, parents and children, have been brought into the Church. On the 10th and 11th of January our second quarterly meeting was held for this station. Our beloved Christie was with us, and proclaimed the message of mercy to the people with eloquence and power. Our love-feast may well be called the "*Centenary Mammoth Love-Feast.*" Every seat in our large and spacious Chapel, above and below, was crowded at an early hour. It was indeed a *feast of love;* a night of glory and salvation. Fifty-seven joined the Church, making in all, on trial and by letter, over *eight hundred* this year. On Tuesday night we held a sacramental meeting. A more solemn and interesting scene was never witnessed. Nearly *one thousand* partook of the broken body and shed blood of the Son of God. It was a night long to be remembered on earth, and will not be forgotten in heaven. This gracious work, which first commenced in Wesley, is spreading all over the city, and many are turning to the Lord also in the Baptist and Presbyterian Churches.

E. W. Sehon,
Maxwell P. Gaddis.

P. S. There is also a glorious work in New-Street among our colored friends. Upward of sixty added last week.

E. W. S.
M. P. G.

February 18.—I am now in Ripley, Ohio. I came here to hear a funeral sermon from Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, D. D., on the death of my dear mother, who departed this life November 10, 1839. His text was founded on these beautiful words, "Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die." It was truly an eloquent and appropriate sermon, and will never be forgotten by those who heard it. I know my mother is shining among the redeemed in that bright world, where the inhabitants are free from disease and death. Mother, I will never forget thee. Thy memory is sweet. "Peace to thy ashes."

"My mother! O my mother! thoughts of thee
Come o'er my spirit like the dews of heaven
Upon the fading flowers. Best beloved of all,
The dear departed! To thy child thine image
Rises in thy mournful sweetness
And touching beauty fading from the earth.
I hear thy voice as when I knelt before thee,
And thou didst lay thy hand upon my head,
And raise thy tearful eye to heaven in prayer
To Him who, though the mother leave her child,
Will not forsake the orphan. Thy full
Soul was poured in supplication, dying saint.
Wert thou not here? Surely thou wert. By Him
Who, loving thee, hath called thee to himself!
Surely thou wert; even now that voice of prayer
Is floating round me, breathing hope and peace.
Thy God has been my God, thy trust my trust;
His goodness faileth not. O may he grant
That yet the mother, with her children, may
Bow to worship Him, the merciful, the
Good, the faithful friend of sinners,
In that bright temple where no tone of sorrow
Is mingling in the rapturous burst of praise!"

In the month of March I was called to preach the funeral sermon of Doctor Bragdon, a son-in-law of the

late Rev. John Collins, the particulars of which are related in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

FUNERAL SERMON OF E. BRAGDON, M. D.

EARLY in the spring a messenger called upon me to attend the funeral of Dr. E. Bragdon, son-in-law of the late venerable John Collins, of the Ohio conference. The residence of the deceased was about eleven miles distant from the city, on the east side of the Little Miami river. The burial was to take place at Salem Chapel, in what is called the M'Cormick settlement. The corpse was to be brought to the church, and the funeral service to take place at 11 o'clock, A. M. As I had received notice on Friday, I had all the time which I desired to make the necessary preparation. I selected a text and took the greater part of Saturday in studying and arranging my funeral discourse. From the character of Doctor Bragdon, and his connection with the family of father Collins, and the funeral to take place on the Sabbath in the country, I knew would bring together a very large concourse of people. I felt it to be my imperative duty to go well prepared, so as to make the occasion one of profit to all who might attend.

A carriage was to call for me early on Sabbath morning and convey me to the place appointed for the services. I spent a restless, feverish night; an unusual sense of my responsibility rested heavily upon my soul. The morning dawned, and after an early breakfast I started to the funeral. We soon reached the place in safety and stopped at the house of brother John Mears, contiguous to the church. My mind was very much occupied in study-

ing the sermon which I had prepared, till about an hour before the time fixed upon for the services, when a stranger came into the room and inquired if the messenger who went to the city to invite me to preach the sermon gave me the *text.* I replied, "No, what do you mean? I am at a loss to understand you." He explained by remarking, that a few moments before the Doctor died he asked his wife to bring him the New Testament, and he would show her the passage of Scripture from which he desired his funeral sermon should be preached. I told him I had heard nothing about it, and asked him if he would please tell me where it was. He remarked that he thought he could find the chapter, but did not know what verse. I looked over the one he showed me, but could not discover any thing from which I had ever preached or thought I could preach. No language could ever describe my perturbation of mind at this unexpected intelligence. I made inquiry of the family and of all who came in, but none could give me the text.

From the first announcement, however, I felt satisfied in my own mind that it was not the one I had been studying with so much care the day and night previous. Time passed away apparently as quick as thought, till at length it was announced that the procession was in sight, and would arrive in about thirty minutes, at which time a gentleman came in, who informed me where the text was to be found, and the wish of the deceased and his friends that I should preach from that one and nothing else. He seemed to be greatly surprised that the "messenger" sent to the city did not give me this intelligence on Friday evening. The dilemma into which I was brought can be better imagined than described. I had never preached from the text, and had now no time to make any preparation. Not to preach from it would be a great disappointment to the friends of the deceased.

To say to the congregation that I had no time to prepare, and, therefore, must speak from the one I had previously selected, would be an *acknowledgment* that a Methodist minister never was willing to make. To take the text and preach without any "preparation," and fail to meet the wishes of the people, would also be very humiliating. I walked the floor in a state of deep mental agony. As I had no time for study, I resolved to go into the next room and spend the remainder of the time in prayer for Divine direction and assistance. I closed the door with the Bible in my hand and the text selected by the dying man before my eyes. I fell upon my knees and wept and cried to God for help in this the time of need. Then to my great relief I thought of a dream which I had on the previous night, which made such a deep impression on my mind, but in the excitement of the funeral occasion had been entirely lost sight of. As soon as it came to my mind, I said, "That is just what I wanted. I will throw myself off into the stream and trust to God." I ceased to pray, and arose from my knees and said, "That is it, my blessed Master; I will trust and not be afraid."

My dream was as follows: I thought I had started on a journey in company with others. We traveled on together pleasantly for some time without meeting with any obstruction, when, on a sudden, we came in contact with a rapid stream, which looked turbid and very angry. We were informed the water was too deep to cross at the regular ford, and to attempt it would be a forfeiture of our lives. I replied, "I am obliged to go over this stream, yea, I am obliged to cross it now." I then looked up and down the stream to see if there was any place that I might cross with more safety. At length I discovered a tree which seemed to project almost to the other shore. I told my companions I would go down and cross there. They laughed me to scorn, and said it was impossible. I

then told them the second time I must cross the stream, and I could but try. I went to the place, removed my boots, and walked with great caution out on the log. It was very slippery, and I found it very difficult to stand upon my feet. At length I arrived at the end of the trunk, and found it did not reach the shore by some twenty or thirty feet. I looked into the stream before me. The dark waters rolled swiftly by, threatening to devour me. But I was calm and undismayed, and said in an audible voice, "Now, Lord, I have done all that I can; I am obliged to cross this stream; I will, therefore, throw myself into the current and trust in thine almighty arm to bring me in safety to the other shore." And suiting the action to the words I leaped into the dashing billows. To my great joy, when my feet touched the water, it was as clear as crystal, and only apparently about eighteen inches deep. I threw up my hands and clapped them for joy, and exclaimed, "I am safe! I am safe! O is not this delightful!" The water was so refreshing I walked up the stream some distance before I went to the shore on the other side. When I ascended to the top of the bank I looked back into the stream—the dark rolling flood had entirely disappeared and I discovered a great number of fishes thrown out upon its shores.

This was my dream, and when it came to my mind again I discovered the hand of God in it all. I soon made a division of the text and started for the church to meet the funeral procession. As I walked along the tempter came to me and said, "What! presumptuous man, are you going to preach from that text, inexperienced as you are, and before such an intelligent congregation, without a timely preparation?" I promptly responded, "Yes! Get behind me thou 'accuser of the brethren.' I will this day 'throw myself off into the

stream and trust in God.' This is a time of need, and man's extremity is God's opportunity. I know God will not forsake me; for it is written, 'It shall be given you in that hour what ye shall speak.'"

The death of Doctor B. was universally regretted. He was greatly beloved by his friends and neighbors. For many years he had been in sentiment a Universalist, and had been very industrious to persuade others to embrace the same dangerous heresy; but about five years previous to his decease he was "recovered out of the snare" of the devil and soundly converted to God, at a Methodist camp meeting. After his conversion he tried in every possible way, both in private and public, to undo the evil tendency of his example and counteract, as far as he could, the influence of his erroneous teachings. His death was calm and peaceful, and he made the selection of the text for his funeral sermon with reference to his former life and the wonderful mercy of God in his salvation. These facts were generally known, and it had attracted many to the house of God that seldom attended Indeed, I was afterward informed that there were some persons present on that occasion who had not heard a Gospel sermon for ten years before. After singing and prayer I arose and announced the text, which was as follows: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." 1 Timothy i, 15. I remember that I commenced by simply remarking, that I had no doubt but that I would have the attention, prayers, and sympathy of the people of God, and perhaps of the whole congregation, when I informed them the text was one from which I had never preached, and that I now stood before them without any previous preparation, having learned only about twenty-five or thirty minutes since that I was expected to preach from these beautiful words;

but as the cold remains of him who had made this appropriate selection now lay before me in the altar, I would try to comply with his last dying request in the best way and manner that I could. I proceeded to speak of the worthiness of this salvation, and offered many reasons why we should all accept it. I had spoken but a few minutes when I began to feel the power of the Most High to overshadow me in a most wonderful manner. What I said after this, or the peculiar manner in which I said it, I have no recollection, but the spirit of awakening power seized the impenitent, and there was an extraordinary "shaking among the dry bones" in the congregation. The voice of Him who once said, "Young man, I say unto thee, arise!" was now speaking through his word to the hearts of sinners with convincing energy. Tears and sighs filled the house. I then exhorted all present to accept of this salvation before the "Master should rise up and shut to the door," and closed by expressing the hope that every one of us, when called to die, might be able to select this portion of the word of God as applicable to our own case—"to save sinners, of whom I am chief," or sing, as did Mr. Wesley,

"I the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me."

The services closed by singing, as the corpse was carried out of the church for interment,

"Why do we mourn for dying friends,
Or shake at death's alarms?
'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends
To call them to his arms."

The day on which I preached that sermon was the regular appointment of the circuit preacher. On hearing of the funeral he sent word that he would not be present, but would preach at some other place that day, and

requested that I should give out an appointment for him in the same church on the following Monday evening. On coming to his appointment he found an unusually large congregation in attendance, and great solemnity rested on every face. He preached with much liberty and power, and felt constrained by the Spirit to invite seekers of religion to come to the altar for prayers. To his great surprise some twenty or thirty rushed to the altar of prayer. Many were converted on that evening, and the meeting was protracted for a number of days. The following extract from a letter I received shortly after the beginning of this meeting, will throw some light upon this interesting subject:

"March 27, 1840.

"Dear Brother Gaddis,—Allow me to say, without any design to flatter, that God, in infinite goodness and mercy, has deigned to pour out his Spirit on M'Cormick's settlement, in Salem Chapel. Those dry and sterile lands of Zion have been refreshed by glorious showers of heavenly rain; and this joyful reformation was brought about by your energetic preaching. You will remember that on last Sunday week, you preached for them at Salem Chapel a funeral discourse on the death of Doctor Bragdon. Since that time the whole country round about appears to have been awakened from their lethargy and sin. The farmers leave their plows and fields of labor, and flock to the house of the Lord. They keep up meeting almost every night, and sometimes during the day. About twenty have united with the Church. But I will not give you the particulars of the meeting. You must make haste and come down, and go and see for yourself. We received the glad intelligence to-day from a gentleman who came directly from the meeting. The people out there have sent special word for you to come and help them immediately."

This letter, which contained many more words of kindness, reached me some fifty miles distant, while on a visit among my friends; but I soon bade them all adieu, and retraced my footsteps to the scene of battle. I reached there on Thursday night, and found the work still progressing. Father Collins was there, to work and rejoice. I tried to preach as best I could, and when I saw the grace of God I was glad. O, how it rejoiced my heart to learn that many of the new converts dated their awakening from my feeble, unstudied sermon at the funeral of Doctor Bragdon.

About sixty were converted before the meeting closed, and many of them added to the visible Church. As I stood in their midst I thought I could clearly discern the overruling hand of God in all the circumstances connected with the death and funeral services of that child of God, whose cold remains were sleeping near the church, but whose voice was still sounding in the ears of the living, "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." And as we rejoiced over the young convert and tasted of the "healing waters of life," I cried out, as I did in my dream, when standing in the stream, "O, is this not delightful!" the number of converts a fit representation of the fishes discovered along the shore after the dark waters had all rolled by. Be this as it may, the circumstances, taken altogether, made an impression on my mind that time will never efface.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

MAFFITT'S LETTERS—A VISIT TO BALTIMORE.

Rev. John Newland Maffitt, after laboring with us for more than two months, left us, to preach for a little season at Maysville, Kentucky. God signally blessed his ministry, and many were converted. The two following letters, so characteristic of his warm and generous heart, will, no doubt, be read with interest by his admirers:

"Maysville, Kentucky, Thursday.

"My Beloved Brother,—The battle goes on bravely; over fifty have joined since my arrival, and a great excitement prevails in the city. The Mayor and many of the first citizens have come out on the Lord's side, and joined our Church. Halleluiah! I rejoice that you are not giving one inch of ground to the enemy; I hope you never will. Every thing depends upon the steady and onward movement of Immanuel's army. I think of you frequently, and I hope you will be greatly successful in pushing the battle to the gate and beyond it. We know not what we can do till we attempt it; we lose much by *fearing* to attempt. Set your mark high; no matter if men laugh at your daring, you will not fall far short of it. Much land lies beyond, and it should be all taken for the Lord. I owe much to you and brother Sehon. I have not much in *like* to pay the debt, but what I have I give you with a willing heart and open hand. I wish you to write to me frequently and fully; it would give me great pleasure to hear from you. Give my love to all my dear friends, especially brother Sharp and the *Hoppers*. Tell father Walls there is a letter in

the post-office for him. Father Collins is in a blaze of glory! Pray for us. DRIVE THE BATTLE! Halleluiah!

"Your own, dearly in Jesus,

"J. N. MAFFITT."

"MAYSVILLE, Feb. 17, ——.

"MY BELOVED G.,—Your kind, affectionate, and interesting epistle, just received, is before me. I thank you for the expressions of your deep regard, and duly reciprocate them, with any addition you may please to make. I feel, as you know we Irishmen always do, when *love* is the subject, half crazy. Now, I love brother Gaddis just as much as I ought to love any man, perhaps a little '*bit*' more. Your last I answered *instanter*, and wondered at receiving no reply.

"Now, as it regards my return, it will be but for a day or two. I believe my work to be done in Cincinnati; and as you have got along so triumphantly, so *well* without me—for which I am more than glad—you will, of course, need me no more in the battle. There are other portions of the vineyard barren and need tilling, and to those the old laborer must go. I am very *sad-hearted*, though I have been sustained *here* and *blest* beyond all precedent. Nearly *three hundred* have joined, among them the first as well as the hardest cases in the city. At present I can not leave. It would be a dangerous expedient, as the 'camels' are not *coming*, but have *come*, and there is trouble in the camp. WATER! *water!* is their cry, and there is danger that they will put out the *fire*.

"I think I will be in Cincinnati next week, but not to stay. I wrote to brother Sehon last week, and before; but I do not blame him now for not answering my letters. I know he is worn out in the battle. God bless and prosper you both! is my constant prayer. Write me

again. You must not expect me to remain in Cincinnati; it will not do, much as I love my friends. I must take my staff and travel on.

"Your own brother in Jesus,

"JNO. N. MAFFITT."

With the opening of spring my health was very poor. After advising with my friends, I resolved to go east, and visit an uncle at Frankford, Pennsylvania, and my eldest brother, who resided in the state of Delaware. I find the following brief record in my journal when under way:

STEAM-BOAT WILLIAM PENN, April 7, 1840.

This day five years ago I buried my dear father, and, on the tenth day of last October, my affectionate mother. Surely, "I am the man that hath seen affliction by the rod of his wrath." But, O, how sweet the thought that these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, worketh out for me a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory! Farewell, for a season, to the Queen of the West!"

Nothing worthy of note occurred till after we passed Hollidaysburg. While moving slowly along the canal, on Saturday, the Rev. L. L. H., with whom I was traveling, inquired of the captain if we would be able to reach Harrisburg before the Sabbath. He answered, "No." "Well, then," said brother H, "you may put me, and my wife, and brother Gaddis out at some little town on Saturday evening; for we have all made up our minds not to travel on the Sabbath day." The captain replied he was sorry that we had concluded to leave him. "I will give you the privilege," said he, "of praying and preaching as often as you please, if you will not leave my boat." Brother H. replied, "I will gladly comply, provided you will tie up your packet, and let your work-

hands and horses rest on God's holy day." "Well, sir," continued our gentlemanly captain, "my employers will not allow me to do so, or I would gladly comply with your conditions, in order to have the pleasure of hearing you preach." Here the conversation ended. Late on Saturday evening a heavy rain-storm passed over us, and we could not go ashore; but, early on Sabbath morning, we came in sight of a lovely village on the waters of the Juniata. Here we landed, and took up lodgings at a hotel near the bridge. Immediately after breakfast I went out to hunt for a Methodist church, or some place of preaching. It was not long till I found a Methodist brother, who cheerfully invited us to occupy their pulpit as often as we wished, and he would invite the citizens to attend. The news soon spread rapidly that brother H., one of the delegates to the General conference, at Baltimore, and editor of the Ladies' Repository, would preach in the Methodist Episcopal church at 11 o'clock, A. M. The house was crowded in the morning, and also at 3 o'clock, P. M., and at night. Brother H. preached twice, and also attended the funeral of a child. I tried to preach once during the day. I have no doubt we sowed some "good seed" on that day, that may be "gathered many days hence." It was a happy and peaceful day to my soul.

I will here state, for the encouragement of all who desire to "sanctify the Sabbath day, and keep it holy," that, about daylight the next morning, we got on board another swift passenger-packet, and reached Harrisburg in time to take the same train of cars in company with our fellow-passengers who had *traveled on the Sabbath day*. I spent the next Sabbath in Frankford, Pennsylvania, with my uncle, David Frazier. I preached for brother T., in the Methodist Episcopal church, at 11 o'clock, A. M. I had a good time. I reached the house

of my brother Robert, in Delaware, April 26, 1840. I had not seen him for more than TWENTY-FIVE years. I was quite a small child when he left home. My feelings on meeting him were indescribable; I was so overpowered that I was compelled to leave the room. As soon as I returned, and my brother acquired his self-possession, he remarked, "Our father and mother are both dead;" and then lifted up his voice and wept aloud, saying, "Would to God I could have been permitted to see them again, especially my dear mother, who suffered so much in mind during my term of service in the war with Great Britain! The will of the Lord be done; I will try and meet them in heaven!" I was deeply affected by the recital of his sufferings and privations during his five years' term of service in the army of the United States.

The following brief extract, from my journal, will show the state of my mind at this period:

GREEN-HILL COTTAGE, state of Delaware, April 29, 1840.

I am now at the residence of my eldest brother, Robert, who joined the army of the United States on the 13th of August, 1812, and served as a private in Captain M. Swett's company of the United States corps of artillery for two years, and three years in a company of United States light-dragoons. When he left home, twenty-eight years ago, he was young and sprightly, now a venerable and gray-headed man. He is a member of the Presbyterian Church.

I am now, as oftentimes before, a wonder to myself; my past history a strange and checkered one; but God has led me again into a plain path by his "*rod.*" I thrive best under affliction; I feel that I am now growing in grace. I do not regret that, on the fifth day of last December, I made a solemn dedication, a record with my own hand, of soul and body to His service, which, to

me, has ever since been *perfect freedom.* This day *I feel that God is love.* I live by faith. Every moment, Lord, I need the merit of thy death. O, may I always walk in "newness of life!" Then to "die will be gain." Health continues poor, but hope my journey will prove beneficial.

I arrived in Baltimore on the eighth day of May, and was kindly entertained, during my sojourn of more than three weeks, in the family of W. James Dallam, Esq., a brother-in-law of the late Bishop Henshaw, and a son of Dr. Dallam, of Harford. I preached once in Light-Street Methodist Episcopal Church. My last Sabbath I spent in old Harford, with the relatives of my good host. While there I attended meeting at what is called the "*old log meeting-house,*" venerable alike for its antiquity and early association with the fathers of Methodism in Maryland. Rev. Prettyman preached for us. I preached in the woods to a large concourse of people, near what is called Garrettson's meeting-house, and in sight of the place where the Rev. Freeborn Garrettson was born. I shall never forget that occasion. I felt strong in the Lord, and the "power of his might." Mr. Dallam, in writing to me, some time afterward, remarked, "I have paid frequent visits to Harford since I saw you. On one occasion I attended a meeting at '*Garrettson's meeting-house.*' We assembled in the 'grand old woods.' Rev. Mr. Prettyman was the preacher on that occasion. I took my seat on the *same bench, and kneeled on the same spot* that I did on that *memorable occasion* when you preached. You may imagine how forcibly *yourself* and the *occurrences* of that day were brought to my mind. While the preacher addressed us on the subject of 'FAITH AND HOLINESS,' I felt peculiarly solemn, and a love for all mankind. The sermon was plain and evangelical. The minister was ZEALOUS, and I have no doubt deeply

felt the importance of his subject, and desirous to impress it upon the hearts of his hearers. I was at Dr. Dallam's a few days ago; himself and family enjoy good health, and desirous to be remembered to you. I am glad to learn that you are in better health and spirits than when you left us. I am also pleased to find that your visit to our city was gratifying, and hope you will be induced to repeat it ere long. I can assure you that your friends here will give you a hearty welcome, and none more sincere and cordial than your humble servant.

"With my best wishes for your health and happiness, I remain, your friend,

"W. JAMES DALLAM.

"*Baltimore, August* 20, 1840."

I was present at the great Whig convention that nominated General William Henry Harrison for President. It was the largest concourse of people that I have ever seen. The procession was the most grand and imposing of any thing ever known in America. The next Sabbath after the convention, I heard the Rev. Dr. Newton preach, in Monument Square, to more than *ten thousand* persons. It was a powerful sermon.

On my return I visited Philadelphia, and preached once at Fourth-street for Dr. Kenneday, and the next Sabbath night at Saint Paul's. I also spent a Sabbath at Pittsburg, and preached once. These efforts, together with the fatigue of traveling, robbed me of all my *little stock* of strength. While at Baltimore I made the acquaintance of the Rev. W. M. D., of the Indiana conference. Like myself, he was traveling for the purpose of recruiting his health. He seemed to enter into my feelings, and we spent many happy hours together. He suffered long before he was able to enter the effective ranks again. The following extract from one of his letters reveals how graciously God sustained

him in the time of need. He now occupies a commanding position in the "Hoosier" state, as President of the Indiana State University, and is highly esteemed for his indefatigable labors.

"COTTAGER'S GLEN, July 10, 1840.

"MY DEAR BROTHER GADDIS,—I know you will think, by this time, that I have forgotten you, because I have so long delayed writing you according to promise; but you will excuse me when I tell you that I have been confined to my bed almost ever since I arrived in the west. This, together with the affliction of my mother and father, has prevented me from writing till now. My mother is much better, but my father much worse; he is evidently near his grave with a decay, or consumption. My health is some better; I am not now spitting blood, but I am spitting a dark-colored clotted matter that I can not well describe. I think the result of my present affliction very far from being decided. I have determined to spend the remaining part of the summer here, with my afflicted parents, in the country, and do what I can for the improvement of my health.

"I am now well prepared to enjoy solitude—two miles and a half from town, in a pleasant dale. Here we have few visitors, save the butterfly, the humming-bird, and the honey-bee. To be sure, the summer zephyr, a familiar friend in every part of the land, is hourly passing by, and I am often ready to listen, to hear him whisper some kind message in my ear from some one of my many kind friends, scattered abroad through the land; but he tarries not—passes swiftly by, gently kissing the flowers in the vale, and then saluting the rustling corn on the plain. But stop; this is too romantic for me while suffering so much of that which is *real*.

"This, to me, is a time for serious reflection, as I con-

sider myself far from being out of danger. I feel resigned to live or die.

'O, what is death? Tis life's last shore,
Where vanities are vain no more;
Where all pursuits their goal obtain,
And life is all retouched again.'

I am glad that my life has been spent in the *toils, labors,* and *pleasures* of a Methodist preacher's work. I ask no happier portion than a lot with Methodist preachers in this life, and an inheritance on the fields of bright glory. With them I have been identified from my sixteenth year, and feel that I love them better than any other set of men on earth. I know I am unworthy, but trust, through grace, I have done some good in the service of the Church. I have only to regret that I have not been more careful of my health, and that I have not lived more holy; but

'Jesus' blood avails for me.'

My brother, pray for me; prayer is my medicine. I expect to remain here till the first of September, then leave for conference if I am able to travel. Should my health improve sufficiently, I may visit Cincinnati before my return. Remember me affectionately to all the preachers of my acquaintance in your city. Greet them all by name.

"In deep affliction, I am your most affectionate and truly-devoted brother in Christ."

CHAPTER XL.

WESLEY CHAPEL—CLOSE OF MY FIRST YEAR.

Cincinnati, Wesley Chapel, September 17, 1840.—During the past summer my health has been very poor;

I can not conceal it that my constitution is shattered by the tormenting disease which has followed me for years—"dyspepsia," with all its *horrors.* At the close of our late camp meeting at Duck creek I was violently attacked with intermittent fever. I was soon brought to the verge of the grave. But it hath pleased almighty God in infinite goodness to restore me so far that I am now able to ride out and visit my friends. I am not well enough to resume my duties in the pulpit, but, by the blessing of God, I hope I will soon be able to preach the "Lamb for sinners slain." I hope in God I shall be more successful than ever in spreading the news of a *full and free* salvation wherever God in his providence may appoint my field of labor. During my late tour I have enjoyed almost uninterrupted peace and strong confidence in God, my heavenly Father, whose chastisements I have so richly deserved. I know that, in *faithfulness to my soul,* he has often used the *"rod;"* by this means I have been driven nearer to my Savior's bleeding side. O, how sweet the thought, "these light afflictions, which are but for a moment, worketh out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory!" The past conference year has been fraught with blessings and ladened down with goodness, yet to me it has been a year of deep *afflictions, trials, bereavements,* and *sore temptations.* How true it is that severe temptations oftentimes follow *great blessings!* It was immediately after "supper" that the disciples were called to a great *"trial* of faith." During this past year I have also witnessed the greatest revival of religion that I have ever seen since I entered the ministry. In the midst of it I have often felt like exclaiming, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

At one of our quarterly meetings brother Sehon and

myself "read into full connection" over *five hundred*, a larger number, perhaps, than was ever received into full membership at any one time in America. To God be all the glory! Amen. May they all prove faithful, and may I meet them in heaven!

September 23, 1840.—My colleague, Rev. E. W. Sehon, preached his farewell sermon on yesterday, from these appropriate words, "And yet there is room." It was an eloquent and powerful discourse. Many hearts were deeply affected under the word. We are to start for conference at Zanesville in a few days. In the afternoon I attended communion at the Third Presbyterian Church, of which Rev. Thornton W. Mills is pastor. I enjoyed myself very well. Three young converts were admitted, the eldest of whom was not more than twelve years of age. They were the fruits of the well-directed efforts of the pastor in the Sabbath school. This is a prosperous, growing society—they have much of the spirit of "*brotherly love.*"

I feel, within the last few days, that God is reviving his work in my soul. "The gift *within me* is stirred up." I feel a burning desire to be once more able to lift up the standard of the cross. "Praise the Lord, O my soul!" I think I will soon be restored so as to enable me to speak in his name to poor sinners, who are wandering upon the dark mountains and stumbling into the gulf of perdition.

"O, for a trumpet's voice
On all the world to call,
To bid their hearts rejoice
In Him who died for all!"

Zanesville, Ohio, Sabbath night, October 4, 1840.—I have just returned from Church, and before I retire to rest I wish to record the goodness of God to my soul this day. At eleven o'clock I had the privilege of hear-

ing Bishop Soule preach an able discourse, from, "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." At three o'clock, P. M., our presiding Bishop, Rev. Elijah Hedding, addressed us, from Acts xx, 28, "Take heed, then, unto yourselves and to all the flock, over the which the Holy Ghost hath made you overseers, to feed the Church of God, which he hath purchased with his own blood." The following is the plan of his sermon:

I. The Church of God, "styled the flock."

II. The duty of those who have the oversight—"Take heed *to yourselves*, and *'feed'* the flock."

III. The motive by which this duty is enforced—"Purchased with his own blood."

This, the Bishop said, was

1. An unexpected purchase.
2. An undeserved purchase.
3. Universal—"The whole world."
4. Timely.
5. Costly—"Purchased with his own blood."

The sermon was the most plain, appropriate, and effective discourse that I ever heard on such an occasion. At the close of the service I was, with a number of others, ordained to elders' orders by Bishop Hedding. O, may I never forget the solemn promise which I made this day, "To do the work of an evangelist!" God grant that I may make full proof of my ministry, and finish my course with joy! Amen.

I was returned to Wesley Chapel with Rev. E. W. Sehon and Rev. Isaac Ebbert, D. D. Brother Sehon was a very popular and successful minister of Jesus Christ, and treated me with great kindness. Brother Ebbert was a "true yoke-fellow," fresh from the academic groves of Augusta. It was his first year in the Ohio conference. He was well received by the people gen-

erally, and we had another year of peace and prosperity Wesley Chapel, or the Eastern charge, as it was then called, was at this period the mammoth depot of Methodism for the Queen City. In the early part of the summer of 1841 the membership, including probationers, was over *one thousand.* At the close of that year, after deducting all the removals and deaths, we reported to conference *nine hundred and twenty members.*

CHAPTER XLI.

WESLEY CHAPEL, SECOND YEAR.

My second year at Wesley Chapel was a happy and prosperous one. The following extracts from my journal will give the reader a history of my religious experience and labors. That I might grow in grace and usefulness I drew up the following resolutions:

January 1, 1841.—1. *Resolved,* By the grace of God assisting me, to be more holy during this year should my life be spared; more serious in my conversation, so that I may be an example to the flock "in word and doctrine."

2. *Resolved,* To use prayer and fasting, or abstinence, more frequently; to read the Bible through in regular order as soon as possible; to preach more frequently, and "not so *long* or *loud*"—holding up the Lord Jesus as a *present Savior from all sin;* to have prayers in every family that I am permitted to visit wherever it is practicable.

3. *Resolved,* To read every day, or, at least, once each week, the following dedication made of myself to God, December 5, 1839:

Half-past ten o'clock on this, the evening of the fifth day of December, year of our Lord one thousand eight

hundred and thirty-nine—I dedicate my soul and body anew, a living sacrifice unto God; and reckon myself indeed dead to sin and alive to God, through Jesus Christ our Lord, from this time henceforth and forever, living or dying, to be the Lord's.

"My life and blood I here present,
If for thy truth they may be spent."

MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

4. *Resolved*, To read the rules of Discipline as often as possible, so that I may be a *holy*, *humble*, and *useful* Methodist preacher.

January 2.—Since the commencement of the new year I have enjoyed much of the Divine presence—health much improved. God is reviving his work in our midst. Upward of sixty souls added to the Church and many happily converted. The Church is waking up and putting on "her beautiful garments." God is setting the captive free.

"Lo, the promise of a shower
Spreads o'er all the thirsty land."

We are looking up and praying that God would "pour the mighty flood." Yesterday was a day of peace to my soul. I felt joyful in the house of God and the classroom.

"O for a heart to praise my God!"

January 26.—Finished reading Doctor Peck on Christian Perfection. I found it a blessing to my soul. He sets forth this doctrine in a clear and striking manner in extracts from the writings of Clarke, Fletcher, Wesley, and others. Lord grant that this doctrine may prevail in all the Churches of the saints!

January 28.—Last night I listened to an interesting sermon in our Church from Professor B., from Job xxxiii, 27, 28.

I. The true character of sin—the *perversion* of that which is right, etc.

II. The nature of true repentance—"I have sinned."

III. The intimate connection between them and eternal life—"he will deliver his soul from the pit"—the pit represents sin and its consequences. "And he shall see the light."

It was a plain, searching, evangelical sermon. Several were converted before the meeting closed. Yesterday was a day of peace and holy joy to my soul, especially in the class-room.

Friday morning.—This being the day set apart for "fasting and prayer" previous to our second quarterly meeting, I wish to get near the mercy-seat and hold communion with God. Blessed be his holy name, my peace flows like the beautiful, placid river. I feel that Christ Jesus is *all and in all.* Yesterday I had a sore trial—a severe conflict with the devil, who sometimes comes like a "roaring lion," but more frequently clothed as beautifully as "an angel of light." God was my "*refuge and strong tower.*"

Wednesday, February 3.—Last Sabbath I preached at Asbury on "presumptuous sins and secret faults." God was in our midst. On Sunday night Rev. Isaac Ebbert preached at Wesley from, "Sing unto the Lord." Several were converted and fourteen joined the Church. Our love-feast on Monday night was one of unusual interest. The speaking was very good and the power of God at times signally manifested. God is carrying on his work in our city and many are turning to the Lord. The work, as yet, is confined to the Methodist Episcopal Churches. O that it might soon spread into every Church throughout the entire city! This morning I arose at 5 o'clock, and found my mind calm and peaceful. Glory to God for the Christian religion!

March 2.—Spent last week in the country at Goshen. Preached once and exhorted several times during their quarterly meeting, and delivered a lecture in the public school to the teachers and children. Enjoyed myself pretty well. Since my return I have experienced some very sore trials. I have been much harassed with the temptations of the devil. Thank God, I feel some better this morning! O Lord, bring me forth to the light, and cause me to rejoice all the day long with "exceeding great joy!" I feel the necessity of "a closer walk with God." My fondness for "creature good" has been too great. Lord, wean off my heart from the perishing things of this uncertain and fleeting world! This afternoon the female class, of which I am leader, meets at brother William Neff's. Lord, meet with us and fill our hearts with the spirit of rejoicing! For the last few days the weather has been delightful. The singing of birds has again returned—God is about to renew the face of nature. O that the buds and blossoms of grace may fully appear in my poor heart as the sure presage of the matured fruit!

"My earth thou waterest from on high,
O make it all a pool!
Spring up, O well, I ever cry;
Spring up within my soul."

March 5, 1841.—Weather cold and cloudy. During the past day I have enjoyed much peace and strong consolation in drawing nigh to God. The power of the adversary is broken; my soul is escaped as the bird out of the snare of the fowler. Glory be to God for his unbounded loving-kindness manifested to his poor servant! "What shall I render to the Lord God for all his mercies!" "My heart is fixed" to do his will. Lord, what wilt thou have me to do? "Here I am, send me." *Only* make me useful; I care not where I am so thou *art glori-*

fied. I have commenced reading the travels of the late lamented Dr. Fisk. I find them very interesting. The description of his seasickness is very amusing. No wonder he desired never to cross the ocean but once more, to return to the bosom of his friends in America God permitted him to return, since which time he has performed a "*pleasant voyage*" to the regions of immortality, and is now safely moored in the harbor of glory, no more to be "tossed on life's tempestuous sea." God grant that, like him, I may "win the well-fought day," and enter that haven at last,

"Where all the ship's company meet,
Who have sailed with the Savior below!"

March 16, 1841.—Weather continues changeable, cold, and blustering. I have experienced much of the goodness of the Lord within the last ten days. God is the "refuge" of my soul. The devil roars and seeks still to devour me, but it is all in vain. Greater is he that is for me than all they that can be against me.

"Sin, earth, and hell I now defy—
I lean upon my Savior's breast."

In regard to some things I still "walk in darkness and have no light," and, at times, I feel disquieted, wondering why it is that God deals thus toward me. But from a review of all the past I feel to sink down into *all* his blessed will, and

"Give to the winds my fears,"

believing it shall all work together for my good,

"When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused my needless fear."

On last Wednesday night I had a good time at Wesley Chapel while trying to enforce the exhortation of Christ to his disciples, "Watch ye, therefore, and pray always,

that ye may be accounted worthy to escape all these things, and to stand before the Son of man." On Sunday evening last I preached from Isaiah xli, 21. While charging objectors to "bring forth their strong reasons," the power of God appeared to rest upon the thousands present, who listened with profound attention. If good was done, to God be all the glory!

> "For this let men revile my name,
> No cross I shun, I fear no shame;
> All hail, reproach! and welcome pain,
> Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain."

Urbana, Champaign county, March 27, 1841.—Left Cincinnati on last Thursday morning in the mail-coach, and passed through Lebanon, Dayton, and Springfield. I am now comfortably entertained at the house of my old and well-tried friend, Rev. William B. Christie, who is the present stationed minister in this place. Brother Christie is in very poor health—not able to labor much. I came here to assist him for a few weeks. I feel that I am under great obligations to him. I traveled in his district for four years. God has been graciously reviving his work among the people of his charge. Many have been converted already and over one hundred added to the Church, and I hope many more may be added during my stay. I feel more and more like giving myself up wholly to the work of the ministry.

March 30.—While preaching here, on last Sabbath at 11, A. M., I had great liberty and boldness of speech. It was a time of general weeping and rejoicing. Upward of thirty were baptized at the close of service, mostly young men and women. Up to the present time one hundred and twenty-four have been added to the Church, many of whom are promising young men. Addressed the Sunday school at 3 o'clock, P. M., and felt so wearied that I did not go out to Church in the evening

April 10.—Revival still in progress. Brother Christie not able to be with us. We have had several interesting meetings of late. Fifteen more added to the fold, making *thirty-eight* in all since my arrival. On yesterday I addressed a large congregation for more than one hour. If good was done, to God be all the glory! The weather changes nearly every twenty-four hours. This is a lovely town, and one of the best Methodist Episcopal Churches that I have seen since I left Cincinnati. I am much in love with the whole community. An incident occurred last week that is worthy of record. A young gentleman, who had been absent from home on a visit to the west, returned recently. On meeting with some of his young associates, he soon found out that they had united with the Church and professed conversion. He then left them and went to visit another family of his acquaintance; but what was his surprise, as soon as he was seated and the usual greetings over, the young ladies introduced the subject of religion and informed him that they had all joined the Church! He was struck dumb and felt more disappointed than ever. In a short time he departed and started up into town to see an old comrade and intimate associate. But imagine his chagrin on meeting with him! Mr. T. remarked, "Well, W. H., we are almost broke up; we called over the roll last night and there were but seven left, but now that you have returned I suppose we will still number eight." They conversed only a short time and parted. The next night I had the pleasure of seeing Mr. T. and his friend W. H. both at the altar of prayer. They were converted shortly afterward, and both are now happy in the Methodist Episcopal Church, enjoying the evidence of pardon.

On my return to Cincinnati, my health was very poor till the close of the year.

AN AFFECTING SCENE.

THE LATE GENERAL HARRISON AMONG THE MOURNERS AT WESLEY CHAPEL.

In the midst of the mourners at Wesley Chapel I had the pleasure of meeting, every night for more than one week, the lamented President of the United States, the late Gen. William H. Harrison. I was struck with the deep interest he manifested in our altar exercises. He generally staid till a late hour, standing up during the singing, and in a lowly, kneeling posture in time of prayer for the penitents. On one occasion he spoke to me in the following deeply-affecting and interesting manner: "Brother Gaddis, I know there are some of my political opponents that will be ready to impugn my motives in attending this revival meeting at this peculiar time, but I care not for the smiles or frowns of my fellow-men. God knows my heart and understands my motives;" and then, laying his hand upon his breast, he exclaimed with much emotion and with a fervor that I shall never forget, "A deep and abiding sense of my inward spiritual necessities brings me to this hallowed place night after night." At the close of one of our meetings, while Rev. J. N. Maffitt was singing his favorite song, concluding with the chorus—

"To die on the field of battle
With glory in my soul,"

Gen. Harrison walked to the foot of the pulpit steps and reached out his hand, which was immediately grasped by brother M., while he continued to sing—

"Old soldier, travel on;
I'll meet you in bright glory.
To die on the field of battle," etc.

The effect was electrical. The audience simultaneously rose to their feet, while every eye was moistened with tears.

Another little incident, illustrative of the character of this great patriot and invincible warrior, occurred near the close of this same meeting. After the benediction had been pronounced, and we were all retiring from the house, while the lights were still burning dimly, the General accosted me as follows: "My dear sir, I have aught against you. You are not as friendly as the preachers generally have been, who have preceded you on North Bend circuit. You have been in our neighborhood two or three times, and yet you have never called to see me. Now, you know that when men get old they do not like to be neglected. I have always kept a 'prophet's chamber on the wall,' especially for the itinerants on North Bend circuit, and I often wonder why you do not call at my cabin." I replied, "General, you are mistaken in the person." He then gave me a second look, and said, "O, I beg pardon; I thought it was Mr. ——, the junior preacher on our circuit. Well, I hope you will give him my kind regards, and tell him I shall expect a visit from him soon."

THE FORCE OF TRUTH.

Early one Monday morning, while sitting in the old "preachers' office" at Wesley Chapel, I noticed a well-dressed woman passing very hurriedly through the outer gate. She instantly entered the office without waiting to knock at the door. My colleague, Rev. E. W. Sehon, D. D., was writing a letter in the "old arm-chair," near the book-case. The unceremonious lady-visitor went up before him and addressed him as follows: "Sir, why did you personate me in your sermon on yesterday morning?" My colleague arose, and in his usual happy manner requested her to be seated. Drawing her vail more closely over her face, she promptly refused, and continued to remark, "Sir, who informed you any thing concerning

me? How dare you address me personally, and expose my conduct in the public congregation?" "Madam," said brother S., "I perceive you are highly excited; do please take a seat, and I will give you any satisfaction in my power." "I am much obliged to you," was the reply. "I am not 'excited' any more than yourself. I have come here to demand of you your authority for making such remarks relative to my character and conduct as you made in your sermon on yesterday morning. I again repeat the question, Sir, who told you any thing about me, and how dare you personate me in your discourse?" My colleague then candidly informed her that he did not know who she was, and that he had no recollection of ever having seen her before. "Of course, madam, I was not personating you in my remarks on yesterday, as I did not know any thing about you." She then became more calm and took a seat. Brother S. then inquired if his explanation was satisfactory. She nodded assent, and rising, bowed herself very politely out into the street again. I thought of the woman "who went her way into the city, and said to the men, Come see a man which told me all things that I ever did; is not this the Christ?" My colleague assured me that he had preached a plain, practical, Gospel sermon on the occasion referred to. In this case we have a striking illustration of the power of the word of God, or the force of divine truth. St. James compares it to the "looking-glass," and St. Paul—in his address to the Hebrews, 4th chapter, 12th verse—declares that "the word of God is quick and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discerner of the thoughts and intents of the heart."

"Thy word, Almighty Lord,
Where'er it enters in,
Is sharper than a two-edged sword,
To slay the man of sin.

Thy word is power and life;
It bids confusion cease,
And changes envy, hatred, strife,
To love, and joy, and peace."

AN IMPOSTOR.

Some time during the great revival at Wesley Chapel I noticed a good-looking young man talking to the mourners in the altar. I went to him and inquired if he was a preacher. He replied that he was a local preacher, and had recently arrived in the city. I then invited him to call at the "preachers' office" in the morning. He was there at the time named. Brother Sehon requested him to produce his credentials. He then informed us that he had entirely forgotten them, they were in his saddle-bags at the City Hotel, and that he would bring them up the next morning. This was satisfactory to all present. That night he prayed *acceptably*, and labored a long time at the altar. The next morning he came up as he promised, but without his license. It was Saturday, and the Rev. A. Carroll, then stationed at M'Kendree Chapel in Fulton, invited him up there to preach the next Sabbath. He very cordially complied, but I understood he did not succeed well at sermonizing. On his return to the city he promised to write to Virginia, and get certificates of his Christian character and standing in society from Rev. John Early, D. D., now Bishop of the Church South; but this promise was never fulfilled. He brought up to our office, a few days after this, an old "exhorting license," signed by Rev. John Early. Brother Sehon told him to bring up his "*preaching license*" also, or else he would not allow him to preach again in any part of the city. The next Sabbath and the following week our young and gay deceiver spent at Fulton; during which time he had paid attention to rather an interesting young lady, and made proposals of marriage. On his return to the city

he often visited the sick, and I heard him pray once and weep at the bedside of a dying sinner, in a manner that made us all believe he was sincere. The next morning, on going to the preachers' office, I found a letter lying on the table, addressed to the pastors of Wesley Chapel—Rev. E. W. Sehon and Rev. M. P. Gaddis. The writer said he was an "*entire stranger*" to either of us, but for a week or more he had been attending the evening meetings at Wesley Chapel. He was pleased, yea, delighted with my colleague, and exceedingly pleased with Rev. John N. Maffit, and no less attached to the writer of this strange history; but he was benefited more by the conversation and warm-hearted exhortations of a "stranger" that occasionally talked to the mourners at the altar, than by us all. This led him to seek his acquaintance and to inquire where he was staying; and to his surprise, the Rev. Mr. Hardy—for that was the name of the impostor—told him that he was lodging at the City Hotel, on Main-street. The writer then closed by saying that he would think more highly of the *piety of professed Christians* in Cincinnati when they treated strangers more kindly; and also urged upon brother Sehon and myself to provide a home in some *good Methodist family* for the young minister now stopping at the hotel, who had labored in the altar so faithfully for a number of nights past. This was the substance of the whole letter. It looked a little suspicious. We said nothing to any one, but laid it carefully away in the drawer for future reference. When Mr. Hardy came up the next morning, brother S. told him that he should wait no longer for his credentials, and that he must go back and hunt for them and bring them immediately to the preachers' office. Mr. H. said he would do so, and took his departure. About eleven o'clock he returned with his "lost certificate," and handed it over to my colleague, and soon left us to visit a sick woman

near the head of Broadway. The reader will be astonished to learn that the ink was hardly dry in some places, and that it was written on the same kind of paper and with the same ink as the curious letter referred to above, which had been carefully preserved by us. We could no longer doubt his true character, and began to watch his movements carefully. We instructed a gentleman who lodged with him in the same room, to examine his papers the first opportunity. He did so, and found a number of forged letters and certificates. From this examination we learned that he most generally passed himself off for a Campbellite Baptist; but on coming to Cincinnati, he found that he might succeed better by passing for a Methodist preacher; hence the necessity of writing a new license to meet the emergency. The next day, on coming into the office, he told brother Sehon that he found a poor woman of our Church in need of some money, and that he had paid her five dollars. My colleague replied that the Female Benevolent Society should refund it to him immediately; but he objected, and professed to be much hurt by such a suggestion. He left our office soon afterward and went up to brother John Souders, on Fifth-street, and borrowed the sum of ten dollars; five of which he kept for himself, and the other five he paid over to the poor woman, of which he had spoken, and that night left for "parts unknown." I have not heard a word from him since the hour of his final leave-taking in so unceremonious a manner. A steamboat captain told me, a few months after he left, that this same young man came on board his boat at Memphis, Tennessee, with his saddle-bags on his arm, and told the captain that he was a Methodist traveling preacher in the interior of that state, and on his way to the river his horse had died, and that he was compelled to travel on foot and by stage a long distance. His money was nearly

all gone, and he desired to go to the city of Louisville to visit his friends. The sympathies of the noble-hearted officer of the boat were immediately aroused, and he proposed to give the *unfortunate minister (?)* a free passage as far as he desired to go. The boat, on her upward trip, was detained a long time by the ice in the river, and the captain lost a large amount in having to board the passengers longer than was anticipated. The passengers were a liberal and noble-hearted set of men, and resolved to raise a purse to indemnify the captain. All contributed something but Mr. Hardy. This led to an inquiry among his fellow-passengers as to the cause. On learning his destitute situation, another collection was taken up, amounting to more than one hundred and fifty dollars, for the young minister. All this was clear gain to him.

CHAPTER XLII.

WORTHINGTON FEMALE SEMINARY AND ASBURY ACADEMY.

In the fall of 1841 I was appointed Agent for the Worthington Female Seminary and Asbury Academy, at Parkersburg, in western Virginia. I entered upon my *new duties* with a firm trust in God, resolving to do the best I could. From "notes by the way" I extract the following:

Columbus, O., October 14, 1841.—The field of labor assigned me this year is as *new* as it was *unexpected.* My task at best is an unpleasant one. From what I have already experienced, I feel I shall need the grace of *patience.* By the grace of God, I have resolved *faithfully* to execute the responsible duties assigned me. Thus far I have succeeded better than

I anticipated. My religious enjoyments have not diminished by the discharge of my duties as an agent. In my present relation to the conference, I feel that I am doing the will of God. I am safe, in the order of Divine providence, "acting in all things not according to my own will, but as a son in the Gospel." Since conference I have preached once every Sabbath, and, in some places, twice, in addition to my duties as a "*begging agent*" during the week. God has not forsaken me in a strange land. I find the same warm-hearted, generous feeling in the north which I have so often experienced in the south part of our conference. On Sabbath last I heard a most excellent sermon from Bishop Waugh, and at night an eloquent and beautiful sermon from Rev. Thomas Sargent, of the Baltimore conference. Many will long remember his pleasing manner of address, and his urgent appeal, at the close, to the unconverted. In the love-feast, on last Monday night, we had "good measure, pressed down, shaken together, and running over." Brother J. M. Trimble, the pastor of the Church, arose to read his first "quarterly report," but was so overwhelmed with the Divine glory that he forgot it, and commenced clapping his hands, giving "glory to God." Upon recollecting himself, however, he remarked, by way of an apology, that he was of the opinion the best item of the report was, "they were all happy in the love of God!" to which brother Sehon responded, that he "had no doubt that report was *accepted* in heaven!" Amen.

After laboring several weeks for Worthington Female Seminary in Ohio, I returned to Cincinnati, and took passage on a steam-boat for Parkersburg, where I labored for more than two weeks in behalf of the Asbury Academy. The first Sabbath after my arrival, at the close of the morning sermon, I explained the nature of my

agency, and the object of my visit among them, to raise funds by subscription to build a new seminary adapted to the wants of our Church in western Virginia. I preached again in the evening, and on Monday morning, at ten o'clock, to all the schools and a large number of the citizens. In the mean time, I presented more fully the object of my mission, and during the first week obtained subscriptions varying from five to five hundred dollars, amounting in all to *thirty-six hundred dollars.*

The next Sabbath I tried to preach again, and on Monday morning resumed the work of soliciting subscriptions to the Asbury Academy. The young gentlemen and ladies in attendance at the academy subscribed the handsome sum of two hundred dollars. I received a number of liberal subscriptions from benevolent ladies of the town during the week, swelling my subscription list to about *four thousand five hundred dollars.* This was the most successful effort that I ever made in "begging money."

The next summer, at Charleston and Kanawha Salines, the subscription was increased to near *five thousand dollars.* I am sorry to record here that this money was never applied to the object for which it was subscribed. Through the influence of *one* member of the board of trustees, the time fixed for commencing the work was postponed. The next spring new difficulties arose, which resulted in the abandonment of this noble object. For the want of *resoluteness* in that board of trustees, the cause of male and female education has been greatly hindered in western Virginia.

I returned from Parkersburg, Virginia, to Portsmouth, in the latter part of December. I found the Church at this place enjoying "times of refreshing." The labors of brother R. S. Foster had been greatly blessed. He was absent at Maysville, Kentucky, on Sabbath. I

gladly tarried, and joined in their "battle-cry." The Spirit of the Lord was poured out upon us. I *"gleaned"* thirteen souls during the day, several of whom found peace in believing. Two hundred have been added to the Church at Portsmouth this year. I presented successfully the claims of Worthington, and reached Chillicothe late on the next Saturday night, after a cold, tedious trip by canal. At this place I witnessed a most remarkable outpouring of the Holy Spirit, as the following brief extracts will reveal:

Chillicothe, Ohio, January, 1842.—I arrived here late on Saturday night, and did not report myself till Sabbath morning. Rev. John Miley, who is now stationed here, received me kindly. I am deeply indebted to him for ministerial services long since rendered, some of which date back to the time that he was a student at Augusta College. I am glad of an opportunity to render him aid in "time of need." Yesterday, at eleven o'clock, A. M., I preached to a large audience with great liberty. God enlarged my soul and blessed the congregation. Brother Miley intends to protract the meeting. There are unmistakable signs of revival here. I was kindly entertained at the house of brother Jacob S. Atwood, Esq., during my stay at Chillicothe. I raised a considerable amount for the Worthington female school, and received many personal tokens of friendship during my stay. We held meeting every night and sometimes during the day. The work went steadily forward, gathering into the Church many of the best citizens of the place.

Chillicothe, Ohio, January 13, 1842.—*(At J. S. Atwood's.)*—Since my arrival at this place, I have witnessed another wonderful manifestation of the Divine power in awakening and converting sinners. I have had a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord

in my own soul. Up to this time—since my arrival—two hundred have been added to our Church, and more than one hundred have already professed to find peace in believing. The good work goes on without the least abatement. Brother Miley and myself are both now fully harnessed for the battle, and pull sweetly together like "true yoke-fellows." The Church comes up to the "help of the Lord" nobly. The old soldiers, such as Judge Thomas Orr and Judge M'Clintock, stand in the front ranks. The arm of the Lord is made bare at every coming together. The army of the "redeemed of the Lord," who have espoused the cause of Methodism in this city, are constrained to adopt the language of one of old: "The place is too strait for me; give place for me that I may dwell."

A committee has just been appointed to select a suitable site and make arrangements for the erection of another church edifice in the south-eastern part of the city. "O, Zion, arise and shine! Enlarge the place of thy tent, and let them stretch forth the curtains of thy habitations. Spare not; lengthen thy cords and strengthen thy stakes; for thou shalt break forth on the right hand and on the left." Methodism has a deep hold upon the affections of this community; it was planted in this beautiful and fertile valley at an early period by the veteran pioneers; it has become a goodly tree. Many of their sons and daughters now repose beneath its wide-spreading boughs. Judge Bonser and J. S. Atwood have united with us the last week. Glory to God! My soul is on the wing. We have good news from Zanesville. In a letter from brother Heath, I learn that *one hundred* have been added to the Methodist Episcopal Church. Glory to God! Amen. I expect to leave here to assist them at Circleville, where, I understand, there is a good prospect.

Many deep and affecting incidents occurred during the revival at Chillicothe. I will record one or two. On the third day of January, at the close of the morning service, a venerable form was seen approaching the altar, to give brother Marlay his hand in token of his desire to be admitted on trial in the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was Judge Cook, one of the oldest citizens of Ross county. The audience, for a few moments, gave vent to the smothered emotion of their souls in a flood of tears and loud shouts of exultation. His advanced age, almond locks, and reputable standing in community, enlisted the prayers and sympathies of the whole assembly. After obtaining permission, he walked into the altar, and addressed his old friends and neighbors in the most touching manner. I took out my pencil and tried to write down the words of wisdom that fell from his aged lips. A few days afterward, in conversation with him on this subject, I asked the privilege of using his short address whenever I thought it would prove beneficial to others. I also remarked, at the same time, it would afford me additional pleasure if he would reduce his own address to writing, as I should like very much to preserve his autograph. To this proposition he very cordially assented, and, in the course of a few days, I received from him a letter, a copy of which I furnish my readers:

"Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis—*Dear Sir*,—The following is the substance, and, I believe, the *exact words*, I made use of in my short address on the third of January, 1842, in the Methodist Episcopal church, when I presented myself at the altar as a candidate for membership. Isaac Cook.

"Were it not for advanced age and long residence in this county, with some other circumstances, best known to myself, I should have let the present occasion pass by in perfect silence. It may be thought, by many, that

this is the first time that the subject of religion has ever *struck my mind.* Not so. Circumstances and difficulties have intervened and prevented me from becoming a member of a Church. Those difficulties have been properly, prudently, and mildly explained away. I am not aware that I am at present about to enter upon the investigation of a new and complicated theory of religion, nor do I expect materially to change my moral action. If I have been a stumbling-block in the way of others, I am not conscious of it; but permit me now to say, in the presence of my God and this congregation, I now roll the stumbling-block away, and leave the passage clear. I am well aware of the warm solicitude of many of my near and dear friends that I should become a member of a Church. Let me now say to them that their kind solicitude is very grateful to my feelings, and I hope, by the assistance of a kind Providence, that I may conduct myself in such a manner as not to mar their feelings, or disappoint their expectations.

"I now stand before you in the character of a man—*poor, frail man*—subject to temptation and human frailty, and it is more than likely that I shall claim at your hands much forbearance and kind indulgence.

"'While youth and beauty round us shine,
And festive scenes our cares beguile,
Unconscious time steals quick away,
Leaves youth and beauty to decay.

The flow'ry scenes in opening spring,
The pluming birds that sweetly sing,
Soon feel the stroke of Time's cold hand,
And must submit at his command.' I. C."

In about ten days after this was written, brother Cook was taken suddenly ill, and died in great peace. It is true he came in at the "eleventh hour," but God, who is "rich in mercy," will give him his "wages," even a

crown of life which fadeth not away. How mysterious the ways of Providence! A single remark, made by a granddaughter of brother Cook, was the means of bringing him home to God during the progress of the revival. Four hundred and upward joined Church before the close of that meeting. A new church was erected the next year, and has prospered much beyond the hopes of its warmest friends. Within the last few years the first charge has also erected a new and elegant Church on Walnut-street.

I can not close this chapter without furnishing the reader the following history of the rise and progress of the Worthington Female Seminary. It is from the pen of Rev. Uriah Heath, the present presiding elder of the Columbus district, than whom the institution has had no warmer friend, and who has served it for many years as agent and trustee in the most indefatigable manner:

"The Worthington Female Seminary originated in the energy and ability of Miss Serepta Marsh and Rev. Jacob Young. The first demonstrated the possibility of a superior school in a western village, without the aid of suitable buildings or school endowment; and the second, by his ready perception, generous encouragement, and untiring labors, brought the subject fairly before the community. These leading spirits were sustained by the noble generosity and public spirit of the citizens of Worthington and its vicinity. The school was opened in a small frame building, now used as a dwelling-house, and the first public examination, though highly satisfactory, could only be witnessed by about forty persons beside the school. This exhibition of the capabilities of the female mind, though now looked upon as small, compared with what we have often witnessed since, then produced a powerful effect. A spirit of generosity was

manifested by many of the patrons of the school, and visitors, delighted with the exercises, and a spontaneous effusion of the deep feeling which struggled in their hearts, supplied the school with desks and suitable conveniences for the ensuing term. It was clear, on this first public occasion, that parents felt a thrill of satisfaction as they witnessed the improvement of their daughters, which no moneyed consideration *could* produce.

"In the close of September, in the year 1837, sister Marsh drew up that able address to the Ohio annual conference, which won the admiration of that body, and which was so *favorably* and *cordially* acted upon by the conference on the third of October following. Accompanying this address to the conference was a subscription-list, exhibiting, in responsible pledges from the citizens, about three thousand dollars for the erection of suitable buildings. The action of the conference was of the most *decided* character, pledging to the institution "their whole and undivided support." The zeal of father Young was only increased by the action of the conference; and, calling to his aid such men in his district as were willing to co-operate with him in this good work, and receiving the encouragement of many excellent spirits at a distance, the interest was increased through a large portion of the conference.

"On the 18th of the following December the memorial of the Ohio conference to the Legislature of Ohio was prepared, and presented by Rev. William Herr, of Columbus station, and Uriah Heath, of Worthington circuit. This paper met with a very favorable reception, and a charter was granted by that body, constituting eleven trustees as the holders of a trust jointly for the donors to the institution and the Ohio conference. This *board* must always be composed of three classes—three members of the Ohio conference, four lay members of

the Methodist Episcopal Church, and four gentlemen not members of said Church, each of whom must have given at *least* twenty-five dollars to the Seminary. The corporation is privileged to hold fifty thousand dollars of property, and the charter is always to be construed on the most liberal principles.

"Arrangements were immediately made for the erection of the contemplated building, and the school, which was rapidly increasing, was removed from the small frame building to the Masonic Hall; and, through the kindness of that body, we were favored with this room till the new building was ready for occupancy. On the 25th day of July, 1839, the corner-stone of the present building was laid, in the presence of a large assembly, by Rev. Jacob Young, and the audience were favored with a stirring and powerful address by the late Rev. Samuel Lewis, then acting as the Superintendent of Common Schools for the state. A subscription of five hundred and thirty-two dollars testified the satisfaction of the audience with the enterprise itself, and the manner in which its claims were presented.

"The institution was favored with the zealous and successful labors of Miss Marsh, as the first Principal, till her marriage with Dr. H. Baker, of the Ohio conference. Her place was filled by the election of Miss Harrietta Smith, of the Barleywood Seminary. Miss Smith was every way worthy to succeed Miss Marsh, but, like her predecessor, she went from the midst of her affectionate pupils, and, with the warmest wishes of her friends, into the Methodist itinerancy, as the companion of Dr. D. P. Kidder. Miss Smith was followed by Rev. Alexander Nelson, the present Principal of the Baldwin Institute. Brother Nelson was competent as a scholar, faithful as a teacher, and judicious as a principal, and served the institution successfully for four years. Rev. E. M. Bo-

ring, the present presiding elder of Marietta district, and a graduate of Augusta College, succeeded brother Nelson; but preferring the regular work, and feeling the obligations of the ministry press upon his mind, while conscious of sufficient health for the duties of the ministry, he resigned his post at the close of the first year, and was succeeded by Mrs. H. L. Porter, who had been associated with him the year previous, and who had taught, with great ability, in the City of Washington. Rev. William D. Godman, of the North Ohio conference, having married her adopted daughter, was, by the mutual wish of herself and the Trustees, elected Principal, while sister Porter still held the post of Governess. Brother Godman, who was the first graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and a ripe scholar for his age, held this post for two years to the satisfaction of the friends of the school and the profit of those intrusted to his care; but death calling away his loved companion, the place became one of so mournful associations that he resigned his position for the regular work in his own conference. His place was filled by the election of our present loved and esteemed brother, Rev. O. M. Spencer, who is also a graduate of the Ohio Wesleyan University, and one whom *we deem every way qualified for the place.* Brother Spencer has now served the Seminary for nearly three years to the entire satisfaction of the Board of Trustees, and, with his able corps of teachers, *merits* and *receives* the love of both parents and pupils.

"The cost of the Seminary premises, buildings, etc., is about fourteen thousand dollars. The grounds are neat and tasteful, embracing an oblong square of three acres, and the main building is seventy-five feet long and forty-three feet wide, and four stories high, including the basement; and there is also a neat and comfortable cot-

tage-building as the residence of the Principal. The Seminary is entirely clear of debt, except a very small amount, which is provided for; and the Trustees contemplate other improvements during the present season. The institution has sent out to different sections of our own, and to sister states, about fifty graduates. The prosperity of the school has varied during the eighteen years of its existence, owing to the number of schools which have sprung into being since the support of the conference was pledged to this; but while we rejoice in the prosperity of all, we rejoice, also, to say that at no time, since the organization of this school, was the number of pupils so large, its prospects so bright, or the attachment of its friends more settled and firm, than at the present time."

It is but justice to say, that no individual has contributed more to the upbuilding and prosperity of the Worthington Female Seminary than Rev. Uriah Heath, of the Ohio conference, who has acted several times as Agent for the institution. He is still its warm and devoted friend. Long may he live to preach Christ and him crucified, and plead the cause of general education!

CHAPTER XLIII.

MY AGENCY—CONTINUED.

After laboring for about four weeks in Chillicothe, I went up to Circleville and labored in another revival of religion, such as was never witnessed in that town before nor since. Over *three hundred* were added to our communion in less than three weeks. The work was of a remarkable character; it spread over the entire town

and into every Church. This meeting was followed by a great deal of sickness, and many who embraced the Savior died soon after in great triumph. Rev. Joseph H. Creighton, of the Ohio conference, was converted to God during that meeting. Rev. J. C. Bontecou was pastor of the Church, and labored with great success, and was much beloved among the people.

From Circleville I traveled north as far as Columbus, and assisted my old friend, brother J. M. Trimble, for several weeks. Here I witnessed another glorious outpouring of the Spirit. About one hundred and twenty joined while I remained there, and more than that number found peace in believing. Brother Trimble carried on the meeting till late in the spring. He is one of the most popular preachers in the west—full of faith and the Holy Ghost, and a most indefatigable pastor. He was a great favorite in Columbus.

From Columbus I went to Worthington, and witnessed the conversion of many of the young ladies and citizens of the place. From "my notes by the way" I extract the following:

Worthington Female Seminary, February, 1842.—The prospects of this Seminary were never more flattering than at present. The Principal, sister Harrietta Smith, is universally beloved by the pupils and patrons of the school. Through her indefatigable labors of love and unobtrusive piety, most of the young ladies in attendance the present session have been brought under *religious influence.* Upward of twenty have already united with the Methodist Episcopal Church; they all appear happy in a Savior's love. A female class has been organized at the Seminary, of which sister Smith is the leader. Such meetings are seasons of great spiritual comfort. One young lady was heard to exclaim, when happy, and praising God aloud, "If I should receive no

other benefit from attending this Seminary than this I am well paid for coming to Worthington." This was no doubt the feelings of all who had been "made partakers of like precious faith." Miss Eveline Smith, the teacher of music, is a sweet spirit and a great favorite with her pupils. God bless this Female Seminary; and in all future time may "holiness to the Lord" be legibly inscribed upon its halls!

The total amount of collections and subscriptions up to this time is over *one thousand* dollars, and I have also received large donations to the library and a fine collection of shells and minerals.

In the spring I returned to Cincinnati to visit brother Christie, who was lying very ill at his brother-in-law's, M. B. Wright, M. D. From Cincinnati I went up to Parkersburg to attend the examination of Asbury Academy, under the care of Professor Battelle. Preached twice the next Sabbath in Marietta. The next week I traveled through Zanesville and Columbus, to attend the annual examination of the Worthington Female Seminary. This was a deeply-interesting occasion. Rev. D. P. Kidder, D. D., delivered the annual address. At the close of the exercises sister Harrietta Smith and brother Kidder were united in marriage by Rev. Jacob Young. The ceremony took place in the Methodist Episcopal Church in the presence of the pupils and a large number of citizens. The resignation of sister Smith was a heavy stroke upon the institution. But, as the *loss* of the institution resulted in great "*good*" to brother K., none felt disposed to murmur except the pupils of sister Smith, who mourned and wept at her departure as at the funeral of a deceased friend. They wept bitter tears of regret as they sung, on that memorable night,

"How oft have we gather'd in prayer,
When daylight was closing around,

And breathed on the still evening air
Our wishes in love most profound!

How oft has our Father above
Been graciously pleased to meet,
And fill with the fragrance of love
The place of our evening retreat!"

At the close of the examination I resumed my travels, and passed through the towns of Lancaster, Rushville, Thornville, Somerset, Logan, and Athens. At Newark I witnessed another most gracious revival. I preached two weeks for Rev. Cyrus Brooks, who was in feeble health at that time. *Two hundred* were added as the result of that protracted effort. I will never forget the wonderful work of God among that people. They did not forget our Seminary. I again visited Parkersburg and returned to Ohio, passed through Chester, and spent a delightful Sabbath at Pomeroy.

CHAPTER XLIV.

A VISIT TO THE DYING BED OF AN ITINERANT.

WHILE at Pomeroy, in Meigs county, I heard of the illness of Rev. Isaac C. Hunter, and early on Monday morning I started for his residence in the town of Gallipolis. On my arrival I found him much better, and his friends all encouraged to hope for his speedy recovery. However, we were all doomed to a sore disappointment. He spent a feverish, restless night, and was considerably annoyed by a severe cough. His disease was inflammation of the lungs. On Tuesday morning, during prayers, he seemed much engaged in prayer for himself, and often responded audibly to petitions offered by us

On arising from our knees he took my hand in his, and in answer to my inquiry, "Brother Hunter, how have you enjoyed yourself during your affliction?" he responded with a smile, "Very well, very well, indeed. Ah! brother Gaddis, I sought and found the Lord in my youth, and have not only given him the morning but noon also. Yes, I have spent the prime of my life in his service, and I feel that he sustains me now. For twenty-three years I have labored hard in his vineyard, and never lost one appointment on account of ill health. Sometimes I have felt like writing bitter things against myself for laboring so hard; but upon a review of the whole I do not regret it now. During the past winter I labored unusually hard upon my district; but then God has blessed my labors, and we have had glorious revivals." He seemed cheerful, and continued to speak of his religious state for more than an hour. Not long after this he was seized with a violent spell of coughing, which lasted nearly thirty minutes. Although he was a man of great muscular power, this paroxysm quite prostrated him. This was soon followed by still more unfavorable symptoms and signs of approaching dissolution. He seemed very anxious, as he said, "to know the worst of his case;" and after speaking with his family on the subject he requested Doctor Morgan, his attending physician, to hold a consultation in his room with all the doctors in the place. They were summoned immediately, and after spending more than one hour together in close consultation, they rose up, one at a time, and quietly left the room without making known to brother Hunter the result of their deliberations.

I was sitting in the parlor below as the last one of their number was about to depart. Sister Hunter accosted him as follows: "Now, sir, I can not let you go till you tell me whether you think Mr. Hunter will die

or not." He replied, "Well, madam, I am sorry to tell you that it is our united opinion that he will not recover from this attack." This deeply affected her, and she went up stairs and burst into tears as she took her seat on the foot of his bed. As I approached his bedside he took my hand in his and said, "Well, brother G., they think it doubtful whether I will recover, do they not?" I then replied, "I will now do with you, brother Hunter, as I wish my friends to do with me when they consider me dangerously ill—not to conceal it from me, but let me know my true condition." To which he calmly replied, "I hope you will do so." I then informed him that it was their united opinion, that his recovery was extremely doubtful, but his attending physician had some hope yet. This was a solemn hour, never to be forgotten. He lay calm and composed for some time, apparently wrapped up in profound meditation. I then ventured to ask him the following question: "Brother Hunter, in view of approaching dissolution, do you still feel your confidence firm and unshaken in God?" To which he responded, "O yes, I feel that the Lord is my portion," and then added, "I want you all to pray for me now." And then he placed his hands upon his breast, and lifted his eyes toward heaven and prayed thus with a strong, unfaltering voice: "Now, O Lord, if there is aught of guilt stains, or any impurity yet in my poor heart, cut short the work in righteousness and wash it all away. I know the blood of Jesus is sufficient." He lay still for some moments, and then exclaimed, "*I know it! I feel it! This precious blood has cleansed me from all sin!*" He then took hold of my hand and said, with much tenderness, "Now, brother Gaddis, if I die I want you to tell my brethren of the Ohio conference that I love them; yea, I love them in the bowels of Jesus Christ. Yes, I love them better than any set of men on earth. They

are the most charitable, generous, and affectionate men that I have ever known on earth." Then looking at his weeping wife and children he said, with great emotion, "*Tell them to remember my wife and dear little children.*"

After a short pause he proceeded to remark: "You know, brother Gaddis, upon most all the subjects brought before conference I generally spoke my mind freely, and if at any time, with some apparent harshness of manner, I seemed to cross the path of my brethren, I loved them none the less. I believe they all thought I was honest and sincere, did they not?" On being assured of the reciprocal good-will of his brethren, he continued to remark, "Were I to live I know I could do a little good and be of some service to my family; but, then, I know the Church can do without me, and God will take care of my family." His joy was now very great, and he could no longer restrain his feelings or tears, and he cried aloud, "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless his holy name!" With his eyes fixed upon heaven he repeated,

"There is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

All o'er those wide, extended plains,
Shines one eternal day;
There God the Son forever reigns,
And scatters night away."

After which he raised himself up in bed, clapped his hands, and shouted aloud for joy. "O," said he, "I feel much better! Thank God, I feel half well!" He said ne was not afraid of death, and the grave had no gloom for him now; and then added, with his usual power of voice,

"An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Yet legions of angels can not confine me there."

I bade him adieu the next morning. On Sunday he gave directions concerning his funeral, and for the information of the conference gave the time and place of his birth, and then told his friends he was ready—"that he could look away over hill and dale, valley and mountain, to the land of everlasting bliss."

After I left brother Hunter he was visited by Rev. Mighil Dustin, who remained with him till he breathed his last.

The following letter from brother D. will be read with great interest:

"DEAR BROTHER GADDIS,—You requested me to give you some account of the last hours of Rev. Isaac C. Hunter.

"His death, as you know, occurred June 27, 1842, in Gallipolis, Ohio. His field of labor at that time was Marietta district, and mine was within the bounds of his district. Having heard of his extreme illness, I started immediately to see him. I reached Gallipolis in the afternoon of the 26th, the day before his death. I found him very ill, and suffering at times most intensely with a pain in his right side. He was in the full possession of all his faculties, and conversed freely and familiarly on different subjects. He seemed most inclined, however, to talk about the condition and prospects of the Church within the bounds of the district.

"He suggested a plan by which the quarterly meetings could be fully supplied with ministerial labor till the close of the conference year. After this he conversed a little in relation to himself. He said he was fully conscious of his imperfections, and had been all his life; but his trust was in the merits of the Lord Jesus Christ; and he felt then that Jesus was present and precious to his soul. He said during his ministry he had often found it necessary to preach against erroneous and strange

doctrines, and in some of his controversial discourses he had been accused of uncharitableness toward his opponents, and even some of his brethren had not altogether approved of his course in this respect; 'But,' said he, 'in my opposition to false doctrines I have been honest before God. I may have erred in judgment, but it has been my first wish to please God, and then, as far as I could consistently, to please man for his good to edification.'

"He then spoke of his approaching death, but as calmly and deliberately as if he had only been talking of a little journey which he was going to take. He gave full and minute directions in relation to his funeral. He said it would make no difference to him where his ashes lay; it was as near heaven from one place as another; but as he had a son buried at Burlington, it would be best, he thought, that he should be buried there. His friends, he presumed, would prefer it. He said, as the weather was so excessively warm, it would be necessary to make preparations for his burial as soon as possible after his death. He said, with that peculiar energy which was characteristic of him all through life, '*Procure a large skiff and put the corpse on board, and get three strong men, and let them row with all their might till they get there.*' None but those who knew Isaac C. Hunter can be fully aware of the emphatic manner in which these words were uttered.

"The next day he was worse. The pain in his side was more acute and intense, and his strength was very much prostrated. His mind, however, was calm and tranquil, and his faith in Christ was unwavering. He said the doctrines which he had preached he believed to be the truths of God, and the religion of the Bible was no cunningly-devised fable. The doctrine of the witness of the Spirit he said was a 'glorious doctrine.' He then

quoted the text, 'We *know* that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' This was a favorite passage. He often quoted it, and it seems to have made at some time a very deep impression on his mind.

"In the afternoon it was manifest that he had failed very much and was fast sinking. Sometimes he would lie in an apparently-dying condition for half an hour or more at a time and then rouse again. Once, after having waked up from one of those stupors, I asked him if Jesus was still precious. He said, '*Yes, yes.*' In a few minutes he sank away again, and we thought we had heard his voice for the last time. He spoke, however, once or twice afterward, but only a word or two at a time. An hour or two more passed away. The day was drawing to a close. The news had spread through town that the presiding elder was dying. Messenger after messenger came softly to the gate and inquired, 'Is he dying?' Every one spoke in a whisper. The whole village seemed still as the house of death. With breathless anxiety the people waited at the gate to hear whether the strong man had yet fallen. I sat by his bedside. Rev. A. M. Alexander was sitting near me. Two physicians were also present, beside the family and some other friends. We were expecting every moment to be the last. Suddenly he waked up from that death-like stupor, and looked calmly around upon the weeping group. I asked the question, 'Have you still a bright prospect of heaven?' He could not answer in words, for the power of articulation was gone. But there is a language of signs, and sometimes it is more emphatic than verbal communication. It was so on this occasion. A heavenly glow spread all over his countenance; the fire of ecstatic joy flashed from his eye; he looked up, raised his right hand

as far as he could reach, and with his fore-finger pointed upward, as much as to say,

> 'There's my house and portion fair,
> My treasure and my heart are there!'

It was enough. No testimony could be stronger. No demonstration of the power of victorious faith could be more complete.

"He sunk away again, and just as the last rays of the setting sun were seen above the horizon, he passed from earth to heaven.

"Night closed in upon us, and to that group of mourners it was a dark and cheerless night. Every one was sad and sorrowful. All was still, save the suppressed tones of those who were busy in making preparations for the burial. In a few hours the coffin was brought and the body deposited therein. A small procession was then formed, and in that solemn midnight hour, while the stars looked out from behind the few clouds that flitted across the sky, the corpse was borne to the river, and from thence conveyed in a skiff to Burlington, forty-four miles distant, as Mr. Hunter had himself directed before his death. The family and other friends took the first boat the next morning and reached Burlington about noon. At 1 o'clock, P. M., the corpse was conveyed to the place of burial, followed by a large number of the citizens. We felt that day, as we 'smoothed down his lonely pillow,' that a great man and a mighty had fallen in Israel.

"A more honest, faithful, fearless, generous, and magnanimous spirit never lived than Isaac C. Hunter. But he needs no eulogy. His witness is in heaven, and his record is on high.

"Yours, fraternally, M. DUSTIN.

"*Springfield, O.*"

CHAPTER XLV.

DON'T COME HERE TO BEG!

WHILE engaged in soliciting aid for the Worthington Female Seminary in West R., my friend, Mr. Mc., said, "Come, brother Gaddis, I want to take you down to see Mr. ——; it is very difficult to get him to give a cent for any benevolent purpose whatever. I think if any one would be likely to succeed with him you are the very man; I want you to do the very best you can. It will do him good to give something—perhaps make a better man of him." As we walked along toward his store I told brother Mc. that he must render me all the aid in his power. He then remarked, "Whenever Mr. —— pleads his want of ability to give, which he will be sure to do, I want you to ask me in his presence if I think he ought to be excused upon that ground." I need not detain the reader with a minute detail of my effort to induce him to contribute to the object of female education. I am pretty certain I spent about two hours with him, and labored hard a good part of the time. He made all manner of excuses, and I very patiently endeavored to answer them all in regular order. With the aid of my friend Mc. I at last succeeded in getting him to give me the sum of *one dollar*. On our return my friend said, "I will have to suffer abuse from that man for a long time to come for bringing you to his store; but," said he, "I will not regard it; I am glad we went to see him; I believe it will do him good and make a better man of him." Sure enough, I had not been long out of town before this tight-laced brother came to the store of my good host and berated him for more than one hour, and wound up by saying, "Now, sir,

when these agents, but, more properly speaking, '*beggars*,' come along through our town I would be glad if you would mind your own business; and I now say, once for all, if you bring any more of them to my store I will insult them." He then returned to his store, and took a piece of red chalk and wrote on the wall near the door, in large letters, "DON'T COME HERE TO BEG!" "Now," said he, "I am resolved, whenever any man comes into my store begging money for any purpose whatever, I will just point him to this inscription on the wall, and ask him to depart without further ceremony."

Not long afterward he was taken violently sick and thought he was going to die. His store was closed, for he had not sufficient confidence in his neighbors to trust any one to carry on his business in his absence. His conscience smote him severely for his want of charity and a benevolence of spirit. Sleep departed from his eyes, and he trembled in view of having to give an account of his stewardship. In this miserable condition and distressed state of mind he sent a messenger in great haste for my friend Mc , who had taken me to his store when at West R. a few weeks before. As soon as he entered the sick chamber of Mr. ——, "O," said he, "I am truly glad that you are here; I want to ask your pardon for the manner in which I treated you, because you brought Rev. Mr. Gaddis to my store to beg for the Seminary. After I went to my store I wrote on the wall, in large letters, 'Don't come here to beg!' and intended it should stand there as a warning to all traveling agents and beggars for money who might enter. Now, I must tell you that I have slept none for several nights past, and whenever I shut my eyes those words that I inscribed on the wall, 'Don't come here to beg!' like a fearful specter are constantly before my distracted

mind. O, my God, I would not die and leave those words on the wall for any consideration! Do pray to God in my behalf, that he may spare my life and permit me to return to my store to erase those dreadful words from the wall." He also complained of a severe pain in his back, but my friend Mc. thought the pain was in his smitten conscience. God was merciful to him, and in answer to prayer restored him to health again. As soon as he was able to walk he went down to the store and erased from the wall with his own hands the obnoxious words, "Don't come here to beg!" In the fall, on my return through that place, I met him, and he took me into his store and showed me the traces still there, although he had tried to rub out all the words as well as he could. He thanked me kindly for calling on him and urging him so long to give me something. He then remarked, he would never act such an illiberal part again in regard to the calls of benevolence and good works, and requested also that if I ever come that way again begging for any object, to be sure and give him a call among the first, and he assured me of a kind reception. There are many who do not write on the wall, "Don't come here to beg!" that nevertheless inscribe it upon the tablet of their heart.

GRAVEYARD—OLD TRINITY CHURCH IN ——.

In my journeyings, when alone, I seldom passed by a country church graveyard without stopping a little season to pray or meditate among the tombs. I often in this way renewed my spiritual strength. In old Trinity graveyard I spent a pleasant and profitable hour. In one part of that secluded burial-place I noticed a number of beautiful white tombstones all placed in a row. The dead reposing there all belonged to the same family. I was forcibly struck with the fine taste and peculiar

appropriateness of the devices and inscriptions upon these simple monuments of stone. The inscriptions were nearly all taken from the fourteenth chapter of Revelation. Beginning at the foot they read precisely as follows:

1. (Child.) "These were redeemed from among men, being the first fruits unto God and the Lamb."

2. "These are they which follow the Lamb whithersoever he goeth."

3. "And in their mouth was found no guile, for they are without fault before the throne of God."

4. This was the youngest child, a blossom nipped in the bud, and placed next to its mother, with this inscription, "Suffer the little children to come unto me and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

5. On the grave of the mother I found inscribed this striking explanation of the affecting scene, "That they may see, and know, and consider, and understand together, that the hand of the Lord hath done this." Isaiah xli, 20.

6. Upon the tomb of the husband and father it was thus engraven, "I AM THE RESURRECTION AND THE LIFE." Well has it been said,

> "Touched by the cross we live, or more than die;
> That touch with charms celestial heals the soul,
> Diseased, drives pain from guilt, lights life in death,
> Turns earth to heaven, to heavenly forms transforms
> The *ghastly ruins* of the moldering grave."

CHAPTER XLVI.

A VISIT TO THE SPRINGS IN VIRGINIA.

CROSSING the Ohio river, I traveled up the Kanawha to Charleston, and stopped a few days at the *Salines.*

From my "notes by the way," I make the following extracts:

Kanawha Salines.—At the Salines the principal objects of attraction are, the "burning springs" and a salt-well of Mr. Tomkin. The well of Mr. T. is *nine hundred feet deep,* and contains a quantity of gas, sufficient to force the water as high as necessary without the aid of a pump. A stream of gas is constantly issuing from the mouth of the well, and has recently been carried up by a tube about twenty feet high. This stream of gas, when ignited, beautifully illuminates the salt works, and enables you to read a newspaper or book at the distance of thirty yards. I understand it is the design of the proprietor to turn it to a more practical purpose soon—to aid in heating the salt kettles.

Blue Sulphur Springs, Va.—Thank God, I have arrived at last at this most beautiful retreat in the mountains. I have been much delighted with my trip from Charleston. The falls of the Kanawha river are much larger than I anticipated. The scenery along the banks of New river is wild and romantic. My visit to the far-famed Hawk's Nest was most gratifying indeed. The dizzy hight upon which I took my stand—the dashing roar of the waters sweeping along its base—the massy piles of rock stretching far above, and winding in various curves below, partly obscured by the green and graceful drapery of the forest and the fleecy mist which formed itself into clouds and flitted over my head, caused the involuntary exclamation, "Great and marvelous are thy works, Lord God Almighty." The road to this place traverses a wild region of country, and affords many grand and picturesque mountain views. I have now spent three weeks at this lovely spot. I have drank the water and used the sulphur baths without any beneficial result. God has been very good to me. I enjoy peace, constant, full, and, at times, swelling tides of

joy. During my stay I have acted as chaplain for the visitors, preaching, and visiting the halt, lame, sick, and dying. I have felt an especial interest in a Mrs. Stanbery, who is dying of consumption. She is the wife of Doctor Stanbery, and sister to Mrs. Duncan, of Newark, Ohio. She can not live long. I fear she will never see her home again in Ohio.

"Land of my youth, thy pleasant fields
In flow'ry verdure dress'd,
Where once I hoped, life's journey done,
To lay me down to rest."

To me there is something peculiarly melancholy in the thought of dying from home, in a strange land. O, may I be ready at all times to "enter into the joy of my Lord!" Last Sabbath I preached my last sermon at this place, from, "Let not your heart be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house there are many mansions," etc. The audience was large and attentive; many of whom were from the sunny south, the far west, the frigid north, and others from a more eastern clime. Many eyes were suffused with tears, and others sobbed aloud as I told them of that better country where the inhabitants never say, "I am sick."

My next visit was to Lewisburg, thirteen miles eastward. Here I renewed my acquaintance with Rev. Enoch Sullivan, and formed an intimate acquaintance with Rev. B. H. Nadal, now Professor of Languages in Indiana Asbury University at Greencastle. I then proceeded to the White Sulphur Springs, nine miles east of Lewisburg, in Greenbrier county. I spent one Sabbath here, and assisted brother Nadal in holding a two-days' meeting contiguous to the Springs. We had a pleasant time, and I believe good was done. The White Sulphur, at that time, was considered the Elysium of the mountains; the resort especially of the gay and pleasure-hunting portion of this

Union. The spring is large, and, at that time, covered with a handsome dome, surmounted with a statue representing Hygeia. She was standing on a beautiful cylindrical pedestal, covered with a snow-white drapery, her left arm gracefully folded in the coils of a serpent, with a bowl in her right hand filled with sulphur water, which was said to be emblematic of the power of this excellent spring to destroy all noxious diseases. I did not enjoy my visit to this fashionable resort, and soon departed for the Sweet Springs, where I spent the remainder of my time allotted for recreation in the mountains. I have often thanked my heavenly Father that he directed my footsteps to that most delightful retreat for invalids.

Sweet Springs, Virginia, August 1, 1842.—This is indeed a *sweet place.* Nature and art combined have rendered it so. It is the most ancient and celebrated watering-place in this state. Last night we had a fine white frost. It is now cold enough for fire night and morning. The atmosphere is healthful and invigorating. These springs, in a direct line, are only about eight miles from the White Sulphur, but following the devious windings of the turnpike, the distance is over sixteen. They lie east of the main ridge of the Alleghany Mountains, at the head of a fertile valley. This has been a place of resort for upward of *sixty years.* The water is not *sweet,* but has a slight acidulous taste like soda. It contains sulphate of magnesia, sulphate of lime, traces of iron, carbonic acid gas, etc., the excess of which gives the water a transparent briskness. Its temperature is 70° Fahrenheit. The baths are inclosed in a fine brick house, and are of quadrangular shape. The gentlemen's bath is five, and that for the ladies, four feet deep. On plunging into the bath you receive a slight shock, which is soon succeeded by the most pleasurable sensations. The water is of sufficient quantity to turn a large mill-

wheel. Notwithstanding it has been flowing thus copiously for centuries past, like the stream of time, it still flows on:

> "Flows and will flow the ever-fleeting spring,
> Till the last trump its piercing note shall sing."

I have met but one person here that I have ever seen before—John Taylor, Esq., from Zanesville, Ohio. He seems almost as near to me as a brother. He has come here, not for pleasure, but with a view to recover his health. We have already spent many pleasant hours together, wandering along the vales and climbing the mountain sides. My religious enjoyment is on the increase. "At home or abroad," I am a happy man, although passing through "affliction's furnace." It is true I have "fightings without and fears within," but God hath "delivered my soul *in peace* from the battle that was against me; for there were many with me." Psalm lv, 18.

CHAPTER XLVII.

JOYFUL DELIVERANCE.

DURING my stay in the mountains in the latter part of the month of July there was a most remarkable freshet in most of the water-courses for a distance of more than fifty miles around. It swept off houses, mills, bridges, and fences, and spread devastation, dismay, and death along every stream, rivulet, or mountain ravine. I frequently passed by the spot between Lewisburg and the White Sulphur Springs, on one of the tributaries of Greenbrier, where a most remarkable and deeply-affecting incident occurred.

A brother and sister who had the entire charge of a

carding-machine and fulling-mill on this stream, after having finished the toils of the day, retired to enjoy the repose of innocence for the night. They both slept in separate apartments in the second story of the building. During the forepart of the night the rain fell in copious showers. About midnight they were suddenly aroused from their peaceful slumbers by the frightful roar of the mountain torrents. They immediately lighted a candle, and found, on examination, that the stream had already overflown its banks and the water was up to the second story of the machine-house. Every hope of escape to the shore was cut off. To add to the horror of their perilous situation, the night was fearfully dark and the rain still descending in torrents from the clouds. They were soon driven by the swelling flood into the third story of the building. Here they kneeled down and prayed together as they supposed for the last time in this world. After committing soul and body into the hands of a merciful God, who "sitteth above the water floods," they held a consultation as to what they should do farther in order to save their lives. The brother was for remaining in the mill, but the sister proposed to take refuge in the strong arms of a large tree near the north-east corner of the building. The brother argued in this way, "If we remain in the house, when it is swept off we may possibly escape on some part of the wreck; and if," continued he, "we go out upon the tree, when the house moves off the foundation it may swing against the tree, and our ruin will be inevitable." His sister replied, "I think if we remain our destruction is certain, for when the mill is swept off the foundation it will fall on its side and plunge us into the water before we can escape from this room. For my sake, my dear brother, do let us go out on the tree; by this means our lives may yet be spared." Thanks be to

God, she at length prevailed. He then opened the roof close to the tree, took the cords from his bed and went out on a limb of the tree, and made it fast to the main trunk. He then took his sister and tied the cord around her body, under her arms, and easily succeeded in lashing her fast to the limbs of the tree. He then took another cord and tied himself fast to the main body of the same tree, near to his beloved sister. It was only a few minutes after they had made their escape from the house before it was raised from its foundation by the violence of the waters and dashed into a thousand fragments upon the rocks below. In this exposed and perilous situation they remained all night, while the brave old tree waved to and fro when struck by the surging waves and drift-wood, occasionally drenching their feet in the angry waters. Every moment they expected to be submerged in the turbid flood or dashed to pieces on the rocks below. O how dark and cheerless would their situation have been but for the cheering words of Him who can still the tempest and hush its roar! While thus waiting to pass the "awful flood,"

> "When every scene of life
> Stands ready to depart,"

the eye of faith pierces beyond the darkness that surrounds the entrance to the grave, and enables the Christian to sing,

> "When tempest clouds are dark on high,
> His bow of love and peace
> Shines sweetly in the vaulted sky,
> A pledge that storms shall cease."

When the morning dawned their friends and neighbors rushed to the bank of the stream, but could not afford them any relief; but God was their refuge, and suffered no harm to befall them. The alarm was given,

and kind-hearted persons from the surrounding country rushed to the rescue; but till the angry waters began to subside nothing was accomplished. Their friends about one o'clock in the day effected their deliverance by cutting down a number of large trees above the mill, letting them float down near the one to which the unfortunate sufferers had lashed themselves. In this way a bridge was formed, which extended across the stream to the shore. Over this, by the aid of ropes, the brother and his sister passed in perfect safety. Overcome by fatigue and excitement they sank down at the feet of their deliverers; but as soon as they recovered from their exhaustion they arose and fell upon the necks of those who had effected their rescue, wept aloud, and kissed them, and exclaimed, "*We are saved! we are saved! we are saved!* O, how shall we ever be sufficiently thankful to our kind deliverers!"

CHAPTER XLVIII.

A WORD IN SEASON.

BEFORE taking my departure from the Sweet Springs I felt it deeply impressed on my mind by the Holy Spirit, to have personal conversation with my dear friend from Ohio, Mr. J. T. I often fixed a time in my own mind when I would introduce the subject, but when that time arrived something always intervened, or I had not courage to carry my good design into execution. We often walked in the grove and roved through the wild wood in company, and yet I could not "bear my cross" and discharge so plain a duty. I prayed for him when in my room, and my interest increased in his behalf every day. He was just such a young man as Christ once "loved" when he

said, "Yet lackest thou one thing." At length the time drew near for my return to Ohio, and I resolved not to go till I had discharged my duty. Satan raised a thousand objections, but I triumphed *by faith*. On the day before I left I walked with Mr. T. up on the mountain-side to the "strangers' burial-ground." On our return from that lonely place I took his arm in mine and affectionately urged him to embrace the Savior. His heart melted, and he assured me that he had resolved to lead a new life. I reminded him of the uncertainty of life and the probability that he might not recover, and the great importance of "having on the wedding garment." I then said, "I shall bid you adieu to-morrow, and I hope when I hear from you again that you will be able to say, 'I have found him of whom Moses in the law and the prophets did write.'" No language can describe the *inward* satisfaction I felt that night after taking up one of the heaviest crosses that I ever bore. But, O the rich reward that followed in the comforts of the Holy Spirit compensated me more than a hundred fold. The next morning, when I got ready to start, Mr. T. took a seat in my buggy and rode a mile or two down the road. We both wept at parting, and I said to him, "Good-by, God bless you, Mr. T. I hope by your remaining here to drink of these waters, your physical health may be entirely restored; but, above all, I wish you *spiritual health*, and I hope before you return home you may be permitted to drink of the '*water of life, and thirst no more.*' I returned to Ohio, but whenever I thought of the invalid, Mr. T., whom I left at the Springs, I prayed for his salvation

Can you imagine, dear reader, the joy of my heart on the receipt of the following intelligence, communicated by Rev. S. B., of Lewisburg, Va., in a letter dated October 28, 1842:

"The two camp meetings, of which you heard me

speak while here, were seasons of great comfort to many of us. I also attended a camp meeting on Monroe circuit, where seventy-five souls were soundly converted. Since our two camp meetings the work goes on finely. Several hundred have been converted. About two weeks ago, while attending a protracted meeting at Covington, I witnessed the conversion of Mr. J. T., from Ohio, who is now staying at a brother-in-law's. I was an eye-witness to his struggles at the mourners' bench. His conversion was *rational* and glorious. He spoke *much of you*—said he had met you at the Springs, and wished me to write and inform you of his happy conversion. He united with our Church, and was baptized by Rev. B. H. Nadal."

I wept like a child when I received this soul-cheering intelligence. But I hasten to let this young man relate his own story, how God at last brought him to the knowledge of the truth:

"Z———LE, August, 1843.

"BELOVED CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—Your very welcome letter came to hand some two or three days since. I was truly gratified on hearing from one who occupies so large a place in my pleasant recollections. Within the last few months my memory has frequently carried me back to the many pleasant hours that I spent last summer on the vine-clad hills of my old native state; and not unfrequently does the name of my friend and brother, Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis, associate itself with those pleasant thoughts. Truly did I enjoy your society then, but O, how much better should I have enjoyed it could I have called you *brother*, as I can now, through the grace of Him who hath loved us and given himself a ransom to redeem us! 'Cast your bread upon the waters,' my brother, 'and after many days it will be gathered again,' saith the word of our God. The few words we had upon the subject of religion were not without their effect upon

my heart. I had always admired the Christian character, but the world had a strong hold upon my affections. I had strayed far in forbidden paths. God, in mercy, laid his afflicting hand upon me. I had to give up all thought of business. I sought to repair my loss of health by returning to my native land, where I could forget the cares of business and attend alone to the reparation of my health. I was there associated with pious friends and had much time for reading and reflection. I followed their good suggestion, and read most religious works—among which were Carvosso, J. B. Taylor, Mrs. Rogers, and Mrs. Fletcher. My admiration of the Christian character was greatly increased thereby, and I began seriously to reflect upon the subject of the salvation of my soul. I commenced closet devotion, and read the Bible more closely. I made but little progress. I then began to be anxious to converse with religious persons on that subject, and would have gladly *conversed more with you*, but I felt a backwardness that I could not well overcome. In a few days after we parted I left the Sweet Springs for Covington, and from there I went to the Hot Springs, but received no benefit. I resolved to return to the Sweet Springs, and staid several weeks, and my health gradually improved. This was a good providence, for I was thereby detained till late in October. This gave me an opportunity of attending the quarterly meeting at Covington, among my relatives. Through the instrumentality of a beloved sister I was induced to take the *good old-fashioned Methodist way of getting religion.* I went to the *altar* at morning meeting, and spent about an hour there; and in the afternoon, about four o'clock, I commenced the work again at my dear sister's house; and ere the natural sun disappeared below the horizon, where once all was gloom and darkness, the heavenly light broke in upon my soul, and my mouth was filled with praises to

the God of Israel. I am traveling a new path for me, and although gloom and darkness sometimes take hold upon me in consequence of my unfaithfulness, yet there is a *peace within that still remains.* I was pained to learn your health was still feeble. I can sympathize with you. Since my return to Ohio I have suffered much. I am now confined to the house nearly all the time. Write soon, and write *long.* O, do not make it shorter than mine. I need good advice. I shall always be pleased to hear from you, and should have proposed a correspondence with you when we parted at the Springs in Virginia. I felt——but I have got rid of a good deal of my foolish pride. I remain sincerely yours, J. T."

CHAPTER XLIX.

CONFERENCE AT HAMILTON—SUPERANNUATION.

On my return from Virginia I settled up my business with the Board of Trustees at Worthington, and started to Hamilton, Ohio, to attend the session of the Ohio conference. A gentleman, and a member of another Church, had given his "note" to Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, D. D., at Columbus, for the full amount of my salary, if the conference would send me to that city the next year. William Neil, Esq., had also given us the promise of a lot on which to build a new church. Bishop Morris has since informed me that he made the appointment at an early period of the session; but one or two days before conference adjourned, the late Rev. William H. Raper, at a time when I was absent from the conference-room, and without my knowledge or consent, proposed to the conference to grant me a superannuated relation for one year,

and requested me to go to the south for the benefit of my health. It was almost instantly carried by a unanimous vote, and I was soon informed of the fact. I do not know that I ever felt as deeply afflicted by any occurrence in my whole ministerial career. I was at first unwilling to submit to the action of the conference, although I was fully satisfied of the kind motives which prompted brother Raper to make the motion, and my brethren so ready to respond to it in such a cordial and hearty manner. I wept like a child. I could not endure the idea of departing from the regular work, although my health was so much impaired; but my best friends all urged me to acquiesce in the matter, and comply with the wish of the conference, to go and spend the winter at the south. To this arrangement I finally agreed with much reluctance.

On my return to Cincinnati I received a letter from my brother David, at Ripley, requesting me to come up immediately and preach for them a few days. Some were seeking the Savior, and there were signs of a general revival of the work of God. I showed this letter to Bishop Hamline, who was then engaged in editing the Ladies' Repository, and requested him to go with me. We took the packet the next day at 10 o'clock, A. M., and arrived at Ripley soon after the commencement of the evening service. That evening souls were converted to God, and the work of conviction greatly increased. The next day the Lord made bare his holy arm in the sight of all the people. The altar was crowded with penitents, and more than a score found peace in believing on Christ. I never heard Bishop Hamline preach with such power as he did during the progress of that meeting. Many will rise up at the last day to call him "blessed of the Lord." I remained there, laboring day and night, till over one hundred and fifty were added to the fold of Christ.

On my return to Cincinnati the Board of Trustees elected me to act as their agent in behalf of the Wesleyan Female College; and I cordially agreed to assist them in carrying forward their noble educational enterprise. But I soon became unhappy. I had done enough of that kind of labor the previous year. I had no heart left for the work. I panted daily to see souls converted to God and the borders of Zion enlarged. This, I believed, was my appropriate work, and I soon respectfully *resigned* my commission.

Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., who is always devising noble plans for the enlargement of the Redeemer's kingdom, proposed to join me in building a mission church on the lot where Christie Chapel now stands. Bishop Hamline wrote the subscription, and gave a liberal donation himself, and in a few days I had the pledge of more than one thousand dollars. Doctor Elliott had agreed to preach on the next Sabbath, and had written an editorial on the subject for the Advocate. The whole scheme was defeated, however, by the unwillingness of one of the charges to relinquish their claim upon the "old graveyard lot," at that time erroneously imagining that the erection of another Methodist Episcopal church in that latitude would almost break up their own congregation. It was now the middle of December. I was paying for my board, and had no place to preach, and no income. I knew not what to do. The winter was setting in bleak and stormy, and my health very bad; yet I preached almost every Sabbath, and sometimes during the week. My friends in the city finally prevailed on me to go south. I made my arrangements, and embarked for Louisville about the 20th of December, 1842. Bless the Lord, O my soul, that amid all these outward trials and unexpected scenes of disappointment, I had *internal quiet*—a *fixed* state of mind, that nothing could disturb.

CHAPTER L.

THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Thursday, December 22, 1842.—I left the Queen City on board the steamer Scioto Belle, quite indisposed. On arriving at Louisville I was quite too unwell to proceed on my journey. I was very kindly received and entertained in the family of Rev. H. H. Kavanaugh, the stationed minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Brook-street, and now one of the bishops of the Methodist Episcopal Church South. For more than five days I was confined to my bed, and suffered most exquisite pain for a period of more than forty-eight hours from an abscess on my throat; but by proper and timely medical aid and good nursing by sister Kavanaugh, and especially the blessing of God, I so far recovered as to be able to resume my southern trip. This affliction was made a blessing to my soul, and had a tendency to wean me more from this vain and sinful world.

At Shippingsport in the morning I accidentally met the Kentucky giant, James Porter. He was seven feet eight inches in hight and tolerably well proportioned. In early life he learned the "cooper's trade," but was engaged in keeping a small grocery store, and also in running a hack between that place and Louisville. His chair was three feet high, and standing behind the counter was a highly-ornamental rifle eight feet long. I conversed for some time with the "giant," and learned from him that his father was deceased, but that his mother was still living, and resided not far from him in the village of Shippingsport, below the falls. His father and mother were of ordinary stature, and so were his brothers and sisters. As I looked upon this human

prodigy I thought of Goliah, whose hight was six cubits and a span, whose spear was like a weaver's beam, the head of which weighed six hundred shekels of iron. And I remember the prophet Samuel's account of four others "who were born to the giant, and fell by the hand of David and by the hand of his servants;" one of whom "was a man of *great* stature, and had on each hand six fingers, and on each foot six toes—four and twenty in number."

We are now fully under way, but moving very slowly, on account of the ice. For other incidents connected with my journey I refer the reader to my diary kept at the time.

Tuesday, December 27.—Weather warm, raining fast, and the ice nearly all gone. Health improving. Thanks be to God for his great goodness and merciful kindness to his servant! I feel that all is peace. God protects on the deep waters as in the city full or vast wilderness

"Jesus protects, my fears begone!
What can the Rock of Ages move?"

Wednesday, December 28.—We are now lying at the "Cave in the Rock;" we have been aground more than fifteen hours. Time passes pleasantly away. The passengers are generally moral, and some few of them religious. Fine time for meditation and prayer. O that God may aid me by his Holy Spirit to grow in grace every day during my journey to the south!

Friday, December 30.—Passed Cairo, at the mouth of the Ohio river, last night about dark. Weather cold and stormy; snow falling fast. We are now about forty miles above Memphis; boat runs intolerably slow; passengers getting very restless; many of them homesick; lost all hope of spending New-Year's at the Crescent City. It was very dark and stormy as our boat glided into the Mississippi, and many felt much alarmed for

fear we should strike some heavy drift-wood and sink to the bottom. I walked into the ladies' cabin, and found an intelligent lady crying most bitterly. I learned the cause of her distress arose from an apprehension that our boat would be wrecked during the darkness of the night. I exhorted her to trust in God, and bade her good-night and retired to my berth. Before I laid down I read a portion of Scripture, and committed soul and body unto the hands of my heavenly Father. I did not awake till the sun was shining upon the turbid waters. After breakfast I went into the ladies' cabin to see my distressed friend. She informed me that she kept her right hand upon her "life-preserver" and kept awake till the dawn of morning. "O," said she, "I wish I was a Christian, and could be delivered from the fear of death and the grave." I told her that one object of the death of Christ was to destroy the power of death—take away its sting—and "deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage." I hope our conversation was not in vain. I am now calm and peaceful, and have been somewhat refreshed in waiting upon God in secret. I long for communion with the people of God in his sanctuary.

December 31.—This is the last of the year; I now write 1842 for the last time in my journal. How different my present situation from what it was at this hour twelve months ago! Then at Chillicothe, Ohio, in the midst of a most powerful revival of religion; now between Memphis and Vicksburg, directly opposite an island where a number of "gamblers" found a watery grave not long since! Well, be it so. Even here on the water I can worship God and hold sweet fellowship with his Son. In looking over the past year I find great cause for devout thankfulness as well as deep and unfeigned humility. The Lord has been better to me

than all my fears. He hath brought me out of sore troubles. "My soul has escaped as a bird from the snare of the fowler." I have spent the greater portion of the year in traveling, as the Agent of Worthington Female Seminary and Parkersburg Academy, in western Virginia. I want to be *holy;* I will seek it by day and night. I know it is my privilege to be cleansed from all sin. This day I feel the Lord precious. Whether at home or abroad, on land or water, Jesus can make

"December as pleasant as May."

Blessed be the name of our God forever!

"Here, then, my God, vouchsafe to stay,
And bid my heart rejoice;
My bounding heart shall own thy sway,
And echo to thy voice."

January 1, 1843.—This has been a day of great comfort and peace to my soul. While calling to remembrance the goodness of God my heart has been deeply affected. I have again renewed my covenant; I am resolved to devote myself more fully to God, and labor more faithfully in his vineyard. This is a beautiful Sabbath evening. The new year broke upon my vision in a milder climate and beneath a serener sky than I have ever seen before. We have now shaken hands with a cheerless northern winter, and are traveling rapidly onward to the land of sunny smiles. The *new year!* the past with its sunlight and shade rushed upon my mind. The pleasure of dwelling upon the past—in calling to mind hallowed associations, endearing friendships, and sweet communion with kindred spirits—what pen can portray? Early in the morning of that memorable day the following note was handed me by one of the gentleman passengers:

"Rev. Maxwell P. Gaddis—Dear Sir,—It is the united wish of the passengers of the Scioto Valley that

we should have divine service on board to-day, and, if consistent with your feelings and the state of your health, we should feel ourselves gratified by hearing a sermon from you.

"Yours, most respectfully,

"Signed, —— ——."

To this note were appended the names of all the gentleman and lady passengers with the exception of *four*, who were Roman Catholics—three of whom were "sisters of charity."(?) I very cordially accepted the polite invitation, and improved the interesting occasion by preaching them a New-Year's sermon at eleven o'clock, A. M., in the ladies' cabin. "Cast thy bread upon the *waters*, and thou shalt gather it after many days." We are now about thirty miles above Vicksburg. I pray God to make me useful wherever I go.

January 4.—Arrived in the Crescent City this morning at nine o'clock. This at present is the great business mart for North America. The levee presents a mingled picture of light and dark shades. The shipping and majestic steamers present an imposing appearance to the eye of the stranger. I have no language to describe my emotions on first entering this port. My *first business*, however, was to retire in secret, and return my humble thanks to almighty God for preserving my health, and protecting me from danger and accident during my long and tedious journey from the Queen City of the west.

I have met a kind reception, and am now staying at the house of Rev. Mr. Curtis, a local preacher, whose residence is opposite Enunciation Square. The weather is as warm here now as some of our summer days in Ohio. I sleep under a musketoe-bar at night. What a transition, from the ice-bound shores of the Ohio to this congenial, sunlight clime! I hope my visit will be

pleasant if not advantageous to my health. The Lord is still better to me than my foolish fears.

"His hand my drooping head sustains."

"Great peace have they that love thy law, and nothing shall offend them."

I trust, should my life be spared, to make greater proficiency in my studies this year than last, and rise to greater hights in holiness and Christian enjoyment.

"'Tis there, with the lambs of thy flock,
There only I covet to rest;
To lie at the foot of the rock,
Or rise to be hid in thy breast.

'Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart,
Concealed in the cleft of thy side,
Eternally held in thy heart."

January 8.—This has been my *first Sabbath in New Orleans;* I am now left alone to reflect upon its pleasing and afflicting scenes. The morning was bright, followed by a lovely, smiling day, peculiar to this southern clime. It was favorable for the devout and pious portion of the community to repair to the temples of the God of Jacob, "whither the tribes go up, the tribes of the Lord, unto the testimony of Israel, to give thanks unto the name of the Lord." In company with brother Curtis and Rev. W. Nicholson, pastor, I repaired to the Poydrass-Street Church. This is a most splendid edifice, of the Grecian and Doric order, the details of which are copied from the temple of Theseus, at Athens. The hight of the steeple is one hundred and seventy feet. The entire building combines a beauty and novel grandeur to be seen in no other church edifice about the city. Here I tried to preach at eleven o'clock, A. M., from these words, "They overcame him by the blood of the Lamb and the word of their testimony," etc. Revela-

tion xii, 11. I had but little comfort, because of the tumult in the streets without. It was the 8th of January, a day memorable in our political history, and was most generally observed throughout the city as a day of great festivity and mirth. At three o'clock we assembled at the same place to administer the sacrament of the Lord's supper. While thus engaged a military company passed the door of the church, and a portion of the audience retired to the lobby to witness the procession. A brisk cannonade was kept up in Lafayette Square, to the great annoyance of the communicants. Rev. Mr. Curtis being the oldest minister present, was called upon to consecrate the elements. After partaking of the bread and passing it over to brother Nicholson and myself, he became so confused or absent-minded, that he arose from his knees before passing round the wine-cup. I can not express the deep feelings of my heart on this painful occasion. In this wicked city "the ways of Zion do mourn, and few come up to her solemn feast." Till very recently there has been almost a total disregard for the holy Sabbath. "This memorable and eventful day—January 8th—was commemorated with a spirit of enthusiasm plainly indicating the patriotic remembrance with which the deeds of noble daring that signalized it are cherished. At an early hour the ear-piercing fife and spirit-stirring drum summoned the military department to their duty. Prompt in peace, and, we are equally assured, prompt in times of war, the well-disciplined and martial band who constitute the legion and battalion sallied forth to celebrate, in a becoming manner, an event that shines conspicuously, indeed, pre-eminently, in the bright galaxy of military achievements won by American valor. It was a day of pride, rejoicing, and thanksgiving. The associations connected with the 'glorious eighth,' revived by the

brilliant celebration of to-day, should excite the liveliest emotions. The heart of every Louisianian should bound and leap with joy at the annual recurrence of a period that rescued from a rude, plundering soldiery, female chastity and all the blessings that attach to and ennoble the human race. The charm of British invincibility was dissolved on that occasion, and the star spangled banner of freedom's advocates floated in triumph over the plains of Chalmette. Throughout the city a spirit of animation prevailed, *occupations ceased, houses were closed,* in fact there was a general stop of proceedings for a full and unmixed enjoyment of the anniversary. The military were in order from 'top to toe,' and the various societies that joined in the unanimous melee of congratulation and rejoicing presented a *'perfect jubilee.'*" There is no law in that state to prevent "military parades," "target-shooting," "horse-racing," or theater-going on the Sabbath. It is to be regretted that out of a winter population of more than one hundred and sixty thousand comparatively few attend the house of God. When the Sabbath is disregarded religion and morality die. Man forgets God and God forsakes man. The moral world becomes a desert waste, where beauty never smiles. The illustrious Washington was a strict observer of the Sabbath. He often read the Scriptures and prayed with his regiment on that holy day. As a nation we can not prosper if we trample on the Christian Sabbath.

CHAPTER LI.

INCIDENTS AT NEW ORLEANS AND MOBILE.

During my stay in the city of New Orleans I spent the most of my time at the house of the late Harry Hill, Esq., on Canal-street. I heard Rev. William Winans and brother Nicholson preach frequently. I witnessed the inauguration of Governor Mouton, and had the pleasure of renewing my acquaintance with the late Henry Clay, of Kentucky. Mr. Clay, at that time, was in feeble health, and seemed much concerned about the salvation of his soul. I saw him present in the Methodist Church during the delivery of a most eloquent sermon by Rev. W. Nicholson. A gentleman, who was not a professor of religion, related to me a very interesting conversation between Mr. Clay and Rev. Mr. Clapp, at a dinner party, on the subject of *experimental religion*. Mr. Clay at last inquired of this erratic divine, if he believed in "conversion," or the possibility of obtaining, in this life, a *knowledge*, a satisfactory *assurance*, that we were in the favor of God. In reply, Mr. Clapp said, "When quite young I thought I experienced such a change, but my subsequent life has convinced me that I was mistaken. I do not believe or preach that doctrine now. I think all that God requires of us is simply to give our *assent* to his word, and believe in Christ as the Messiah—to give full credence to the 'sure word of testimony.'" Mr. Clay answered, "Although I do not profess to have experienced this remarkable transformation, yet I have always entertained a very different opinion altogether from yours. To make you understand my meaning I will illustrate it in a very simple manner. For many years past I have fully believed that such a man as Rev. Mr. Clapp

existed—that you exercised the office of the ministry in the city of New Orleans;" and he laid his hand on the minister's shoulders and continued, "but I have much stronger evidence now than I ever had before, because I *feel you* with my right hand. I can not be mistaken now—I KNOW that it is you, Mr. ——. So I have always," said Mr. Clay, "regarded the subject of religion; in addition to the testimony of which you speak, I believe that it is our privilege to have the *sense of feeling*. This frees the mind from anxiety and doubt." Here the conversation ended, and the whole company appeared delighted to hear the expression of such sound views of theology from the distinguished senator from Kentucky. I had this statement from an intelligent citizen, a man of unimpeachable veracity.

I recollect an amusing incident which transpired at the inauguration of Governor Mouton. It was announced more than a week previous, through the journals of the city, that Mr. Clay would be present upon that interesting occasion. Early in the morning the streets were thronged, not to see the recently-elected Governor, but to get a sight of the great statesman, Henry Clay, who was then the guest of the city. The doors were guarded by a strong military force, to prevent the crowd from entering before the arrival of the Governor and his suite—the ladies and invited guests from abroad. Through the kindness of a friend I was early admitted to a comfortable seat. A number procured boards and ladders, and "climbed up some other way," and made their ingress through the windows in the rear of the building. It was not long before the entrance of Mr. Clay that I discovered at my side, standing on a chair, a fine, noble-looking native Louisianian. He seemed much agitated, and his fine forehead bathed in a most profuse perspiration. His whole manner attracted my attention—when, on a sudden,

his flashing eye met my steady gaze. He then stooped down and very politely asked me if I thought Mr. Clay would soon make his entrance. I replied, "It is not quite time yet." "Sir," said he, "are you a citizen of this place?" I replied, "No; I reside in Ohio." "Was you ever in the state of Kentucky?" quickly inquired my excited strange friend. I replied, "O yes, often; I am at present residing in Cincinnati." "Did you ever see Mr. Clay?" "O yes, frequently." "O, sir," he replied, "you are a highly-favored man; I would rather look upon his face than any man in the universe. Do you think he will certainly be here this morning? I would not miss seeing him now for half of my plantation; I rode thirty miles yesterday afternoon on horseback, in order to be here in time on this occasion." At that moment a messenger announced the arrival of the Governor, and the aisles were instantly cleared. He soon entered, with his attendants, amid demonstrations of a hearty welcome. In a few moments Mr. Clay made his appearance, and was received with deafening shouts of applause within and without the spacious hall. My friend mounted his chair and looked on him with a steady gaze during the whole delivery of the Governor's message. I do not suppose he heard or understood one word of it, he was so busily engaged in watching Mr. Clay. At the close he turned around and remarked, that he believed "Henry Clay the greatest man God ever made," and closed by saying, "O, my God, if he does not go to heaven when he dies I believe I do not want to go! Farewell, God bless you! I can go home satisfied now, sir." I think no one could doubt either his sincerity or his disinterested admiration of the great statesman; but I confess I felt then, and do now, a strong desire to go to heaven, whether Mr. Clay was permitted to enter that happy place or not.

On the 23d of February, in company with Rev. E. W.

Sehon, my former colleague, but then Agent of the American Bible Society, I left New Orleans, and took passage on the mail-packet "Fashion" for the city of Mobile. The "Fashion" was commanded by A. Fullerton, who tendered us both a *free passage*. On handing us our tickets he humorously remarked, "Gentlemen, you go *free* unless some accident should occur, for you know that sailors have a foolish fear of a storm on the lake when the clergy are on board the vessel." I was delighted with the placid appearance of Lake Pontchartrain, over which we glided during a beautiful day, at the rate of twenty miles an hour. The next morning, however, we were lying at anchor nearly opposite Cedar Point. Early in the forepart of the day we entered the Gulf, and battled bravely till nine o'clock, A. M., when the boiler arch gave way, and the boat caught fire. This produced great consternation, but in a few moments the flames were extinguished, an anchor cast out, and all was quiet again. A storm of wind and rain came down upon us, and it was necessary to cast over another anchor; but still we drifted further from the land. All hands were at work to repair the injury, and the captain and officers assured us all would soon be right again. But, alas! we were a "day and night in the deep," short of provisions, and in imminent peril every hour. We had on board twenty-five gentlemen and three lady passengers, most of whom wore sad and gloomy faces, and a few cried and prayed all the time. I went below and prayed often in secret, and felt that all was safe at the command of Him

"Whose voice the winds and sea obey."

The captain would often come along and pleasantly remark, "Gentlemen, I fear there is a Jonah aboard. I think I will yet have to make you pay for your passage." We reminded him of Paul's dangerous voyage to Italy, when an "angel of God stood by him," and, in answer to

his prayer, saved the passengers and crew—"all that sailed with him." Blessed be his holy name, the next morning we arrived safe in the port of Mobile. The first Sabbath after our arrival brother Sehon preached a dedication sermon in the new church, which was the happiest effort that I ever heard him make. The sermon was universally admired, and was followed by a generous collection. I remained in Mobile till the 28th of April. I had the privilege of preaching often myself, and of hearing Rev. L. Pierce, D. D., frequently. I have no hesitancy in saying that I think him the ablest Methodist preacher that I heard in the south. The Sabbath before my departure he preached a most powerful discourse, by request, in opposition to the fanatical notions of the Millerites. The text was taken from the second epistle of Paul to the Thessalonians, second chapter, first and second verses: "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and by our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter as from us, as that the day of Christ is at hand." This eloquent and powerful sermon settled the minds of many "wavering souls," and no doubt saved some from losing their reason. It had a tendency to abate the Millerite excitement a hundred per cent. throughout the whole city. The labors of Doctor Pierce were signally blessed to the people in Franklin-Street Church. I assisted him in the revival for more than four weeks. Many were happily converted, and a goodly number added to the Church. I remember a very singular mistake, and a very afflictive one, too, that occurred during that meeting, on one of our sacramental occasions. The Doctor and myself were kneeling at the communion table—the prayer of consecration was ended—the Doctor partook of the bread and handed it to me—he then took the cup

and, after drinking, passed it to me, and I partook of it likewise. He then arose from his knees and handed it to one or two communicants kneeling outside the altar—paused—looked embarrassed—and came to me, and said, "There is something wrong; I fear we have been deceived; that wine has a strange taste and smell." I then instantly perceived it was Cogniac brandy. The services were instantly closed by making an explanation to the audience. The prayer offered by brother Pierce, at the close of that occasion, will never be forgotten by me while I live. We afterward learned the steward of that Church kept a demijohn of brandy in the same closet where he kept the wine for sacramental purposes, and that morning he trusted to a colored girl to fill up the communion-tanks, instead of attending to it himself. Through *ignorance* on her part, and not of *design*, this unfortunate mistake occurred. I understood, before leaving that city, that this painful occurrence made a thorough temperance-man of brother ——, the steward of the Franklin-street charge, and he resolved never again to place the unfermented juice of the grape in such close proximity with alcoholic brandy.

"I SHALL DIE IN MY NEST."

Not far from the Crescent City there lived a minister of the Baptist Church, concerning whom I learned the following truthful incident: He was originally from one of the New England states, and had left his "childhood's sunny home" as a missionary to the low-lands of Louisiana. Full of zeal, he came to instruct the ignorant, to warn the impenitent, and proclaim salvation through a crucified Redeemer to his perishing fellow-men. He was especially concerned for the downtrodden slave, and he frequently declared, in public and private, that to labor for his amelioration, and moral and spiritual elevation, was

his "chief joy." He often remonstrated with his hearers against the sin of involuntary servitude, and exhorted all his acquaintances to put away the blighting curse from among them. His efforts were so judicious and well directed, that many felt the force of his reasoning, while all united to say that he was truly a humble follower of Him "who went about doing good." But on a sudden his zeal greatly abated; his sermons were not so pointed nor evangelical, and his prayers had also lost their fervency and power. In a word, the whole tenor of his conduct was so changed that it was noticed by all with whom he had intercourse. But what had wrought this wonderful change in the conduct of this professed teacher of the way of life? His history is not an isolated one. The mystery is solved by the following quotation from 2 Tim. iv, 10: "*Hath forsaken me, having loved this present world.*"

In one of his rambles among the "benighted heathen," (?) he made the acquaintance of a rich planter, whose daughter was the owner of one or two hundred slaves. A "love of money" put out the eye of his soul and damped the luster of his hitherto unsullied spirit. He desired to be rich, and in an evil hour fell into temptation and a snare—erred from the faith and pierced himself through with many sorrows. It is true, his determination to depart from the legitimate work of the ministry, cost him many a painful struggle, but the tempter prevailed. After a short visit to his native land to bid them "farewell, which were at home"—Luke ix, 61—the nuptials were celebrated with pomp and splendor, and the young preacher became the owner of a rich plantation, with more than one or two hundred slaves.

The last sermon that he preached, previous to his marriage, was from these words, "*I shall die in my nest.*" Job xxix, 18. It was considered, by all who knew the

circumstances, most singularly appropriate to his own case. Before making up his mind to die in "his nest," he resolved to have it "well feathered." He was generally known afterward by the cognomen of the man who said, "I shall die in my nest, and I shall multiply my days as the sand." This is not a solitary case. O how many, who were once bright and shining lights in the ministry, have forsaken the cause of their Master, and have turned aside to "heap up uncertain riches!" Many have already ceased to preach, and are now quietly reposing at home, saying, "I SHALL DIE IN MY NEST."

CHAPTER LII.

THE RECOMPENSE.

I RECEIVED tokens of kindness from all with whom I had intercourse in the cities of Mobile and New Orleans. At times I preached hard, but, thank God! I am well assured that my labors were not in vain in the Lord. I was more than recompensed before my departure, in witnessing the conversion of some that were awakened through my instrumentality. I wish to mention one case particularly. It was the case of a young lady, a Miss Susan B., a native of the state of New York, who, like myself, had visited the sunny south with the hope of recovering her health. She had been staying with a near relative for several months before I made her acquaintance. She was beautiful and accomplished, but a stranger to the religion of the Son of God. Her health, during the winter, improved rapidly, but with the opening of spring all her fond dreams of returning health rapidly vanished. Her uncle had engaged her passage in the first ship that was to sail from that port bound to

the city of New York. But God had ordered it otherwise. She took a slight cold by exposure to the night air, which was followed by a severe chill. She was soon confined to her room, and prostrated upon a sick and dying bed. I was sent for to visit her several weeks previous to her death. I found her sinking fast with hasty consumption of the lungs and liver. As soon as I went in she requested me to take a seat near her bedside. She then proceeded with great emotion to remark in substance as follows:

"You are a stranger to me, but I also am a stranger in a strange land. You are a Christian, I am not. I am confident that I will die soon, and I feel that I am unprepared. I want your counsel and your prayers, which, I think, you will be kind enough to impart in this the hour of my greatest need."

The earnestness and pathos with which she spoke affected all present to tears. I read a chapter in the Holy Bible, and then prayed for the dying penitent with some good degree of freedom. I continued to visit her once or twice nearly every day till her death. I never heard any one plead more earnestly and importunately at the throne of grace. Her words and gestures at times were deeply affecting. It was a most difficult thing for her to "believe with a heart unto righteousness." At times I feared she would die without leaving a clear testimony of her salvation. One evening while I was expounding to her a portion of the word relative to the atonement, I stopped suddenly and asked her if she could not see the Savior hanging on the cross and suffering for the sins of a guilty world—for her sins. She looked for some time with a fixed gaze and then exclaimed, "I do see him by faith." I then said to her, "That same Jesus that suffered without the gates of Jerusalem on a Roman cross on Calvary's rugged brow, is *your Savior now*, and I want

you no longer to view him in his humiliation on the cross, but look up and see him at the right hand of his Father pleading for you at this moment." Blessed be God, she looked by faith to Jesus as an "exalted prince and Savior," and in a moment she *was saved.* O what words of rapture, praise, and thanksgiving fell from her lips! Her work was now done, and she patiently waited the moment of her joyful release.

When the time of her departure drew near I was summoned to her bedside. Her face was radiant with the light that shined upon her from beyond the Jordan of death. She took my hand in hers and pronounced a blessing upon my soul, and thanked me for my kind attentions and the deep interest I had taken in the salvation of her soul. "I shall never see my native place—the home of my youth; but blessed be God that here, in a distant land, I have found Jesus, the friend of sinners. I die in peace in a strange city, but my flesh shall rest in hope. I know that my Redeemer liveth. Farewell to this sunny clime; I go to a city where the 'inhabitants are *never sick.*'"

The closing scene was most tender and touching. As the death struggle came on, she commenced, with clasped hands, repeating, in an audible voice, the Lord's prayer. As her strength failed she spoke in lower tones till her sufferings were nearly over. While listening attentively to this childlike, simple manner of prayer, she looked me full in the face and said, with a clear voice, "It was you that first pointed me successfully to the cross of my dying but now risen and ascended Savior." O how much of heaven and angelic sweetness beamed from her face, even during the last "sad conflict!" When almost gone and no longer able to speak above a whisper, I discovered that her lips continued to move. I then put my ear as close as I could, and found

her going through the "valley and shadow of death," continuing to repeat that inimitable prayer commencing, "Our Father, who art in heaven." Thus she continued to pray till the last "amen" upon her lips was turned to a song of victory on the other side of the river of death.

As I went forth from that chamber of death it was near the midnight hour; not a footfall was heard in the street; the moon and stars were shining in their beauty and loveliness in the dome of heaven. I was alone, and yet not *alone*, for God was with me. I clasped my hands and looked up to heaven and exclaimed, "Heavenly Father, I do thank thee that thou hast ever called me to the work of the ministry!"

"It was you," said the dying stranger, "that first pointed me successfully to the Savior." O my soul, praise God that I was ever so highly honored! Bless the Lord, who daily loadeth me with benefits! How full and rich my reward this night! O what a glorious recompense! What are diamonds, pearls, jewels, precious stones—what the riches and honors of the world when contrasted with such a recompense? What are thrones, kingdoms, and crowns when compared to the reward of the humble minister of Jesus Christ?

Not long afterward I left Mobile and returned to New Orleans, and took passage for home. On my return I spent a pleasant Sabbath at Louisville, Kentucky. During the summer I traveled almost constantly and preached more than if I had been in the regular work. I visited Ripley, Maysville, Portsmouth, Chillicothe, Columbus, Worthington, Delaware, preaching once or twice in each place. I also visited Zanesville, and preached twice at a camp meeting held in the bounds of the Putnam circuit. I preached twice in Zanesville, and then returned to Chillicothe, and preached at 3 o'clock, P. M., at the dedication of the new Methodist Episcopal church on the Sab

bath previous to the commencement of conference. We had a pleasant annual conference, and I enjoyed myself very well. I was appointed the next year to Greenfield station. I look upon the year that I *traveled for my health* as one among the most laborious years of my itinerancy.

CHAPTER LIII.

GREENFIELD STATION, HIGHLAND COUNTY.

THE town of Greenfield lies in the north-east corner of Highland county, eighteen miles from Hillsboro, and twenty-one miles from Chillicothe. It is pleasantly located on the north side of Paint creek, and founded on solid rock. It is in the midst of a flourishing country, and has an industrious and moral population. A railroad now passes through it, connecting the town with Cincinnati and Chillicothe. The first Methodist Episcopal Church was organized here in 1822 by Rev. Jacob Delay, an old pioneer preacher, of the Ohio conference. The present church edifice was erected in 1824. The first class consisted of the following persons: Charles White, class-leader; Thomas Stewart and wife, William Collins and wife, Edgar Mitchell, Cool, Robbins, Jennings, Moore, Jones, and a few others. It was organized into a station in 1840. I was appointed to the station from the Chillicothe conference, and commenced my labors October 15, 1843. This was the smallest station that I ever served, but I found here a noble set of men, "who had a mind to work." The church edifice was of stone, and, at the time of my appointment, was in a bad state of repair. The aisles were of brick, and also a brick pavement in front of the altar, the design of which,

I was informed, was to prevent noise in walking. From the dampness that settled on the walls I took a severe cold, and became hoarse every time I attempted to preach. On examination the sleepers and floor were found in a decayed state, from confined air underneath. I soon obtained permission to make some alterations and the necessary repairs, though not without considerable opposition at first on the part of some who stave off all improvements of this kind by the old, stale cry of "letting well enough alone." By the blessing of God I soon raised the sum of two hundred dollars, the amount neces sary for all the repairs. The work was commenced in the early part of December—the old floor and rotten sills removed, and an entire new floor laid down in their stead—the house whitewashed, pulpit remodeled, altar carpeted, newly furnished, and a neat cushion outside of the railing for kneeling on during communion service. While the repairs were progressing I preached in the Baptist and Presbyterian churches, and in the old schoolhouse. We also kept up our prayer meeting and class meetings regularly in private houses, and encouraged the Church to look for a general revival of the work of God. The repairs were all finished on Friday, the 14th of January, and on the next Saturday evening I commenced holding a protracted meeting. I opened the services by preaching from Isaiah iv, 5: "And the Lord will create upon every dwelling-place of Mount Zion, and upon her assemblies, a cloud and a smoke by day, and the shining of a flaming fire by night; for upon all the glory shall be a defense." O it was a time of power! The "Lord fought our battles for us," and we followed the "fire and the cloudy pillar" to certain victory. Before the meeting closed about fifty were added to the Church. This was a good work. Before the close of the year nearly all who joined at this meeting were admitted into full con-

nection, some of whom have since "died in the faith," and are now at rest in "Abraham's bosom." My exposure in the early part of the winter proved highly injurious to the state of my health.

For some time I had no regular place to board, which was a great inconvenience. After preaching hard on Sabbath morning, February 14th, I was seized with a violent attack of pleurisy. I was unconscious for near forty-eight hours, and for more than five days I was near unto death; but "God had mercy on me" and heard the prayer of his people in my behalf. I was brought back to life and resumed my labors again in four weeks from the time I was taken ill. Throughout all that sore affliction my mind was kept in perfect peace, staid upon the Savior. The Lord was very precious to my soul. Blessed be his holy name, I shouted his praises on my bed of pain and suffering.

I must record a strange coincidence which occurred during this affliction, and one which I have often looked back to with much interest. At the worst stage of my disease, a few days before the time of my second quarterly meeting, while dozing, I fancied that I was ascending a high mountain. When in full view of its summit I found my strength was failing very fast; but I urged my way onward up its rugged side till near the top. At this point the mountain ascent was almost perpendicular, and cliff after cliff rose above me. I made another effort and succeeded in clambering up till I gained a foothold within a few yards of the much-desired place of rest. It was a moment of intense effort and anxiety. For a time my mind was overwhelmed in despair. I felt my strength entirely exhausted. However, I resolved to make another effort. I then took hold of some slender green shrubs that projected from the rocks, and by a mighty struggle succeeded in drawing up my weary frame

to the summit of the mountain. On reaching the top I instantly swooned away and fell prostrate on the ground. After I revived, on looking over the edge of the precipice I saw my presiding elder, Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, standing on a cliff below me about ten feet. He looked up and smiled, and then addressed me in the most affectionate manner: "My dear brother Mack, you have made a narrow escape, but, thank God! *you are safe.*"

The next Saturday was the time for the commencement of the quarterly meeting. Brother Trimble arrived on Friday evening, and entering my room found me alone. I was quietly dozing a little and my fever almost entirely gone. I was soon aroused by his feeling my pulse. On looking me in the face he smiled and addressed me as follows: "My dear brother Mack, you have made a narrow escape, but, thank God! you are safe." The reader will perceive that this is the same form of expression precisely as he used when, in my "night vision," I saw him standing on the mountain cliff.

With the opening of spring I gained strength slowly, and found it difficult to fill my appointments. I preached my farewell sermon early in August, and took my departure amid the tears and kind benedictions of a people that had deeply sympathized with me in all my "tribulations." Total numbers in society at the close of my labors, two hundred and thirty-six.

The Greenfield station is small, but composed of good men and true, among whom are Judge Eckman, John Boyd, Esq., Mains, Evans, Middleton, etc., and many others whose names I can not now call to remembrance. The Lord grant that I may meet them all in bright glory!

CHAPTER LIV.

HILLSBORO, OHIO.

HILLSBORO is in Highland county, which takes its name from the *high lands* which form a dividing ridge between the Miami and Scioto rivers. It is a remarkably healthy situation. The county was first settled in 1801; the principal part of the first settlers were from Virginia and North Carolina, many of whom were Friends. Hillsboro was laid out as the seat of justice in 1807. The original town plat contained two hundred acres, one hundred of which Mr. Ellicott, the proprietor, gave to the county, and sold the remainder at two dollars per acre. It is the residence of Governor Allen Trimble, who settled here at an early day. Methodism was planted here at an early period. In 1806 Governor A. Trimble's house is mentioned as one of the preaching-places on Scioto circuit. At that time Rev. John Sale was presiding elder and Rev. James Quinn preacher in charge.

I attended conference at Marietta, from which place I received my appointment to this station. I opened my ministry September 29, 1844, from these words: "I am come to you in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ"—Romans xv, 29—and at our next coming together I addressed them on the verse immediately following: "Now I beseech you, brethren, for the Lord Jesus Christ's sake, and for the love of the Spirit, that ye strive together with me in your prayers to God for me." They soon made me *feel* that I was welcome to their station. My health returned and I preached with more liberty of spirit than I had ever done among a

strange people. God blessed his word, and souls were awakened and converted.

At our first quarterly meeting the Lord poured out his Holy Spirit in a wonderful manner. On Monday night the altar was filled with mourners, and a number converted to God. The Oakland Female Seminary shared largely in the refreshing shower. The good work progressed all winter. In the spring I had some alterations and repairs made on the old church, and the pulpit *modernized.*

At the close of the conference held in Cincinnati I was returned to Hillsboro station, and commenced my labors September 28, 1845. My health became poor, yet I preached twice nearly every Sabbath. God favored us with another year of great prosperity. We sold the old parsonage-house, and raised money enough, by subscription, to build a new and elegant one on the lot immediately adjoining the church. God greatly prospered me in my own soul while laboring in Hillsboro. I read and prayed much, and often studied my sermons on my knees. Whenever I succeeded in *steeping* them in my heart, I did not labor as one that "beateth the air."

I will now relate how strangely I was exercised at one time early on a certain Sabbath morning. During the previous week I had made a "*labored preparation*" for the pulpit. While engaged in pondering over it something seemed to whisper in my ear, "What is all this for? Will God be glorified or his kingdom advanced by such an effort?" I was reproved by the Spirit. I felt it deeply in my soul. I fell upon my knees and said, "Lord, show me the way I should take; I am nothing; I am in thy hands. 'To me who am less than the least of all saints is this grace given, that I should preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ.'" I took another text and preached a plain, practical sermon

God owned his word. A glorious revival commenced, which continued nearly all the winter. Many found peace in believing. Among this number were several of the young ladies of the Oakland Female Seminary.

In the early part of my connection with the station at Hillsboro I was greatly annoyed by two or three persons who styled themselves "Second Advent Believers," but now generally known as Millerites. I must record here some of the injurious effects of this fanatical delusion in Hillsboro and the immediate vicinity. Some quietly withdrew from our society, but others remained still with us, who disturbed the peace and tranquillity of the whole society. It was ardently hoped by their friends that, after frequent disappointments as to the *time* of the "general conflagration," they would be led to renounce this unscriptural dogma or heresy. But in this we were all doomed to a sad disappointment. I preached a special sermon on that subject, and warned them of the fearful consequences of departing from the faith once delivered to the saints.

I will now furnish my readers with the outline of that sermon:

"And this I say, lest any man should beguile you with enticing words. For though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit, joying and beholding your order, and the steadfastness of your faith in Christ. As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him: rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving. Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy and vain deceit, after the tradition of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." Colossians ii, 4–8.

St. Paul was now a prisoner in bonds at Rome. He regrets that he could only serve the Colossians by his *epis-*

tle and prayers. He declares his "*agony,* or conflict," for them and the Church at Laodicea, and for "all who had not seen his face in the flesh." St. Paul regarded the Gospel as a glorious treasure—the perfection of all the preceding dispensations, and a perfect revelation of the will of God to man. He knew the danger to which the Church at Colosse was exposed; hence the note of timely warning, "This I say, lest any man beguile you," etc. In addressing you I shall notice,

I. THE APOSTLE'S REJOICING, AND THE GROUND OF IT.

"For though I be absent in the flesh, yet am I with you in the spirit," etc. It is a disputed point whether St. Paul knew what was passing in the Churches without being present in body. It is probable that he had this gift bestowed on him at certain times; as in the case of Elisha, who told the king of Israel what passed in the bedchamber of the king of Assyria. The apostle had not visited Colosse; he had not seen their faces in the flesh; yet he had heard a favorable report of them, and from the day that he first heard of their faith and steadfastness in Christ he ceased not to pray for them, and to *give thanks to God*—though absent in the flesh, he was present in spirit, *joying.* The ground of this rejoicing was *their order and the steadfastness of their faith in Christ.*

1. Their "*order.*" Regularity marked all their deliberations. He was pleased with their established usages All things were done decently and *in order.* This was one ground of the rejoicing of St. Paul.

2. The "*steadfastness of your faith.*" This was another ground of his rejoicing. They were stable, uniform, not given to change. They were consistent in their profession of religion; not soon moved from the hope of their calling, nor carried about by every wind of doctrine; not like some in our times, a Methodist to-day,

a Presbyterian to-morrow; next week an Episcopalian, next year a Baptist, then a Universalist, next a Mormon, and last of all a *Millerite*. This leads me to notice this wide-spread delusion more particularly, according to promise made on last Sabbath night.

II. THE WARNING OR CAUTION GIVEN IN OUR TEXT.

"This I say, lest any man should beguile you." The very idea of a seducer is repulsive. Satan seduced our first parents in the garden of Eden. Wicked men still *seduce* one another. But O how alarming to think of those professing to be guides or teachers of the way of life, being only *seducers*, "beguiling men with enticing words," or spoiling them through *philosophy or vain deceit!* If this warning was necessary eighteen hundred years ago, it is more necessary at the present time. If there were false prophets of old among the people, certainly we have false teachers in the Church now. There were many teachers of this kind troubling the Church at Colosse. Some said there was neither *angel* nor *spirit*, others denied the "resurrection of the dead," while some said it was past. Some affirmed the *same body* would be raised, others declared a *new one*, phœnix-like, would come out of the ashes of the old. Some were zealous in their advocacy of the *soul-sleeping scheme*. The Platonists represented demons as carrying prayers up to God and bringing back answers. St. Augustine prayed for the dead. Now, all these our apostle called "*vain* and *deceitful*," because they did not conduct to inward piety of heart, but beguiled unstable souls. So it is in our day. The present is an age of error. Many new and false systems of religion have recently been *compiled*, and are now propagated with a zeal worthy of a better cause. The old heresies and errors of past ages have been *revived—rebaptized*, and sent out to beguile men under a new name and with a more *bewitching garb*.

There is nothing very new under the sun, after all, in false doctrines. The "world-burners" existed in the Church at Thessalonica. The peace and harmony of the brethren were disturbed by a class of teachers who pro fessed to *know the time* of the second advent of Christ. 2 Thessalonians ii, 1, 2: "Now we beseech you, brethren, by the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ, and our gathering together unto him, that ye be not soon shaken in mind, or be troubled, neither *by spirit, nor by word, nor by letter* as from us, as that the *day of Christ is at hand.*" How important the additional note of warning in my text, "Beware, lest any man *spoil* you through *philosophy* or *vain deceit!*" False teachers are *robbers* of God's dear children, and *spoilers* of his heritage. The apostle does not condemn true philosophy. Solomon, the wise man, was a philosopher, and so was David, the sweet singer of Israel. God's works are still sought out of them that take pleasure therein. "True philosophy is the improver of reason, the guide of our faculties, and teaches us the true knowledge of God and of ourselves, and is no hinderance, but the aid or handmaid of religion." But "vain deceit," unprofitable speculations, and traditions of men, false philosophy, *despoil* and *damn the soul.*

III. THE ANTIDOTE, OR REMEDY.

"As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him: rooted and built up, and stablished in the faith, as ye have been taught, abounding therein with thanksgiving."

Here, my beloved hearers, is the grand *specific*, or Gospel *balsam*—the only effectual remedy against the prevailing errors of the day. Nothing will save you from being turned away from "*the truth as ye have been taught,*" but "*walking in Christ Jesus.*" Neither learning, nor philosophy, nor mere knowledge, however varied, either

human or divine, will secure you against "seducers" and vain and deceitful philosophies. The best *antidote* is a *holy life*, walking humbly with God—following in the footsteps of the Savior, "rooted and built up in him, and stablished in the faith." No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon. We must first get out of the way before danger can befall us on our pilgrimage to Mount Zion. When men become "wise above what is written," they soon embrace some deadly error or heresy. Pious and devoted men never fall into grievous errors. We need a *holy ministry* and a self-denying membership, *striving together for the faith of the Gospel.* Then will God arise for our help, and in righteousness "recompense *tribulation* to them that trouble us." Then shall we be "delivered from unreasonable and wicked men," and the Lord shall direct all our hearts into the love of God and into the *patient waiting for Christ.* Amen.

"There the simple can not stray,
Babes, though blind, may find the way—
Find, nor even thence depart,
Safe in lowliness of heart;
Far from fear, from danger far,
No *devouring beast* is there;
There the humble walk secure,
God hath made their *footsteps sure.*"

The Millerites, notwithstanding, turned a deaf ear to all my private admonitions and public warnings from the sacred desk. With most astonishing tenacity they clung to their favorite theory of the near approach of a "burning world." They continued to "wax worse and worse," "deceiving and being deceived," till several of them were almost ruined. A short time before the period fixed for the winding up of the affairs of this mundane sphere, five of the deluded followers of Mr. Jacobs

at Cincinnati, who was one of the principal leaders among the Millerites in the west, visited Hillsboro. The object of their visit, according to their own statement, was to assist their brethren and sisters in that town and the surrounding country before the great and notable day of the Lord should come, as they were pleased to phrase it, all they could. Their visit was succeeded by the two "angels," or "little children," as they called themselves, ladies with whom I had formed an acquaintance while stationed in Cincinnati. They were recent converts of Mr. Jacobs, and were sent out by the "faithful" to assist others in "getting into the kingdom." Not long after the arrival of the "angels," alias certain women, Mr. J. M. and Mr. F. G. and wife were all suddenly "born into the kingdom" with the aid of these celestial visitants. (?) Their regeneration was succeeded by the following ceremonies, such as "washing of feet," the "holy kiss," and a desire to share all their worldly goods "in common." A short time after the departure of the "angels" Mr. M. informed his wife and children that he had been instructed—by the "angels," I suppose—to sell all that he had and move immediately to the Queen City of the west, and spend the remnant of his short life in the society of the "children of the kingdom," who were collecting there from all parts of the Union. To this wild proposition the wife and children unanimously objected; for, to their credit be it spoken, not another member of the household was tinctured in the slightest degree with Millerism. He then told them they must take care of themselves, for he was determined to leave *all for Christ's sake.* He then calmly delivered over to his wife all his notes and papers that were of any real value. He stated that since his conversion to "spiritualism" he had lost all "natural affection" or earthly desires, and intended to lead a life of strict "self-

denial" till the time of the second advent, that was near at hand. He then, in a very solemn manner, bade them all a *final* adieu, came to Cincinnati and joined himself to the followers of Mr. Jacobs. I think he is still living, but has never returned to live with his family at Hillsboro. Poor deluded man! He left a comfortable homestead and a respectable and interesting family with whom he might have spent the evening of life in peace and quietude. The indignation of the Church and community was greatly increased by the visit of the "angels" and the unhappiness resulting to the family, of brother M. But the disastrous effects of their last visit did not stop with the alienation of Mr. M. from his lovely family. Mr. F. G. and wife, for they were agreed, only tarried behind a little season to enable them to dispose of their valuable farm and household goods to better advantage. For this they had been *instructed* beforehand by the "angels." I conversed with him not long after their departure, and he assured me that he was now convinced that it was his duty immediately to sell all that he had and give it to the poor—the followers of Mr. Jacobs—or else he could not enter the kingdom of heaven. He went home and fixed upon a day for a public vendue of his stock and household furniture, and then returned to town and offered his farm to one of our brethren for less than half its real value. At last he declared his intention to sell at *any price;* for he now considered it wicked to put a price or value his own property so soon to be destroyed. He said *all* must go now just for what his neighbors were willing to give, be it much or little. This was another part of his new creed, or one of the conditions of "getting into the kingdom." He repeatedly declared his intention to "*sell all that he had* and give to the poor," and when it was all gone he knew the Lord would "compel

the wicked to maintain him and his family" till the Judge should come.

I was soon convinced that he was partially deranged, and rendered incapable by the *celestial visitants (?)* of attending to his secular concerns. I consulted with his brothers, who are worthy and intelligent men, and all members of our Church, on what was the best course to take to keep him from self-ruin and his family from poverty. After prayerful deliberation it was finally concluded, as a dernier resort, to make an appeal to the strong arm of the law. Accordingly, an inquest was immediately taken under the statute of the state of Ohio, "providing for the safe-keeping of idiots, lunatics, and insane persons, and for the better management of their estates," etc. And on the 16th of February, 1846, Mr. G. was brought before Judge Lilly, one of the associate judges of the county of H. A jury of five persons were impanneled and sworn to inquire into the "*state of mind*" of Mr. F. G. This by many was considered a novel and high-handed measure; but our trust was in God for the good that was to follow, and we resolved to turn neither to the right hand nor to the left. Judge —— was employed on the part of the state, but Mr. G. resolved to plead his own cause. An intense excitement prevailed, and the spacious court-room was filled to its utmost capacity. The trial proceeded in the regular form. Competent physicians were sworn, and gave it as their opinion, after examining carefully the state of Mr. G.'s mind, that he was not competent to attend to his secular affairs. The counsel for the state then requested Mr. G. to state to the jury and court the reasons for his strange conduct in desiring to sell his farm, etc. In answer to this question Mr. G. promptly replied, "I have been so instructed by the 'angels' as the *only condition* of my 'getting into the kingdom.'"

And he also remarked that, during the last night, after the "delightful ceremony of washing each other's feet," while reading in the New Testament, he came to these words, "Yet lackest thou one thing: go and sell all that thou hast, and distribute unto the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven; and come and follow me;" that he saw the words, "go and sell all that thou hast," on fire. "What kind of fire?" inquired Judge P. "Why, fire that gives light," answered Mr. G. "What," replied Judge P., "do I understand you to mean *literal fire*, such as we use in our fireplaces to keep us warm?" "Yes, sir," answered Mr. G., "that is exactly what I mean to say." Judge P. then remarked that he was willing to submit the case to the jury without a single remark. The jury retired, and, after examining the testimony and all the facts presented before them, returned into court with their verdict in the following words:

"We, the subscribers and jurors, impanneled and sworn to inquire into the state of mind of Mr. F. G., having heard the evidence in his case, do find the same F. G. to be *insane*, and incapable of attending to his ordinary business; and that he is not so furiously mad as to render it dangerous to the peace and safety of the community that he should be permitted to go at large. We further find that he owns *one hundred and thirty-six acres of land*, worth *two thousand, five hundred dollars*, the annual rent of which is worth seventy-five dollars. We also find that he is possessed of personal estate to the amount of *eight hundred and thirty-seven dollars*.

"Signed, "____ ____,
"____ ____,
"____ ____,
"____ ____,
"____ ____."

On hearing the verdict Mr. G. remarked that he had

but one request to make of the court, and that was this, that they would appoint the "biggest devil" in Hillsboro for his guardian. After which he became a little more subdued and composed, and remarked to the court, "Gentlemen, you have ruined me, and now I give you warning that to-morrow about this time I will pass through Hillsboro with my wife and eight children on foot, notwithstanding there is snow on the ground. And in this way we will travel to Cincinnati, leaving all behind us for the sake of Christ." The court then adjourned, and on the day following, agreeably to the sixth act of the statute above referred to, the associate judges of the county appointed Captain —— as guardian for the estate and his wife and eight helpless children. This course proved successful beyond our most sanguine expectations. He could not procure means to go away, and had not the courage to depart "empty-handed," as he had threatened at the close of the trial. After the excitement was over he said we all intended to do him harm; but divine Providence overruled our wicked designs. But I have no doubt he must feel grateful at this hour on the reflection that we prevented his utter temporal and perhaps spiritual ruin. God grant that I may meet him and his dear family in heaven!

CHAPTER LV.

A VISIT TO THE MILLERITE TABERNACLE.

The storm of Millerism and come-outism, which swept over the Churches at that time, with all its anti-religious developments, may be easily traced to their true cause—a desire to be wise above what is written; to improve on Divine revelation. As one has remarked, we only want a

faith strong enough to *believe up* to what is revealed, and also strong enough to confide all *beyond* into the hands of the Judge of all the earth, who will most assuredly do what is right. Cincinnati was headquarters for this deluded people. They first constructed a "big tent," of canvas, one hundred feet in diameter, that would seat over two thousand persons. It was a movable affair, like the tents of the Israelites. It was taken to Springfield and Dayton, Ohio, and to Lawrenceburg, Indiana. When their numbers increased, they also erected a brick tabernacle on the corner of Seventh and John streets, in Cincinnati. It would seat comfortably about twenty-five hundred persons. Here they continued to preach and worship till the period fixed for the "end of time."

Rev. William Miller, the founder of this sect, stated in his fourteenth proposition, in the "Midnight Cry," February 24, 1843:

"I believe the time can be known by all who desire to understand and be ready at his coming. I am fully convinced that between March 21, 1843, and March 21, 1844, according to the Jewish mode of computation of time, Christ will come and bring all his saints with him, and that he will reward every man according to his work."

They all finally united upon the 22d day of October, 1844, and made their arrangements accordingly. In the last issue of the "Midnight Cry," on the 19th of October, three days before the appointed time for the destruction of this mundane system, may be found the following *last warning:*

"Reader, this is the last morning; and now, at the *eleventh hour,* we ask you, ARE YOU AWAKE? 'Tis too late to talk of redeeming misspent moments. Be wise to-day! 'Tis madness to defer now, on the borders of eternity. Fly to the arms of Jesus!"

In addition to this they issued several thousand copies of the "Midnight Cry," with this imposing heading in large letters:

"*Behold, the Bridegroom cometh! Go ye out to meet him!*"

In this document there was a summing-up of the principal arguments, and a specification of the time for the world's destruction. As I had had considerable trouble with some of them in my congregation, I concluded to go down to Cincinnati and witness for myself the finale of this wide-spreading delusion. I arrived there in good time, but was told that the house was so full I could not get in. They spent the night in "watching for their Lord;" but he did not appear. The next morning I was informed they were still "robed," and at the tabernacle, wondering why he "delayed his coming." I met Judge Johnston, and we agreed to go down in company at nine o'clock. On our arrival there we found the house still about two-thirds full. Some were standing, and others walking about, distributing a paper headed the "Last Warning." At times they would sing a beautiful hymn. About twelve o'clock they became exceedingly restless, and some started to leave. Then an old veteran, called Deacon Smith, arose and remarked, with a strong voice, "Brethren and sisters, we have now arrived at the Red Sea. I exhort you, one and all, to stand still and see the salvation of God!" Then, pulling out his watch to note the time, he said, "My faith is unwavering; the time is not up yet by more than one hour." This speech was followed by many hearty responses, and one or two Millerite songs. A Mr. H. next arose and said, "If Christ does not come this day I will believe this Bible false!" clapping his hands violently on the word of God before him. A sister then spoke incoherently for a considerable time, clearly evincing that her mind had lost its proper

balance. When she was done speaking, another lady, with whom I was well acquainted, arose to "show us her opinion," and wound up some very foolish and commonplace remarks by saying, "that she knew this was the time for Christ's second coming, for when she got up on yesterday morning she saw *red streaks* in the sky toward the east." This was one of the ablest arguments (?) offered on that occasion. About one o'clock, Rev. Deacon W. arose and spoke substantially as follows: "I never did fix upon the precise time myself, and I always told my brethren they would get into trouble if they did; but they would not listen to me, but followed other leaders. My faith is this: I believe that at this period the 'sign of the Son of man will appear in heaven,'" but how much longer after the appearance of the "sign of the Son of man," before the Son of man would actually appear, he could not inform them; but said, "Brethren, as this is a Jewish reckoning, made for the land of Palestine, there must be some allowance made for 'latitude and longitude' when time is reckoned; but I tell you I believe the most important thing after all is, to be ready; and now I want you all to pray that your old friend J. W. may not be like some 'balloon ascensions' that I have witnessed in this city, which, after going up for a time, fall suddenly to the earth again; but when I do begin to ascend I hope I may keep on till I enter the portals of paradise." This address was followed by hearty responses from the Adventists, and laughter among the spectators.

I might give other more amusing, yet not less instructing parts of this religious farce. They were most fearfully deluded by their leaders. Many of them I knew were sincere. Never, in all the history of the Church, was a people found waiting with more earnest expectation than those that looked for him on the "*tenth day* of the month," burning their lamps constantly, which gave a

brilliant light till that day which brought them into the middle watch of the Jewish year, and alas, alas! in *midnight darkness* relative to the *time* of the second advent. Many of these men and women turned infidels. Rev. E. Jacobs joined the Shakers, but was so corrupt that they soon expelled him; and Rev. William Miller has since deceased, but his "works do follow him." Deluded man! Before his death he published a card, in which he says:

"The causes which required God's chastening hand upon us were, in my humble opinion, *pride*, *fanaticism*, and *sectarianism*. PRIDE worked in many ways. We ascribed our conquest in argument over our opponents to ourselves. We were seeking the honors and applause of men more than of God. We were some of us seeking to be leaders instead of being servants—boasting too much of our doings.

"*Fanaticism.*—I know our enemies accused us of this before we were guilty, but this did not excuse us for running into it. A thousand expressions were used without thought or reflection, and I thought sometimes very irreverently.

"*Sectarianism.*—We have adopted the very things we condemned in others, crying Babylon! Babylon! Babylon! against all but Adventists."

I close this chapter by asking all of my readers to adhere to the instructions given in Matthew as to "times and seasons."

CHAPTER LVI.

TEMPTATION AND VICTORY.

IN the latter part of the winter of —— I was tempted; thought I had lost all my "*unction*," and greatly desired

an opportunity to preach the Gospel in other parts. After preaching twice in my own station on Sabbath I started in a sleigh early on Monday morning to meet Rev. J. F. W. at his quarterly meeting in the village of Lexington, some twelve miles distant. I wished to reach there in time to preach for him at nine o'clock, but was disappointed. On my entering the church he had just closed the sermon, and was preparing to administer the sacrament. My soul was sad and cast down within me at the thought of having to return without an opportunity to preach. During the services brother W. remarked, "I am sorry you did not get here in time to preach. I know the people would like to hear you." I replied, "No one, I suppose, is as much disappointed as myself. I am frank enough to tell you I desire an opportunity to preach much more ardently, I suppose, than any one wishes to hear me." On my saying this, brother W. *smiled benignantly*, and said, "O, well, perhaps I can arrange it for you yet." At the close of the sacramental services, brother W. remarked to the congregation that the stationed minister from H. was present, and if they wished to hear him preach he was very willing to serve them before he returned home in the afternoon. They all signified a willingness to stay provided I would agree to preach immediately after dinner. The hour was arranged for half past one o'clock. We all went up into the village and partook of a little refreshment, and repaired to the old frame church at the appointed time for the service. I felt deeply humbled before the Lord, and my *inward* cry was, "I beseech thee show me thy glory." I stood in the altar, feeling such a sense of unworthiness that I did not wish to go into the pulpit. I took a plain text, and discoursed on a familiar subject. I had not proceeded far till "I heard the sound of a going in the tops of the mulberry trees." When about half-way through my ser-

mon the Spirit of God took hold of the heart of a sinner who was sitting near the center of the church. He soon began to shake like one of old while the apostle was reasoning of "righteousness, temperance, and a judgment to come." At length he lifted up his voice and wept aloud, and afterward rose up and walked out into the aisle, wringing his hands in deep anguish of spirit. I took no notice of him, but continued to preach with an unusual degree of liberty and divine unction, till this poor "awakened sinner" sprang more than his whole length, at one jump, toward the altar, grasped the railing with his hands, and fell on his knees in the most imploring attitude, crying out, "O, what shall I do, what shall I do? O, my God and Savior, what shall I do to be saved?" At this juncture I stopped suddenly and stepped upon the bench in the altar, and said to him as follows: "Do you come here to ask me 'what you shall do?' I thank my God on your behalf, that I am commissioned by my divine Master to say to you, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved;'" and then, lifting up my hand toward heaven, I exclaimed, "Behold, I bring you glad tidings!" "Behold, now is the accepted time! Behold, now is the day of salvation!" I could add no more. The congregation simultaneously rose to their feet, and some shouted aloud for joy, and others cried to God for mercy. As soon as I could be heard, I said, "Let us all pray;" and every one, young and old, saints and sinners, got down upon their knees. As the afternoon was now far spent, and the snow melting fast, I took my hat and cloak and stepped out as silently as I could, and started for home in my sleigh, while the congregation were still "agonizing" in fervent prayer. I had scarcely got out of sight of the church before God set the soul of the struggling penitent, who had kneeled outside of the altar, at perfect liberty by the blood of his Son. I look

back to this reminiscence as one of the greenest spots in memory's waste.

OAKLAND FEMALE SEMINARY.

The Oakland Female Seminary is located at Hillsboro. It was organized May, 1839, and incorporated by the Ohio Legislature, February, 1843, with power to confer diplomas and literary honors. It is, therefore, in fact, a "Female College." The title "Mistress of English Literature" will hereafter be conferred on those who complete the ordinary English course, and the title "Miss of Liberal Arts" on those who study the Latin and Greek languages in addition to the English course. None graduated at this Seminary till the summer of 1843, at which time four young ladies received the highest honors of the school. The following tabular view will give the number each succeeding year:

1843.....4	1847.....3	1851..... 6
1844.....3	1848.....5	1852..... 7
1845.....6	1849.....6	1853.....11
1846.....5	1850.....9	1854.....10

Making the total number of graduates eighty-five. Twenty-six of these graduates, and thirty-one other pupils of this Seminary, have engaged in teaching after leaving school. One, Miss Mary J. Bowen, has been a missionary among the Creek Indians. I had the pleasure of witnessing the conversion of a large number of the young ladies connected with this institution during the two years that I labored in H. Six of the graduates have gone to another and happier clime. The number of pupils has varied in different years from seventy-six to one hundred and thirty-six. The number, of late, is not as large as usual, owing to the improved condition of the public schools in Hillsboro; but a larger number are from abroad than at any former period. Many will not come unless they can board with the Principal. This has been a hin-

derance to the prosperity of the school from the beginning. But this difficulty will soon be obviated. A large and beautiful edifice will be erected during the next year The main building is to be ninety feet long and forty five feet wide, and three stories high. The L will be sixty by thirty-five, and two and one-half stories high. The upper story of the main building will be the dormitory Teachers and pupils are to sleep in the same room, in single beds; and the room occupied by sleeping alone. This is the plan of the English and French boarding-schools, and is thought by many to be the best way to preserve good order and prevent all mischief. The cost of the new building is estimated at *twenty thousand dollars.* The title will be changed from Oakland Female Seminary to *Hillsboro Female College.* Rev. Joseph M'Dowell Mathews has been the Principal of this school from its commencement. He is a popular teacher, and has a strong hold upon the affections of the citizens of Hillsboro generally. He is a good man and true. My intercourse with him during my connection with the station was always agreeable and profitable to myself. Brother Mathews is a native of Kentucky. He came to Hillsboro and commenced teaching in the Hillsboro Academy in October, 1827. This was the beginning of that institution of learning. In the fall of 1831 he gave up the school and joined the Ohio annual conference. His first appointment was Chillicothe station, where he remained two years. In 1833 he was stationed in Cincinnati with Doctor Sargent—who died in the pulpit on Christmas day. Doctor Trimble, Rev. J. B. Finley, Rev. John Collins, were his colleagues. During the winter the health of brother M. failed entirely, and in April, 1834, he left the city. During the summer his health was partially restored, and in the fall he purchased a farm near Hillsboro, and labored as much as he was able. By

this means his health gradually improved. In the fall of 1834 he located, but was readmitted a year or two afterward to act as agent of Augusta College, but was only able to serve the institution efficiently for about two months. At the next annual conference he again located. In the spring of 1839 he commenced the Oakland Female Seminary, where he has labored most efficiently for the last sixteen years. Eight years ago, at the session of our conference at Columbus, brother M. was readmitted into the traveling connection, by the unanimous consent of his brethren. He is an eloquent minister, but in consequence of a bronchial derangement he is unable to preach regularly.

In the year 1845 the unfortunate division between the north and south transpired. I had several dear friends in the ministry that finally united with the Methodist Episcopal Church South. It grieved my heart to part with them, especially with one who had been my colleague for two years. I loved him as Jonathan loved David, and as years roll away he still has a warm place in my affections. We soon came to an understanding to "agree to disagree," and pray for each other's welfare. An honest difference of opinion should not destroy a "brotherly affection" among Christian ministers or private members of the Church of God. My neighbor's garden may contain many fragrant roses and beautiful flowers, although the entrance to it or the internal arrangements may differ from my own. As Mr. Charles Wesley said to Whitefield, "Friends of jarring sentiments may agree."

> "Not in party's narrow banks confined,
> Not by sameness of opinion joined;
> But cemented with a Redeemer's blood,
> Are bound together in the heart of God."

The following beautiful letter from a beloved minister in the south, written not long after the final separation

breathes the true spirit of a Christian. I feel it a pleasure to record it in my "FOOT-PRINTS."

"MY DEAR BROTHER GADDIS,—Mason and Dixon's line is between your beautiful residence and the town of ——. You are in the Methodist Episcopal Church, and I am now a humble member and minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church *South*. But are there any reasons why 'old acquaintance should be forgot and days of auld lang syne?' Though my position with regard to certain principles of Church policy is changed in a slight degree—though my relation to the Church is different from what it was a few months ago—though many miles separate us, yet my heart is still the same, and my Christian friendship and brotherly love for Maxwell is just as warm as it ever was. And although we labor in different fields, and receive our appointments from different bishops, yet it is the same great vineyard. We labor for a common Master; we have a common cross, and receive strength and grace through the same blessed Spirit. We kneel at the same mercy-seat, and repeat the same beautiful words: 'Our Father who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name.'

"Then, as we bear that cross and labor for that 'Father,' and look with joyful anticipations to that bright heaven where

'We may meet at Jesus' feet,'

why may we not forget all differences of opinion, and grasp each other's hand as erst we did when we cultivated the same fields? I was truly rejoiced when I received your kind letter, professing the continuance of your Christian regards and personal friendship. I had met so many darkened brows and cold looks that I began to think that in the eyes of my brethren of the Methodist Episcopal Church I was viewed as a *reprobate*, beyond the reach of

mercy, and lost to hope. I was glad to see your charity would still allow you to recognize me as a brother and Christian minister. I am much pleased with the spirit of the Southern Church so far as I have seen it developed. I hear no bitter denunciations of character. I hear no foul epithets applied to the Methodist Episcopal Church at the north, as a body, nor to the members of that Church as individuals. The worst I have heard said is, that Drs. Elliott, Bond, and Bangs are 'abolitionists.' The prevailing sentiment here is—Let us have peace; if we can not agree on Church government in all things, let us 'agree to disagree' on that, and unite at least in preaching a crucified Redeemer, and try and keep the devil from triumphing over our misfortunes. Let us all, at the north and south, go in for a universal and overwhelming revival of religion. O, that this was the spirit all over these lands! Would to God that every Methodist preacher, itinerant and local, *would say*, and that in truth, 'I am determined to know nothing but Christ and him crucified!' Would that all our *editors* had it written in capitals over all their editorials! Then, indeed, might we expect to see our Church discharging her duties, and fulfilling the legitimate functions of her calling—'spreading Scriptural holiness all over these lands.' God hasten the day when the Church shal 'learn war no more!'"

CHAPTER LVII.

THE EFFECTS OF INTEMPERANCE.

While residing at H., at the still and quiet hour of midnight I was aroused from my slumbers by a loud rap at the front door. I opened the window and looked out,

and, by the light of the stars, recognized Mr. B., one of my nearest neighbors, who kept a small bakery and beer saloon just across the alley. I inquired what he wanted. He replied that he wished me to come over immediately, and pray with a sick man who was supposed to be dying. I arose and followed him without a moment's delay. I passed through the drinking apartments into an adjoining room. Here lay a fine-looking man, full six feet in stature. He was a Virginian by birth, but, for several years past, a resident of H., and a township officer. About sundown, or in the early part of the evening, he called at that grocery, or saloon, to get something to drink. He saw a jug standing upon the counter with a cork in it; he pulled out the cork and smelled it, and said to Mr. B., "Well, as you have refused to give me something to drink, I will take a dram out of this gentleman's jug." A voice of warning was instantly heard behind him, saying, "Let that jug alone, sir; it contains a portion of prussic acid!" But the warning voice was disregarded. The poor inebriate smelled the fumes of the liquor in which the poisonous drug was put, and such was his thirst for another dram that, before any one could prevent him, the fatal potion was eagerly swallowed, and it was not long before he was seized with the agonies of *death*. When I entered the room he was in deep distress of mind; he felt that he was a great sinner, and must soon appear before his God. I prayed with him, and exhorted him to repent and employ the few hours that yet remained in trying to make preparation to meet his justly-offended God. At times he would cry out, "O, my poor wife and helpless children, what will become of them!" Poor man! he had a helpless wife and six children that were dependent upon his efforts for daily bread; but now, by his love of strong drink, he fell in "manhood's prime," the volun-

tary victim of his own folly. He died early the next day, a most pitiful and excruciating death. This melancholy occurrence produced an intense excitement in the community; but it soon subsided, and the widow and her six helpless children were soon forgotten. It is true, a "civil action" was frequently spoken of, and all were loud in their condemnation of those who were considered accessory to his death.

A few months after the death of this unfortunate man, another more tragic and deeply-affecting circumstance transpired in our midst. A Mrs. M'C., for several years, was gradually wasting away by a pulmonary affection. I formed her acquaintance a short time after I commenced my pastoral labors in the town of H. Mr. M'C. was an excellent tradesman, and competent to provide a good living for his wife and children, but, by intemperance, had disqualified himself for carrying on the saddlery business any longer. He moved from one house to another, and from one town to another, till his reputation and means were all squandered, and the constitution of his delicate wife completely broken. At length they were compelled to quit keeping house, and sister M'C. took lodgings with a near relative, who, at this time, was the keeper of the county jail, and lived in the prison on the opposite side of the street from my boarding-house. Her drunken companion left her to take care of herself, while he continued to lounge about the bar-rooms and drinking-saloons of the town. After sister M'C. was confined to bed, her decline was very rapid. It was my privilege to visit her often, and unite with her in prayer and thanksgiving. They were once a happy family. Her husband was frugal and industrious, and, although he had ruined himself by hard drink, I discovered that she clung to him with womanly affection. Not a murmur escaped from her lips. Although sur-

rounded by poverty, and dependent on the kindness of friends for support in the last days of her life, she enjoyed

> "The eternal sunshine of the spotless mind,
> Each prayer accepted, and each wish resigned."

Fifteen years' painful experience as the wife of a drunkard, had taught her to trust not in "an arm of flesh," but in the living God. A sad and mournful expression was stamped upon her countenance whenever she recalled to mind the trials through which she had been called to pass; but the path of sorrow, if we are the children of God, "leads to the land where sorrow is unknown." She was now evidently drawing near the close of her pilgrimage; all the days of her appointed time were numbered; the fatal malady was making rapid progress, but her prospect of future bliss was cheering. Her confidence was unshaken by the near approach of the king of terrors; the horrors of the wilderness were behind her, and now she stood on the bank of the river of Jordan,

> "A weary pilgrim, sighing for the rest to come."

I visited her late on Saturday. That night she entered heaven, amid the songs of angels and the greetings of kindred friends. On Sabbath afternoon she was followed to the grave by the members of our Church and a very large concourse of the citizens.

But I must hasten to give the CONTRAST. There is a darker shade to this picture than I have yet portrayed—a most gloomy one, that I would gladly forget if I could. It presents the close of their lives, as wife and husband, in fearful contrast. When Mrs. M'C. was dying, a messenger was sent after her husband, but he refused to come, although she greatly desired to see him. At the mention of her name he wept like a child, yet, strange

to relate, he refused to see her die, notwithstanding the importunities of her relatives. On Sabbath morning, when told that she was dead, he lifted up his voice and wept aloud, and upbraided himself for such cruel treatment and long-continued neglect of one so confiding and forgiving. He then poured fiery anathemas upon the rumsellers who had contributed to his ruin. Early in the morning he was seen coming out from a whisky-shop, wringing his hands in deep anguish of spirit, exclaiming, in an audible voice, as he walked down the middle of the street, "O, who will care for me now! While my poor wife lived, bad as I was, there was one, still *one* left to care for me in my misery; but, alas! alas! the only true friend, and the last friend I have in this wide world, is now numbered with the dead." His friends urged him to go to the funeral and see her buried, but he obstinately refused. While we were performing the sad funeral obsequies, he was walking about the streets, "seeking rest, but finding none." He was almost constantly bewailing his lonely and wretched condition; indeed, his grief was deep and poignant. He "refused to be comforted;" he declared, to all who conversed with him, that he was now forsaken of God and man. Just before we returned from the grave, he came down to the house where she died, and took a seat on the stone-step in front of the door. He wept aloud, and continued to exclaim, for some time, "*My only earthly friend is now gone to the grave—who, O, who, who, who will care for me now?* Not one! not one!" He was, indeed, the very picture of despair; remorse and anguish were drinking up his spirits. For many years he had sowed to the wind, and now he was "reaping the whirlwind." Fear took fast hold upon him, the pains of hell seized him, and, in a wild state, bordering on frenzy or madness, he arose and ran up stairs into the room where

his wife expired, and seized a vial of laudanum, which he had procured for his wife some time previous to her death, and swallowed the entire contents. He exclaimed, after taking it, "Why should I desire to live? I have no one to care for me. My only friend is dead and buried; I have now no desire to live any longer." He soon sank down into a state of coma.

In about twenty minutes after he had taken the laudanum, I was called over to see him. It was a most exciting scene. The physicians of the place tried various remedies to counteract the effects of the fatal drug, but they were all ineffectual. About sundown he was removed, upon a cot, to an untenanted house, where he expired about midnight. He was attended, during his last hours, by some half a dozen kindred spirits, who spent the remaining hours of the night in singing songs and mirthful "story-telling" around his lifeless corpse. He was interred the next morning at ten o'clock. As the procession moved out to the place of interment, I was struck with the *contrast.* At the burial of sister M'C., on Sabbath afternoon, hundreds of the best men and women of the town, and vicinage, were in attendance; while the remains of her husband were followed to the grave by about twelve or thirteen men. Not a lady was to be seen in the funeral procession, not even his own relatives.

"No drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God;" but add to drunkenness the crime of self-murder, how dark the picture! how terrible a coming retribution! O, what domestic sorrow and wretchedness is occasioned by the sale of intoxicating liquors! How it breaks the harmony of the family circle! Who but God that seeth the heart can count the tears and agonies of a heart-broken wife—the innocent and unoffending wife of the drunkard! How fearful to contemplate the ravages

which the infernal spirit of rum is making in the hearts and homes of multitudes! How it consumes all that is lovely in human character, and implants in its stead the most hideous passions! It disregards that holiest tie, a mother's love, and strongest restraint, a mother's influence. These all have failed to prevent many a child from ruin by the vice of intemperance. There is not one bright page upon record of its progress—nothing to shield it from the heartiest execration of the human race. But my pen is too feeble to portray the evils of intemperance. Portray the evils of intemperance, did I say! He does not live that can tell the whole story of its woes! Exaggeration is impossible. The boldest fancy falters in its flight before it comes up to the fact; the mind's eye can not take in the countless miseries of its hapless victims; no human art can put into that picture shades darker than the truth. "Put upon canvas a picture of every conceivable thing terrible or revolting; paint health in ruins, hope destroyed, affections crushed, prayer silenced; paint the chosen seats of paternal care, of filial piety, of brotherly love, of maternal devotion—all, all vacant! Paint all the crimes, of every form and every hue, from murder standing aghast over a grave which it has no means to cover, down to the meanest deception, still confident of success; paint home a desert, and shame a tyrant, and poverty the legitimate child of vice in every community, and not its prolific mother; paint the dark valley of the shadow of death, peopled with living slaves; paint a landscape with trees whose fruit is poison, and whose shade is death, with mountain torrents tributary to an ocean whose very waves are fire, and put into the most distant background the vanishing vision of a blessed past, and into the foreground the terrible certainty of an accursed future! Paint prison, with doors that only open inward; people the scene with

men whose shattered forms are tenanted by tormented souls; with children, upon whose lips no smile can play; and with women, into whose cheeks furrows have been burnt by tears, wrung by anguish from broken hearts! Paint such a picture, and when you are ready to show it, do not let in the rays of the heavenly sun, but illuminate it with the glares of infernal fires, and still you will be bound to say the horrible picture falls short of the dreadful reality."

CHAPTER LVIII.

BETHEL CHAPEL, THIRD WARD, CINCINNATI.

In the fall of 1846 I was appointed to Bethel Chapel, Cincinnati, Ohio. This church was situated in the third ward, on Front-street, with the view of affording the means of grace to our western boatmen. Through the indefatigable labors of a few noble spirits a lot had been procured, and the walls of the new chapel erected before my appointment. But on my arrival in the city I found the friends of the good cause much discouraged; and after making diligent inquiry "concerning those who had escaped which were left of the captivity, and concerning Jerusalem," I was called to a severe trial of my faith, and, like the prophet Nehemiah, I sat down and wept and mourned certain days, and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven. On the 20th day of September, 1846, I was conducted to a large brick building in Cassilly's Row, on Front-street, east of Broadway, and, after a fatiguing ascent by a winding series of steps, forty-four in number, I was ushered into the attic story, where I was shown a large upper room "furnished and prepared." This was the *old Bethel*, where the mission

was first commenced and a Sabbath school organized. I found a small company of true believers anxiously awaiting the arrival of their new pastor. Never shall I forget the feelings I experienced while ascending the stairway; I was almost exhausted before I reached the top, and, on getting to the pulpit, I panted for breath like one who had been running a race. After resting a little while, I opened my mission from these words—Pslam xx, 5—"In the name of our God we will set up our banners." Before the close of the service we all felt that we were brought into his banqueting-house, and his banner over us was love. The faith of the little society was increased, and nearly all of them came forward and bid me welcome in the name of the Lord, and pledged themselves to aid me by their prayers. At an early period I heartily co-operated with the indefatigable board of trustees in urging forward to immediate completion the new chapel, which had been erected and inclosed during the past summer.

"The good hand of our God was upon us" and prospered us exceedingly, even beyond the expectation of our most sanguine friends. Our new Bethel was ready for worship on the 8th day of November. The benevolent ladies of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the city presented us with money to purchase carpets for the altar and aisles, and also a beautiful flag, which was unfurled from the top of the building. As soon as the church was dedicated to the service of almighty God, we sent out the invitation in every part of the third ward and along the river shores, "Come, for all things are now ready." Before leaving the "*old attic*," east of Broadway, the clouds of mercy had gathered over us. I shall never forget a meeting held there on a rainy night. I was reluctant to go, thinking no one would be there, the night was so dark and rainy. I went to

the door of my boarding-house and turned back, but my good host, brother Richard Ashcraft, took hold of me and literally compelled me to go. On our arrival at the head of the stairs, I was surprised to find a pretty good company of both men and women assembled to hear the word of life. I stood on the altar and preached for about thirty minutes, and then opened the doors of the Church, and, to my astonishment, nearly every unconverted person in the house joined the Church. As soon as the new house was opened for worship I had a neat, ornamented card, nine inches by twelve in length, printed, with the following inscription, and framed, and hung up in the hotels, steamboats, and coffee-houses:

BETHEL

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

CINCINNATI, OHIO.

This beautiful brick chapel is situated on the south side of East Front-street, between Pike and Butler streets, a short distance below Deer creek stone bridge.

This new and elegant building has been erected during the last year. It is fifty by eighty feet in length, and furnished in the very best style, and will accommodate a very large congregation.

HOURS OF REGULAR WORSHIP.

Preaching every Sabbath at eleven o'clock, A. M., and half-past six o'clock, P. M.

SABBATH SCHOOL

Meets every Sabbath at two o'clock, P. M.

PRAYER MEETING

Every Wednesday evening at half-past six o'clock.

"And many people shall go and say, Come ye, and let us go up into the mountain of the Lord, to the [*Bethel*] house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways." Isaiah ii, 3.

"I was glad when they said unto me, Let us go into the house of the Lord." Psalm cxxii, 1.

"For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a door-keeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness." Psalm lxxxiv, 10.

"They shall ask the way to Zion with their faces thitherward, saying, Come and let us join ourselves to the Lord in a perpetual covenant that shall not be forgotten." Jeremiah l, 5.

"We will go with you: for we have heard that God is with you." Zechariah viii, 23.

"These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honors of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land!

In every new distress
We'll to thy house repair;
We'll think upon thy wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there."

MAXWELL P. GADDIS, *Pastor.*

Resides on Third-street, between Lawrence and Pike, at Mr Richard Ashcraft's.

This card was the means of attracting hundreds to our new chapel, and it was not long till "the glory of the latter house was greater than the former." The altar was soon crowded with broken-hearted penitents, and the spacious edifice crowded every night to its utmost capacity. From the first of October, 1846, in the old and new place of worship, to the beginning of the new year in 1847, one hundred and ten were added to the Church. By the help of God our numbers were more than doubled in less than three months. The work went steadily forward throughout the conference year, so that at its termination we numbered two hundred and thirty members.

This was a year of hard labor, such as I never was called to endure before. I was very happy, and divinely aided in my varied duties. It was delightful to witness the success of the Gospel among the boatmen, and especially among the ungodly in the third ward of the

Queen City. The Sons of Temperance finished and furnished the basement for the privilege of holding their meetings two or three nights in each week. At the time of the dedication the church was all finished and well furnished, with the exception of the seats. Our means were all exhausted, and the trustees had no hope of being able to raise any more money during the conference year. In the spring I adopted the following plan: to divide the amount necessary into shares of ten dollars each and get the captains and owners of steam-boats to subscribe it in the name of their boats. This plan succeeded well, but it cost me many days of exposure and anxious solicitude while waiting to see the boats when at the wharf. When the work was all completed, and the seats neatly painted, I published the following card in the city papers, and caused a copy of it to be neatly framed and hung up in the lobby of the Bethel Chapel:

"A CARD.—The undersigned, pastor of Bethel Chapel, in the behalf of himself and the praiseworthy society which he has the privilege to serve, would take the earliest opportunity of tendering his hearty and sincere thanks to the polite captains and officers of the following-named steam-boats, not only for their oft-repeated expressions of kindness and good wishes for the success of our enterprise, but for their late noble and generous-hearted liberality in donating the sum of *five hundred dollars*, an amount amply sufficient to furnish the Chapel with elegant seats. Our fervent prayer to God now is, that each of the generous donors may receive a 'hundred fold in this life,' and when done navigating the 'stormy sea of life,' may each one of them 'strike soundings' in the haven of rest, and be welcomed to a seat in the mansions above!

"MAXWELL P. GADDIS, *Pastor Bethel Chapel.*

"*Cincinnati, March* 21, 1847.

"A list of the boats contributing: Yorktown, Palestine, Swiftsure No. 3, Clipper, Andrew Jackson, North America, Albatross, Triumph, New England, Thomas Jefferson, Duchess, Charles Carroll, Scioto, Belle of the West, Defiance, Commodore Perry, Mountaineer, Medium, Wisconsin, James Ross, Ben. Franklin No 6, Hendrick Hudson, Cambria, Wave, Monongahela, Milwaukie, Pacific, Susquehanna, U. S. Herald, Anglo Saxon, Olivia, Dominion, Pike No. 7, Phœnix, Jamestown, Lady Madison, Daniel Boone, Fort Wayne, Paul Jones, Alhambra, Ohio Belle, George Washington, West Union, Western, Clipper No. 2, Bell Air, Mary Pell, Viola, Harkaway, Prairie Bird, Planet, Louis Philippe."

As the year passed on we organized two missionary societies in the new charge, one of which we designated the Collins Female Missionary Society, and the other, "juvenile," we named after the late Rev. W. B. Christie. I was often asked by the members what was the use of organizing two societies in a Church where the people were still in debt, and had already given more than they were able to liquidate old claims. I replied it was my duty to put *all the machinery* in good order and in motion, and then trust in God to make it work profitably for his glory. I also gave notice that I would preach a missionary sermon and solicit a missionary subscription and contribution. Some thought it would be time misspent, and that all my labor would be lost. In the mean time, however, I started out the managers of the "Collins Female Missionary Society," to collect the amount subscribed "constituting the membership" of their new society.

On the Saturday evening previous to the time appointed for the missionary sermon an incident occurred worthy of being recorded here. I had just finished the outlines of my discourse when I heard a gentle rap

at my room door. I arose and opened it hastily, when to my astonishment there stood before me a venerable old man in very mean apparel. I had met him before, and supposed he had called to have a short conversation with me on the subject of religion. I asked him to come in and take a seat. He did so, but seemed to be much agitated. At length I discovered him with his hand in his pocket trying to get out a large roll of bank notes, which he soon held up in his right hand, and then addressed me in substance as follows: "Mr. Gaddis, here is one hundred dollars that I have been at a loss to know what to do with. I have now carried it in my pocket for more than a week, during which time I have been to the bank frequently, thinking I would deposit it; but still I did not. I generally know what to do with my money as soon as it comes into my hands; but this money has troubled me. And now, my dear sir, I come to ask you to accept it as a donation to the cause of missions, which you are to advocate to-morrow. I am now old and gray-headed, and not a member of any Church, but I desire to make this my first missionary contribution through your society."

The feeling of gratitude with which I received that donation is known only to the great Head of the Church. I felt that it was in answer to my fervent, importunate prayers for God to open the heart of some man of wealth to give us a liberal donation on that very occasion. I was to preach on the following Sabbath, and when I made this strange disclosure tears of joy ran down the happy faces of the little society. We had from the Bethel that year a collection of over one hundred and fifty dollars for the cause of missions.

The year closed with a high tide of prosperity. I reported over two hundred members to the annual conference, the society having more than doubled its num-

bers during my labors. To God be all the glory for the good done!

An amusing incident occurred one evening at Bethel Chapel. I had just closed a sermon from these words, "A man shall be as a hiding-place." While standing in the altar to invite mourners forward for prayer, a large man arose about the middle of the house and said, "What church is this, sir?" I replied instantly, "A Methodist church." To this my strange interrogator replied at the top of his voice, "Sir!" and turned his head to one side as if he did not hear me. I then stepped off the altar, and we met within about ten feet of the pulpit. I explained to him more fully the nature of the Bethel enterprise, and the object of opening a house of worship in that locality. At the close of my remarks he said, "Very well, very well. Now, sir," he continued, "I want to know of you to-night, whether you go in for free discussion in this Bethel Chapel." I then stepped back on the altar and remarked that would depend altogether upon the subject-matter to be argued, and the character of the person wishing to engage in what he called "free discussion." I also remarked that I disliked exceedingly to be interrupted in such an unceremonious manner while holding a protracted meeting. "Well, sir," said he, "if you will allow me to reply to your sermon on to-morrow night I will prove to the entire satisfaction of this audience that what you have said here this evening is false, and that what you call the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ is a *poor, mean, contemptible farce.*"

All this was said, too, in the most scornful and insulting manner. Just at that moment brother R. Ashcraft, Esq., who was leading the singing and standing a little to my right, passed quickly behind me and walked down the aisle toward my infidel antagonist. I saw from the expression of brother Ashcraft that he was determined

to "end the controversy for the present" in a summary way. This was anticipated by the impious Mr. ———, and he put himself in a defensive attitude, much to the consternation of the female portion of the congregation. But brother Ashcraft passed on down the aisle as if he did not notice the defiant intruder. This maneuver threw the stranger off his guard, and he turned his face instantly toward me again. Brother Ashcraft, on seeing this, made a sudden spring backward and caught him by the nape of the neck, or collar of the coat, and threw this proud champion of infidelity, or "free discussion," upon his back on the floor with such force as to shake the church from one end to the other. In a moment Professor Herron and brother Livesy ran to his assistance, but before reaching the spot our unwelcome disputant rose to his feet; but brother Ashcraft gave him a much harder fall a second time, which so alarmed the ladies that many of them jumped up on the seats. However, brother Ashcraft, with the assistance of two more of the trustees, soon restored quiet by the speedy ejection of Mr. ——— from the house. A police officer was called and the disturber of our assembly handed over for safe-keeping during the night. The next morning he was taken before the Mayor—Henry Spencer, Esq.—and fined ten dollars and costs of prosecution. The sum was paid immediately, and our Englishman went away muttering to himself something disrespectful of "Young America," "freedom of speech," and "rights of conscience."

CHAPTER LIX.

A VISIT TO THE ESCULAPIAN SPRINGS.

FEELING much indisposition of body, in consequence of hard labor, during the winter of 1847, I visited the Esculapian Springs, to recruit my failing strength. These springs are situated in a cove, on the eastern side of the first range of mountains, in the south-western part of Lewis county, Kentucky. The tract of land embracing them contains two hundred and fifty acres, the greater portion of which is not susceptible of cultivation.

These springs were first discovered by the western pioneers, at an early period in the settlement of the state of Kentucky. When this western country was in a wilderness state, and the population sparse, the buffalo and deer were the only regular annual visitors to the place now called Esculapia; but, after the cessation of Indian hostilities, they were resorted to occasionally by the hunters of Kentucky, who frequently encamped in the mountains contiguous to the springs for the purpose of securing the best game. I was informed, by an "old settler" in the neighborhood, that an Englishman, whose name was not now remembered, erected the first rude cabin at the springs. He removed to this place for the purpose of recruiting his health, which was seriously impaired by the long use of ardent spirits; but, despite the healing waters of Esculapia, he unexpectedly died, and was buried in a deep gorge of the mountain. No stone was placed to mark the spot, in consequence of which the quiet resting-place of the first tenant of the sulphur springs is unknown to this day.

About thirty years ago Mr. John C. Powland purchased

the land, and removed to the springs. He soon afterward erected several small cabins for the accommodation of visitors. For many years but very few attempted to cross the rugged mountain by the winding footpath, except such as felt themselves able to encamp in the woods and endure hardships. Since that period it has frequently changed owners, and many excellent improvements have been made. Nature and art combined have already rendered it a most delightful summer retreat; and the waters are becoming more celebrated every year for their healing efficacy. The Chalybeate spring is the best and most copious I have ever seen.

Soon after my arrival I was informed that a lady, occupying one of the cottages in "Western Row," was ill of consumption. I was also informed that she was a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, a former acquaintance of mine, and that she desired to see me as soon as I had leisure. Immediately after dinner I embraced the opportunity of visiting her rural cottage. I have no language to describe my emotions when ushered into her sick chamber. She was so changed by sickness and long confinement to a couch of pain, that, at a first glance, I could scarcely discern one lineament of the expressive features of the once lovely and much-admired Miss Margaretta Silver, of North Bend, Ohio. When I met her last it was on her wedding-day. The flush of health glowed upon her cheek, and the light of hope flashed from her eye; but now how changed!—pale, sunken, and emaciated, with nothing to remind us of her former self but the cheerful smile, affectionate look, and lustrous eye, which now seemed to glow with unearthly brightness!

When I was seated, she spoke to me, with much emotion, in the following touching manner: "Brother Gaddis, it is a long time since we last met—several years

have gone by—but O, how glad I am to meet you here! Little, indeed, did I expect to see a minister before my death; surely, God has guided your footsteps to this pleasant retreat. Although I am perfectly happy, I have felt, for some time past, that it would be a great privilege to enjoy the conversation and have the prayers of a Christian minister."

Having expressed my willingness not only to sympathize with, but to pray for her, and also to converse of a Savior's dying love, we fixed upon a suitable hour in the afternoon for such religious services as she desired. Five o'clock was the hour named, and, at the appointed time, with my pocket Bible in my hand, I entered the cottage of the dying Mrs. R. Her husband, who had been absent on business for some two weeks, at the city of C., had just returned. He received me very courteously, and requested that I should proceed immediately with such exercises as she desired. I then read a portion of the holy Scriptures, and united with her in prayer. The Spirit itself helped our infirmities, and made intercession for us with groanings that can not be uttered. O, that was an hour of sweet communion never to be forgotten on earth! Our fellowship was with the Father and the Son, and each of us felt that we had a High-Priest who could be touched with a feeling of our infirmities—an almighty Savior, and one who was indeed "able to save unto the uttermost." After prayer I commenced singing,

"Soon will the toilsome strife be o'er
Of sublunary care,
And life's dull vanities no more
This anxious breast insnare.

Courage, my soul! on God rely,
Deliverance soon will come;
A thousand ways has Providence
To bring believers home."

As we continued to sing, the happiness of sister R. appeared to be almost insupportable. Her feeble frame shook all over, and she began to clap her hands and shout aloud for joy; her countenance beamed with more than earthly brightness, as she continued, with a clear voice, to speak of the love of Jesus to her soul. Her triumphant shouts of victory attracted quite a number of persons to the door of her cottage. On seeing her husband weeping, she beckoned him to come to her bedside, and then threw her right arm around his neck, pressed him to her bosom, and imprinted on his cheek the silent but impressive token of her *changeless love.* She then said, with a look of affection that I will never forget, "O, my dear husband, weep not for me, I am going home! O, happy day! O, sweet Jesus! What a precious Savior! O, what a happy day is this! Sweetest and happiest of all my life! O, my dear husband, do not grieve for me, I am going home! Our separation will be short. I know you will prepare to meet me in heaven! O, I have missed you very much during your absence, but then Jesus was with me all the time! His presence makes my paradise! He has upheld me by his right hand, and blessed me wonderfully!" She then shouted aloud for some time, repeating those words frequently, "O, happy day! O, happy day!"

To her weeping mother, who was seated at the head of her bed, she said, "O, dearest mother, weep not for me when I am gone! Tell them all at home for me I am ready to die! Tell them I AM GOING HOME, and to prepare and meet me in heaven!" On seeing her only child, in the arms of its nurse, she said, "God bless my child! O, brother Gaddis, pray for my dear child, that it may be brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, and meet me in heaven!" Mr. G., the proprietor of the springs, coming in at this moment she

exclaimed, "O, Mr. G., live for God! Religion is the only thing in the world that is worth living or dying for. O, Mr. G., you have been very kind to me since I came here, and now we must soon part; but live for God, and we shall soon meet again! O, just think how kind the Savior has been to me during my affliction—how he has comforted and sustained me since I came to the springs! O, happy day!" She continued in this ecstatic frame of mind for a long time, and praised the Lord till her physical strength was exhausted. She then sunk into a quiet slumber, with her hands folded upon her breast, while a heavenly radiance still illumined her pallid countenance.

Early the next morning I called to see her, and found her in the possession of the same rapturous state of enjoyment. She was blest with perfect love, that "casteth out all fear." She conversed about death, the cold grave, parting with her relatives and nearest friends, with as much composure as if preparing to return to her own loved home on earth. She repeatedly assured me that she had no fears, no doubts, and no gloom; she was invested with a power that bore her spirit up amid the "swellings of Jordan." Never shall I forget my communings with a spirit so fully matured for glory. Her prayers, how simple, and yet how effectual!

> "True and fervent are the prayers that breathe
> Forth from a lip that fades with coming death."

God will treasure them up in the garners of glory, and pour them out, in coming years, on those persons for whom they have been so sincerely offered by the dying.

On the morning of my departure for home, I called to bid her adieu. I perceived that she was near the close of her pilgrimage. When I spoke of my departure, she requested me to pray once more. After prayer she seemed inexpressibly happy and she talked of a Savior's

dying love in strains as "sweet as angels use." After praying for a long time, she looked around the little cottage, and said, "O, how many days and nights of suffering I have had in this lovely cottage! but then," with a sweet smile she said, "they were days of great rejoicing, too; for my Savior was with me all the time. O, what a sweet and happy place is this!" I then took her dying hand in mine, when she looked up, and said, "O, happy day! I feel that I am constantly borne up on the pinions of angels! God bless you, brother Gaddis! Farewell! we shall soon meet again." I then said, "Sister R., what shall I say to your old friends and former companions when I return to Cincinnati?" She smiled, and promptly replied, "*Tell them I am almost home, and prepared to go!*"

An ancient philosopher said, "The pure soul leaves the body as the lightning flits from the clouds, shining brightest at its departure." It was so with this dying saint. As "life's twilight" gently closed around her,

> "The unrobing spirit cast
> Diviner glories to the last."

By her own request, she was buried in the beautiful grove on the mountain side, opposite the cottage door.

Immediately after her burial, the bereaved husband returned to his desolate home, in the city of C., and the widowed mother to North Bend, taking along with her little Mary, the only child of her deceased daughter, Margaretta. It was now all that was left below around which her sorrow-stricken heart desired to cling. In this sweet and interesting child she could trace the very image of its departed mother, and most fondly did she cherish the hope that its life might be spared to beguile the gloom and dispel the accumulating sorrows of her soul. But, alas! she was doomed to an early

disappointment, and her fondest hopes were suddenly blasted; for in less than one short month the Savior called Mary to a happy reunion with her mother in the skies. Fancy the ecstatic bliss of that sainted mother, on such a meeting with her beloved child in the mansions of glory. Sure, methinks she exclaimed, as when bidding adieu to earth, "O, happy day! O, happy day! O, what a sweet and happy day is this!"

My task is now done—this mournful story is ended; but as often as memory shall awaken the reminiscences of the past, I shall dwell, with mingled emotions, upon the scenes of sadness and pleasure connected with my last visit to Esculapia. I know not what effect this narrative will produce on the mind of the gay and thoughtless reader, but may I not fondly hope that it may be the means of leading some one to "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness!" O, think of the fleeting nature of earth-born happiness, and learn to set your affections on things above! True happiness is not found below the skies.

"The toil is fruitless if you seek it here."

Turn, then, to the "living waters," drink, and thirst no more.

CHAPTER LX.

WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE—MY LAST AGENCY.

In the fall of 1847 I was appointed to act as the Agent of the Wesleyan Female College in Cincinnati, Ohio. Rev. William Young had served them faithfully and very successfully the preceding conference year. I feel it to

be a duty that I owe to the cause of female education to give a condensed history of the origin, organization, and prosperity of this popular college.

At a special meeting of the ministers of Cincinnati, held in the Editor's office of the Western Christian Advocate, May 4, 1842, Rev. L. L. Hamline, D. D., was called to the Chair, and Rev. William Herr appointed Secretary.

At the request of the Chair the object of the meeting was explained by Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D.; namely, to consult on the expediency of taking measures to establish in this city (Cincinnati) a Female Institute or College, of the highest possible grade. After which a resolution was passed calling a public meeting to consider its practicability; and a committee was appointed to draft and report a plan to be laid before the general meeting. Pursuant to public notice, a meeting was held in Wesley Chapel, on Fifth, between Broadway and Sycamore streets, May 20, 1842; at which time and place the plan reported by the committee detailing the general principles of the Institute, was read and adopted without a dissenting voice. A Board of Trustees were immediately organized and arrangements made for the employment of teachers; and also to procure suitable college buildings, etc. At a subsequent meeting Rev. P. B. Wilber and Mrs. Mary C. Wilber were employed to take the supervision of said Institute. The first session of the Female Collegiate Institute commenced on the first Monday of September, 1842. Not long after the commencement of the school an "act of incorporation" was procured from the Legislature of Ohio under the title of the METHODIST FEMALE COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE. But in the year 1846, it was determined to establish the "Institute" on a still firmer basis; to procure a more eligible site, and erect new and more commodious buildings. Accordingly, a new "act of incorporation" was obtained, and the name

of said "Institute" changed to that of "The Wesleyan Female College"—granting to the Trustees full power to appoint a President and Professors, and any number of suitable instructors for the instruction of pupils in the arts and sciences, and in all the necessary useful and ornamental branches of a thorough and liberal education; and also to confer on those pupils whom they shall deem worthy thereof, all such *literary honors and degrees* as are usually conferred by the best Female Colleges, Institutions, or Academies.

The energetic Board of Trustees immediately purchased the spacious mansion on Vine-street, between Sixth and Seventh, formerly the residence of Henry Starr, Esq., and erected a beautiful and capacious college edifice in the rear of the same; which, with some recent additions to the boarding house, makes the property equal, if not superior, to any thing east or west of the mountains.

Joint Stock Plan.—The property of the Wesleyan Female College of Cincinnati is represented by certificates of stock of *one hundred dollars each.*

1. Each stockholder shall have an equal interest in all the property of said College in the proportion which the amount of his stock bears to the whole amount issued, and to the same proportion of the profits arising from the institution; and, further, shall be entitled to a *free* admission to all the public lectures, literary and scientific, of the institution.

2. The holder of *five shares of stock* shall be entitled to a *perpetual scholarship* in the said College, by virtue of which he may *keep forever* one student in the regular English and Classical Departments of the College, *without charge* for tuition.

3. The holder of *four shares of stock* shall be entitled to a deduction of *ten per cent.* from the tuition of four students, whom he may send or cause to be sent, *forever.* The holder of *three* shares shall in like manner be entitled

to a deduction of ten per cent. from the tuition bills of three students forever.

4. The holder of *two* shares of stock shall be entitled to a deduction of ten per cent. from the bills of two students forever; and the holder of one share, in like manner, a deduction of ten per cent. forever, or *twenty per cent. for fifteen years.*

The donor of seventy-five dollars shall be entitled to a deduction of five per cent. for three students for ten years; the donor of fifty dollars to five per cent. for two students for seven years; and the donor of twenty-five dollars shall be entitled to a deduction of five per cent. from the tuition bills of one student for five years. Each donor, as before stated, shall have a free admission to all the public lectures of the College.

Privileges are granted also to the donors of smaller sums, which I need not mention here. The certificates of stock and donations are transferable in the usual way on the books of the College. A deduction of fifty per cent. is made on all the tuition bills of ministers of the Gospel of all denominations, whether engaged as pastors, missionaries, agents of benevolent institutions, or as teachers.

The following table, which I have compiled with accuracy, will show the number of graduates since the year 1845 up to the present time:

	English Course.	Classical Course
1845	4	2
1846	—	1
1847	8	5
1848	10	1
1849	9	2
1850	9	5
1851	15	5
1852	8	4
1853	11	6
1854	15	5
	88	36
Total		124

This will give my readers a correct idea of the continued and increasing prosperity of the College. Thirty-six young ladies have completed the College or Classical course of study, and eighty-eight have graduated in the regular English Department, within the last nine years. From the Catalogue, just published, we learn that during the last year there were in the

College Department			159
Preparatory	"	First Class	53
"	"	Second Class	93
"	"	Third Class	62
"	"	Fourth Class	30
Primary	"	Irregular	16
"	"	First Class	36
"	"	Second Class	30
Total			479

My time was principally occupied in procuring additional subscriptions and in collecting installments already due on scholarships. In the spring I visited Pittsburg, and attended the session of the General conference. On my return home, in company with Bishop Morris, I was taken violently sick on board the steam-boat. I landed at Portsmouth, and being conveyed to a hotel, a physician was called, who pronounced the attack a *congestive chill.* I was very sick for eight or ten days. When my fever abated I was alone in my room. The sun was up above the river hills, and shining in at my window in the third story of the hotel. I shall never forget that morning. O, the peace and rapturous joy that filled my soul! I looked at my wasted frame, and thought with delight of the glorious morning of the resurrection, and commenced singing a hymn, with this chorus—

"O, what a beautiful morning that will be!
And we'll all shout together in that morning."

Blessed be God for the "hope of the resurrection!" "We shall not all sleep, but we shall all be changed. In a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump."

O, blessed be God for the promise that "death is to be swallowed up in victory," and we to have this victory *"through our Lord Jesus Christ!"*

> "Sin-blighted though we are,
> We, too, shall rise, and in eternal summer
> Lose our threescore years and ten."

The duties of an agent are always perplexing; yet my connection with the Wesleyan Female College, in Cincinnati, was rendered pleasant and agreeable, by the uniform kindness of the President and his excellent and accomplished lady, Mrs. Mary C. Wilber. I also take pleasure in stating here, that I have never known a more high-minded and generous-hearted Board of Trustees than the men who composed that Board in 1847–'8. Their kindness to me personally shall never be forgotten while I sojourn in this vale of tears. May the Wesleyan Female College ever stand as it does at present, the model female school of the "Queen of the West!"

The present Board of Instructors consists of the following persons: Rev. P. B. Wilber, M. A., President and Professor of Mental and Moral Science; Mrs. Mary Wilber, Governess; Jeremiah Tingley, M. A., Professor of Mathematics and Natural Science; —— ——, Professor of Ancient Languages; Miss Mary A. De Forest, Preceptress in Higher Collegiate Studies; Miss Charlotte Davis, Preceptress in Collegiate Studies; Miss Rachel L. Bodley, M. L. A., Assistant in Collegiate and Preparatory Studies; Miss Amanda H. Gest, M. E. L., Preceptress of First Preparatory Class; Miss Mary H. Brown, M. L. A., Preceptress of Second Preparatory Class; Miss Mary A. Wilber, Preceptress of Third Preparatory Class; Miss Mary G. Sackett, M. E. L., Preceptress of Fourth Preparatory Class; Miss Jane Porter, Preceptress of Primary Department; James W. Bowers, Professor of Penmanship; Miss Margaret Fingland, Instructress in Vocal and

Instrumental Music; Miss Eliza Cook, Instructress on Piano and Guitar; Miss Emily Cook, Instructress in Vocal and Instrumental Music; T. A. Stevens, Professor of Vocal Music; Mrs. Charlotte Cadwell, Instructress in German; Miss Adeline E. D'Oisy, Instructress in French; Mrs. Emily Fierlein, Teacher of the various styles of Embroidery; Martin C. Rosienkiewicz, Professor of Linear and Perspective Drawing and Painting.

I shall never regret that I have spent two years in advocating the cause of female education in the great valley of the Mississippi. I believe I had the honor of being the first "traveling agent" that was employed by an ecclesiastical body in Ohio, to plead for contributions from our fellow-citizens to erect seminaries and build female colleges, for the exclusive benefit of the "better half" of the human race—noble and generous-hearted woman.

Who ever thinks of praying for college agents? And yet, perhaps, no one stands more in need of sympathy than they do. Colleges and seminaries must be reared in our midst, and money is necessary to their erection and support. But, alas! who ever remembers the man who toiled day and night to procure the means to erect them? So of nearly all our agencies. While deploring my sad lot I received a letter from Rev. William P. Strickland, D. D., then Agent of the American Bible Society in Southern Ohio. I will make one extract from it to show my readers how little co-operation and sympathy men have when pleading even for the best of causes:

"I received a note to-day, through the post-office, in a female hand, running thus: 'Envy thou not the oppressor, and *choose* none of his ways. Proverbs. Then do not, brother S., ask us to imitate him, even if he subscribes *thirty dollars* to the Bible cause. Lord, save us

from *ostentation* as well as *oppression!*' This, I presume, was elicited by a remark I made last evening in reference to Mr. ——'s subscription, and I expressed the wish that some there *would do likewise.* Don't you think an agent requires much grace and demands much sympathy? I will leave here to-morrow for C., provided I can get a conveyance, as the roads are almost impassable."

But brother Strickland still went forward, notwithstanding these little unpleasant occurrences. He served the Bible cause acceptably and successfully for five years, since which period he has been in the regular work. He is not only a popular preacher and lecturer, but has recently become extensively known as an author and popular editor of books, etc.

Farewell to agencies for years to come!—by permission of the "powers that be."

CHAPTER LXI.

THE GRAVE OF REV. WILLIAM B. CHRISTIE.

THE toils of the day were over, and the shades of evening were coming on. The din and bustle in the crowded streets and thoroughfares of the city had partially died away. The air was mild, balmy, and inviting. I could not resist the desire which I felt to take an "evening walk." Yielding myself up to the predominant feelings of my heart immediately after tea, I went out like one of the old patriarchs, not "knowing whither I went." However, after walking about a square and a half from my lodgings, I concluded to visit the Methodist Episcopal church lately erected on Catharine-street, and transact some business with the "officiary." I was

then acting as Agent of the Wesleyan Female College. On my arrival at the church I found the doors and windows closed. I lingered for a short time on the sidewalk in front of the church. The full moon was shedding its mild rays of silver light upon the spires and lofty domes, and arraying the far-off surrounding hights of the Queen City with an investiture of surpassing loveliness. As I beheld, with adoring wonder, the majesty of the works of the Creator, the countless hosts of twinkling stars

"In the sable vault of night's dominion,"

I was forcibly reminded of the language of the youthful bard of Nottingham, the lamented Henry Kirk White:

"When marshaled on the nightly plain,
A glittering host bestuds the sky;
One star alone of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye."

As I walked up the street I suddenly fell into a train of serious reflections upon the incidents and sufferings of the life of an itinerant minister. As one scene after another, in quick succession, passed before me, I was soon unconscious of every thing that was passing around me.

The pleasures and enjoyments of an hour like that are more desirable than days and nights spent in the circles of gayety. I thought of other years, of happier hours, and of friends in the spirit-land.

"'Tis sweet to remember; I would not forego
The charm which the past o'er the present can throw,
For all the gay visions that Fancy can weave
In her web of illusion that shines to deceive.
We know not the future, the past we have felt;
Its cherished enjoyments the bosom can melt;
Its raptures anew o'er our pulses may roll,
When thoughts of the morrow fall cold on the soul."

I had now arrived at the east end of the old cemetery, and felt an anxious desire to enter it and visit the grave

of a dearly-beloved friend. As I had not been in this place of graves for a long time, it was with difficulty I found the spot where his ashes reposed. After wandering about through the burying-ground, attempting to decipher names and dates, and to read such inscriptions by the pale beams of Cynthia as I found to be interesting and instructive, I at length found a humble monument in the rear of Christie Chapel, bearing the following unostentatious inscription, which I was enabled to read by the light of the moon:

IN MEMORY

OF

REV. WILLIAM B. CHRISTIE,

Long a devoted and efficient member of the Ohio conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Born, September 2, 1803:

Died, March 26, 1842.

"Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

Also:

IN MEMORY

OF

BURR WRIGHT CHRISTIE,

Son of Rev. William B. Christie.

Born, December 3, 1834:

Died, September 21, 1837.

As I kneeled at the grave of my friend and consecrated myself anew to the service of God, I fancied that "I heard" a voice from heaven saying, "Write, Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord from henceforth." I lingered around that hallowed spot a long time, and was enabled to recall many deeply-interesting scenes in the life of my devoted brother Christie. I thought of our first meeting, and the hour of *final separation* in his dying chamber, only a few days before his death. As I communed with the past I wept like a child. Deem it

not weakness, I was standing at the *grave of my first presiding elder.*

There are none among the departed to whom I feel as deeply indebted as the late Rev. William B. Christie, of the Ohio annual conference. The following tribute to his memory is the promptings of a warm and grateful heart. When admitted on trial in the traveling connection, I was appointed to a circuit within the boundaries of the Cincinnati district. Brother Christie was my presiding elder, and I continued under his faithful watch-care till admitted to elder's orders. During this period of four years I spent most of my "rest weeks" in the family of brother Christie. His uniform cheerfulness and open-hearted hospitality made the district parsonage-house a most desirable retreat for the toil-worn itinerant. I always admired him for his social qualities and deep piety, as well as his intellectual greatness. He was richly endowed with the gifts and graces of the Holy Ghost.

He was a man of unassuming manners. His virtues shone with equal luster in all the relations of domestic life as when engaged in the more public duties of his ministerial profession I loved him with a "pure heart fervently." And it has always been among the most pleasing reflections of my whole life, that this brotherly love was fully reciprocated from the period of our first acquaintance up to the time of his decease. But he is gone to a state of perennial bliss—transferred from the scenes of his earthly mission to the rewards of heaven. May it be a part of my future happiness to meet him there!

> "Thou, whose flight
> Was on so swift a wing,
> Hast thou not raised the hearts that loved thee
> To a FIRMER hold on heaven?"

I have often wished I could wield a graphic pen—describe persons—delineate character—that I might give

to future generations a faithful and life-like portrait of Ohio's most gifted and eloquent divine.

"His person, of medium hight, was always delicate, but erect and of manly bearing; head unusually large and covered with a beautiful suit of fine, dark hair; eyes black, sparkling, glowing with intelligence and softened with benevolence. In his social habits he observed a proper medium between levity and melancholy; he was cheerful, but not trifling; religious, but not sad. In action he was easy, graceful, and dignified; neat in his apparel, but nothing in dress or address that indicated hauteur.

"As a preacher he excelled in three particulars; namely, precision and beauty of language, strength of argument, and power of application. By the first he secured the attention of all, by the second he convinced the judgment, pouring floods of light upon the under standing, and by the last he overpowered the feelings of his audience. While his profound knowledge of theology and his logical acumen deeply interested the most learned, his religious ardor and fervid eloquence arrested and led captive the most careless, and made the most simple-hearted joyful."

Alas! that one possessing such brilliant and useful talents should have thus early been called away! But "death loves a shining mark."

When informed that he was dying, he said, "I am not alarmed; I am not afraid to die; Jesus, with his bleeding hands, will not thrust me away. I am almost home. I feel that God is good to me, and that Jesus Christ is my salvation. Tell my brethren of the Ohio conference, if they think my name worthy of being mentioned, I have not preached an *unknown* and *unfelt* Savior. Tell them, that though unworthy and unfaithful, that Gospel which I have preached to others *sustains me now*. Tell

the ministers to preach Christ and him crucified. Tell them my only hope, my *only foundation*, is in the blood of sprinkling. Precious blood! O the fullness, the richness, the sweetness of that fountain!"

But I must close this sketch by introducing to the reader some beautiful, descriptive lines of original poetry from that highly-gifted poetess, Mrs. Catharine Walker, wife of Rev. George W. Walker, of the Cincinnati conference. Mrs. Walker was a warm and devoted friend of the lamented Christie, and composed these lines on his triumphant death at my importunate solicitation:

"HE FOUGHT A GOOD FIGHT."

He fought a good fight, the faith he kept,
Till summoned from on high;
As a warrior reclining on his shield,
He laid him down to die.

'Twas a glorious fight. He nobly fought,
And like a chieftain fell;
His face to the foe and his armor on,
He conquered earth and hell.

To his fellow-soldiers he calmly said,
"I triumph though I fall;
My victory's by the blood-stained cross—
Fight on and conquer them all.

Though first I'm called to leave your ranks,
My heart is with the brave;
From heaven's portals I'll look down
And see your banners wave.

I've not an unknown Savior preached,
But feel his sprinkling blood,
To cleanse my soul from every stain,
And make me meet for God.

That truth which I have humbly taught,
I feel sustains me now;
Though heart and flesh are failing fast,
And death is on my brow.

I've run the race; my work is done;
No more o'er earth I'll roam;
My dearest friends I bid adieu;
FAREWELL, I'm going HOME!"

The heavenly convoy, waiting, stand
To attend his upward flight;
To introduce their brother—friend,
To all the saints in light.

Methinks I see a happy throng
Of kindred spirits blest;
With eager joy they gather round
To greet the stranger guest.

"A Christie's come," a herald cries,
"From earth he fought his way;
A 'watchman' off our Zion's walls;
Ye thronging hosts give way."

He meekly marches toward the throne
To meet his glorious King;
His *coronation* hour has *come;*
The saints and angels sing.

A "robe," a "harp," a "crown" is given—
He strikes his untried lyre,
And wakens a new strain of joy
Through all the heavenly choir.

His soul o'erburdened with the weight
Of glory from the throne,
He casts his crown and, "Holy!" cries,
"To God the holy One."

O, if when heaven is just begun,
Such rapture fills the soul,
How fathomless that sea of bliss,
While endless ages roll!

CHAPTER LXII.

MORRIS CHAPEL AND PARK-STREET.

In 1848 I was appointed to Morris Chapel in Cincinnati, for the purpose of raising money and subscriptions for the erection of a new church edifice on the corner of Park and Longworth streets. Rev. William Herr was appointed preacher in charge at Morris at the same time. I entered upon the peculiar work assigned me

with a firm reliance on my heavenly Father for support and success. Many difficulties soon presented themselves to my mind, but I prayed day and night for God to open my way and succeed my feeble efforts with his special blessing. "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." At an early period I obtained permission to make a public effort at Morris Chapel on Sabbath morning. I spent much of the week previous in prayer, *fervent*, "importunate prayer" in secret. And, as I threaded the streets, my inward constant cry was, "Lord, help me!" At the time appointed I preached a sermon from these words, "It grieved them exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel." Nehemiah ii, 10.

I pursued the following train of thought: In this subject, I remarked, we have, *first*, the true character and conduct of the friends of Zion; and, *secondly*, the spirit and conduct of her enemies. The former seeks her welfare and delights in her prosperity. The latter rejoice in her calamities and are grieved at her success. Nehemiah, although a captive Jew in a foreign land, by the special providence of God was exalted to great honor and dignity in the Persian court in the reign of Artaxerxes. He was the "king's cup-bearer," a post of honor and dignity. But, although thus elevated and surrounded by great pomp and regal glory in the greatest court in the world, the fires of patriotism still glowed brightly in his bosom. He still had an ardent love of country and home; he could not forget Jerusalem. He still cherished a fond remembrance for his brethren of the captivity. See chapter i, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, and chapter ii, 3, 4, 5.

I. THE TRUE CHARACTER AND CONDUCT OF THE FRIENDS OF THE CHURCH—THEY SEEK HER "WELFARE."

1. *They mourn and weep over her "desolations."*

When Hanani came and told Nehemiah of the affliction of his brethren of the captivity, he sat down and wept, mourned *certain* days, and fasted and prayed before the God of heaven. Nehemiah i, 4. He was not sick, but his "countenance was sad." Even the king perceived that it was nothing *else* but sorrow of heart. So it is with all true ministers and devoted "followers of the Lamb." They mourn over the desolations and declensions in Zion. "Yea, we wept when we remembered Zion."

2. *They "seek her welfare" by laboring zealously to rebuild her walls and restore her waste places.*

When Nehemiah heard of the "great affliction and reproach of the remnant that were left of the captivity in the province," he hastened to their relief. On his arrival at Jerusalem, after taking a survey of the work *alone*, he assembled the rulers and nobles, and "said unto them, Ye see the distress that we *are* in, how Jerusalem lieth waste, and the gates thereof are burned with fire: come, and let us build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach." Nehemiah ii, 17. At the close of this touching address the rulers, and nobles, and priests said, with one accord, "*Let us rise up and build.*" So they strengthened their hands for the good work. Faith and works must go together. We must not only "mourn, weep, and fast *certain* days," but pray and work too.

3. *They are all engaged in the work and of "one mind."*

"Then said I unto the nobles and rulers and the rest of the people, *The work is great and large.*" This teaches the necessity of a *division* of labor. Some worked on the *walls*, while others repaired the *gates*. Each one had a particular portion of the work assigned to him or her. They were *all at it*, from Eliashib the

high-priest, down to the poorest servant, the "rulers," "nobles," "priests," "men," "women;" and particular mention is made of "Shallum the son of Halohesh, the ruler of the half part of Jerusalem, he and his daughters." Nehemiah iii, 12. So it must be in the Church of God—bishops, elders, preachers, stewards, class-leaders, Sabbath school teachers, men, women, and children.

4. *They are not only all engaged in the work, but constantly at it.*

The prophet declares the "people had a mind to work; and they were at it from the rising of the morning sun till the stars appeared. Every one had his sword girded by his side." They neither bought nor sold lands, nor changed their raiment, "but *continued* in the work." Neh. v, 16. So of all who seek the welfare of the people of God and "prefer Jerusalem above their chief joy."

5. *They labor in confidence and hope, with a strong reliance on God for success.*

Nehemiah had strong faith. He had prayed to the God of heaven, day and night; he claimed *all* that God had promised. The God of heaven will prosper us; therefore, we his servants will arise and build. *Our God will fight for us.*

6. *They are united.*

"We are separated upon the wall, one far from another." We can not defend ourselves. "In what place therefore ye hear the sound of the trumpet, resort ye thither unto us." Nehemiah iv, 19, 20.

II. THE SPIRIT AND CONDUCT OF HER ENEMIES.

"It grieves them exceedingly that there was come a man to seek the welfare of the children of Israel."

1. *They are grieved at her prosperity and exult in her calamities.*

How truthfully is this remark illustrated in the history before us· "When Sanballat the Horonite and Tobiah

the Ammonite heard of the success of the prophet, they were *grieved at heart!*" So it is at the present time with the enemies of the Church.

2. *They unite their scattered forces and form a conspiracy to stop the progress of truth and righteousness.*

When Sanballat heard that the "walls of Jerusalem were made up," he stirred up the Arabians, Ammonites, and Ashdodites to aid him in stopping the progress of the work. Nehemiah iv, 7, 8.

3. *They despise God's workmen.*

Nehemiah says, "They laughed us to scorn and despised us," and said, "What do these feeble Jews?" "will they fortify themselves?" "will they sacrifice?" "will they make an end in a day?" "will they *revive* these stones out of the rubbish?" etc. It is even so now. The men employed by God to preach are despised and ridiculed. They are still a gazing stock and a "spectacle unto men." The reproach of the cross has not ceased. The watchword of our adversaries is still heard above the din of battle, "*Strike down the standard-bearers, and silence the batteries!*"

4. *They ridicule and despise the work.*

"Even that which they build," said Tobiah, "if a fox go up he shall even break down their stone wall." Poor Tobiah has many representatives at the present day, who not only scorn Christ's ministers, but despise the work of reformation wrought through their instrumentality. "O," say our enemies, "the work is *spurious*, these young converts will not hold out," etc.

5. *When the work of God progresses they become enraged.*

When Sanballat heard that the work was progressing "he took *great indignation* and mocked the Jews." And when the Arabians, Ammonites, and Ashdodites heard that the breaches in the wall began to be stopped

then they were very wroth. How true in seasons of revival!

6. *Finally they resort to strategy and intrigue, vainly believing that the end justifies the means.*

When Sanballat, and Tobiah, and Geshem the Arabian, and the enemies of the prophet heard that the "wall was builded and no breach left," they tried to *divert him from his purpose.* "Come and let us meet in a village on the plains of Ono." Nehemiah vi, 2, 3. Notice his reply, "*I am doing a great work,*" I can not come down. "Why should the work cease whilst I leave it and come down to you?" Here is an example for every laborer in the vineyard of the Lord. They importuned him and sent messengers *four times* in vain. They next *impugned his motives* and *charged him with "rebellion,"* building a wall to "make *himself a king.*" They charged him next with a desire for *popularity,* that he had "hired men to preach" about himself, and to sound his name abroad. Finding all their plans unsuccessful, they at last tried to *excite his fears* for his personal safety. "They seek to slay thee," "go and shut thyself up in the temple." Nehemiah vi, 10. His heroic reply is worthy of everlasting remembrance, "*Should such a man as I flee?* And who is there that being as I *am* would go into the temple to save his life? I will not go in." He perceived God had not sent them. And neither the *hired* prophet nor the prophetess Nodiah all combined could intimidate his spirit or cause him to sound an inglorious retreat from the city. I close with these words of *encouragement, warning, and exhortation.*

ENCOURAGEMENT TO THE WORKER.

They all continued in the work, notwithstanding there was "much rubbish" and many discouragements. Not-

withstanding the combined opposition of their foes the work went steadily forward. Their enemies tried to *weaken the hands* of the workmen, but in answer to prayer God was their *strength* and song. The walls were "*finished*," "for the people had a mind to work." They kept the "*dedication*" with gladness; God caused them to rejoice with great joy—their "wives and children rejoiced, and the joy of Jerusalem was heard even afar off."

WARNING TO OUR OPPOSERS.

"And it came to pass, that when our enemies heard thereof, and all the heathen that were about us saw *these things*, they were much cast down in their own eyes: for they perceived that this work was of God." Nehemiah vi, 16. "Refrain from these men and let them alone: for if this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught: but if it be of God, ye can not overthrow it; lest haply ye be found even to fight against God." Acts v, 38, 39. "Behold, ye despisers, and wonder, and perish." Acts xiii, 41.

Beloved brethren and sisters at Morris Chapel, if the walls of the Park-Street Methodist Episcopal Church are built you must do it. This great and good work can easily be done by this Church "if the members have a mind to work." I have been sent here by the conference to "seek the welfare of the children of Israel." I have been appointed to your charge for the *special* purpose of building a new Methodist Episcopal Church on the corner of Park and Longworth streets in this beautiful city. I have come "praying to the God of heaven." I think you are ready to exclaim, "*The God of heaven he will prosper us, therefore we his servants will arise and build.*" Amen. Then let us all "strengthen our hands for this work." It is recorded by the prophets that the "*nobles*," Tekoi, *put not their necks to the work of their Lord.* In consequence of their default

the Tekoites had to "repair another piece over against the great tower." If the "nobles" of "Tekoi" are present they are at liberty to retire before we proceed with the collection. For I expect you every one to "put your necks to the work of your Lord" to-day. But if the "nobles" refuse to give, God, I believe, will put it into the hearts of some liberal Tekoites to increase his subscription to make up the deficiency. "Curse ye Meroz, said the angel of the Lord, curse ye bitterly the inhabitants thereof; because they came not to the help of the Lord, to the help of the Lord against the mighty." Judges v, 23.

At the close of the discourse I lifted a collection and subscription, amounting in all to more than twenty-five hundred dollars. The Lord did help me of a truth. I thanked him and "took courage." The building was soon put under contract. Early in the spring the corner-stone was laid, at which eloquent speeches were delivered by Rev. B. F. Tefft, D. D., and Rev. M. Simpson, D. D., who, at that time, was editor of the Western Christian Advocate. At the close of their remarks I made another successful appeal to the public in behalf of our new enterprise. God raised us up friends on the right hand and on the left. The contractors urged the work forward beyond our most sanguine expectations. But just at the period when we were certain of its completion before the close of the summer, the Asiatic cholera made its appearance in our midst. The epidemic suddenly retarded the progress of the work, and finally deranged our best-matured plans for the future.

I had often labored hard before in raising money to build and repair churches; but never did I labor so indefatigably as I did for the board of trustees of Park-Street. Amid wind, rain, and sunshine I walked from one part of the city to the other, getting a small sub-

scription here and a small donation there. Large ones were out of the question at that time. This made my work more laborious. At times I was almost exhausted with my continued exertions, and on one occasion I fainted in the street. By the middle of June the house was partly inclosed, but the epidemic raged with such violence we could not get it completed. I was attacked with the disease myself and rendered unable to do any service for several weeks.

In the early part of the season my old friend, who made me a donation of one hundred dollars for the missionary society at Bethel Chapel, called upon me at my boarding-house. "Mr. Gaddis," said my friend, "I understand you are building another new church somewhere in the western part of the city." I told him I was. "What time do you expect to have it completed?" I answered, "Early in the fall if Providence should continue to smile upon our feeble efforts." "Well," said Mr. ———, "I have come to make you another donation of *one hundred dollars* for the missionary cause, which you may send up to conference as the *first contribution* from your new Church, which, I understand, is located on the corner of Park and Longworth streets. For your encouragement I have concluded to give *one hundred dollars, missionary money*, to every new church that you are instrumental in building in this city." I thanked him kindly and received the money with a tearful eye and grateful heart. But how mysterious are the ways of Providence! In about four weeks I was called to preach his funeral. He was not a member of any Church at the time of his decease. God grant that he may "find mercy in that day!"

I shall never forget the kindness shown me by many of the members of Morris Chapel, some of whom have since "gone up on high," and are now "shining as the

stars of the firmament forever and ever." The late Joseph G. Rust was among the best friends I ever had.

During my labors at Morris Chapel, on the 1st of May, 1849, I was united in marriage to Miss Josephine Parrott, eldest daughter of Thomas Parrott, Esq., of Dayton, Ohio. In this union I have been highly favored of the Lord. "Whoso findeth a wife findeth a good thing and obtaineth favor of the Lord." Proverbs xviii, 22. Accomplished, *virtuous*, *intelligent*, and *pious*, "the heart of her husband doth safely trust in her, so that he shall have no need of spoil. She will do him good and not evil all the days of her life."

"When thou chooseth a wife think not only of thyself,
But of those God may give thee of her,
That they reproach thee not for their being.
* * * * * *
Let her be a child of God, that she bring with her a blessing to thy house;
A blessing above riches, and leading contentment in its train:
Let her be an heir of heaven; so shall she help thee on thy way;
For those who are one in faith fight double-handed against evil."

A happy experience of nearly six years of wedded life enables me fully to indorse the truthfulness of the above beautiful lines of Tupper. It is very true that human life at best is not all sunshine. The clouds will return after the rain. The peculiar life of an itinerant is one of trial, sacrifice, and "affliction with the people of God." But our sufferings and privations have been very light when contrasted with others; yet at times clouds have arisen, dense and dark enough to obscure the sunlight. Inward trials and, at times, "persecutions from without" have befallen us, beside the "care of the Churches." "Every heart knoweth its own bitterness." Although at times "sorrowful, yet always rejoicing."

"There's many a deep and hidden grief
That comes from sources
Which admit of no complaint—from things
Of which we can not, dare not speak."

At such times we can go to the mercy-seat and "cast our burden on the Lord." O yes, "blessed be the God of our salvation," to the upright there ariseth light in dark places! I have often experienced, amid earth's changing scenes,

> "There are some happy moments in this lone
> And desolate world of ours, which will repay
> The toil of struggling through it, and alone,
> For many a long, sad night and weary day."

CHAPTER LXIII.

A WARNING TO BACKSLIDERS.

"LET HIM THAT READETH UNDERSTAND."

THE following correspondence describes the awakening and conversion of one of Ohio's most gifted and eloquent sons. In looking over an old file of letters, I found his first letter, marked No. 1, giving me a minute detail of his happy conversion. Twelve years had fled and gone since I had received a line from his pen. His old letter deeply affected my heart, and I concluded to copy a portion of it and send it to him. I did so, and appended a brief note, expressing my feelings toward him, with a request that he would give a candid statement of his true spiritual state. His answer will be found in letter No. 3. Doubtless all who read it will conspire to say that it reveals an appalling state of mind. The spirit of a man may sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit, who can bear?

LETTER NO. 1.

"A——— COUNTY, OHIO, Dec. 10, 1836.

"DEAR BROTHER GADDIS,—I must satisfy a desire I have had for five days of writing you a scroll. In the first place, let me say, Thanks be to God, who giveth us

the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ, I have experienced the regenerating influence of that religion that is sweeter than life, and stronger than death, through the all-sufficient atonement of my blessed Savior! This is the *sum* of the communication I have been so desirous to make to you; but I have waited thus long to see if the same ecstatic feeling would continue, and finding that it does, and that the beauties of our holy religion keep continually revealing themselves to my hitherto benighted soul, I could no longer refrain from giving you what I know must be soul-cheering information to you. I feel like saying, Glory, honor, praise, and power be unto the Lamb forever! I feel like praising God, and do not feel like doing much else. O, brother, the joy and heavenly delight I feel in my soul just now, while writing, I can not express! I can say, with the poet,

> 'Tongue can not express
> The sweet comfort and peace'

I now feel and have felt for the past five days. I have tasted of the sweet stream of living waters, and can say, with good old David, 'The Lord is good;' I have found the 'pearl of great price.' Blessed be the God of my salvation!

"Dear brother, I must now tell you how these things have happened. For the last six weeks I had been going back, and for the last four weeks very neglectful of duty, and very unhappy in my mind; and though I did not become outwardly wicked, or profane, I was far from living as becomes a member of the Church of Christ. Yes, my brother, I was woefully backsliding, I must confess it, and the reflection makes me loathe myself. O, it shows how wonderfully depraved my heart is! In the forepart of last week I began to feel deeply convicted for sin. I continued so till Sunday, at which time my feelings became desperate, when I enacted a scene of which I will

tell you when we meet again. What I did is only known to a few persons, though afterward it appeared to me every one knew it. To me the history of last Sabbath shows, in the highest colors, the natural wickedness of my own heart. Had a worldling done the same it might not have injured him in his feelings, but might probably have gained him applause. This I will explain when we meet. I refused to go to meeting morning and evening, and when bedtime arrived I tried to sleep, but there is no rest to the wicked day or night—I could not sleep. I never spent so miserable a night in my life. Those who saw me, during the afternoon, were seriously concerned for me; they now tell me I looked wild, etc. In the night, however, I concluded to pray, and fervently, too. The next morning I was ashamed to be seen in the street, and more especially by brother B., the preacher in charge of this circuit. I thought every body knew what had passed in my breast the day before, but none, I suppose, knew any thing, only for some remarks which, in the fury of my feelings, I had made. I kept out of the way of Rev. J. B., our preacher, till after dinner, at which time I learned he was hunting for me. I did not know what to do; I went to the woods and prayed again; I then came to town, and met him in the streets without much difficulty. He was smiling, having learned the state of my feelings; he conversed with me about two hours, during which time he cheered me up considerably. In the evening we went to the general class meeting. The meeting was opened, and progressed some length of time, without my being conscious of what others were doing—I was so busy with my own heart—at which time my feelings began to grow better and better till, before the meeting closed, I felt like shouting, 'Glory to God in the highest!' I have felt so almost ever since, and were it not for the recollection of last Sunday, I

would have no waves of trouble crossing my peaceful breast. I want to write more, but must stop. Tell brother Baughman the story of the Redeemer's love to me, and do you and him sing over my case,

'Sweet rivers of redeeming love
Lie just before my eyes.'

I never wanted to see you and brother B. one-tenth part as anxiously in my life as I have this week. Brother B. received me at the altar, you wrote my name on the class-book, and brother Swormstedt baptized me; but the Lord has pardoned my sins. Brother, pray for me, and may the seals of your ministry be numerous! Give my Christian love—for I can now give that—to brother B. No more at present. Yours, in the never-to-be-severed bonds of love and fellowship, ——— ———."

LETTER NO. 2.

"A——— COUNTY, OHIO, Jan. 19, 1837.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—By the mercies of kind Heaven I am again permitted to write you. Having been absent during the last two weeks of December, I did not receive yours of the 19th ult. till the last of the month. The feelings I experienced while reading it I will not attempt to describe. My soul was filled with gratitude to the Giver of all good, and my heart, in some degree, melted into tenderness. Your description of the feelings you experienced on the receipt of the intelligence of my conversion, caused an enlargement of soul and fullness of joy that I can not express—to think that I, unworthy as I am, undeserving of any thing, should have been the occasion of rejoicing to some of the followers of Christ; and that I should have been the subject of the grace of God, that was to 'infuse new energy and new zeal' into the heart of some of his ministering servants, caused me to feel under renewed obli-

gations to love and serve that God who hath done so much for me. In consequence of your expectation of being at R., I went to the quarterly meeting with buoyant spirits, and with the view of meeting with you. In that, however, I was disappointed; but disappointments are allotted to us on earth, but, thanks be to God! we hasten to a land where, if we are faithful to the grace already given, we may arrive in safety and spend an eternity free from disappointments, pains, and sorrows of every kind. I would like to have seen you at R.; I would like to see you now. It seems to me that I could talk to you face to face on the great subject of salvation much more warmly and satisfactorily than I can write.

"But though I was disappointed in meeting with you, I was not disappointed in meeting with our great Master. He was in the midst of us, and we had a good time. Rev. William B. Christie preached the most soul-stirring sermon that I have heard for years; I could listen to him a whole day without tiring. I constantly enjoy a good degree of peace, and can contemplate the great subject of salvation and the atonement with delight, and can discover new beauties in our holy religion the more I investigate it.

'Religion! what treasures untold
Resides in that heavenly word!'

I feel more and more a dislike and hatred for sin, and yet the devil keeps telling me I have no religion. During the last week temptations have surrounded me, and Satan has told me many things. I have prayed, and do now pray, to be armed 'with jealous care,' and that watching power may be imparted to me every hour. Satan may say what he pleases—and he seems determined to buffet me—he appears loth to let me go; but I know that I enjoy peace of mind, and feel that, by the

death and sufferings of our Lord Jesus Christ, I have received pardon and the remission of my sins; and, though I feel that I am a wicked and rebellious sinner, and that by nature I have a corrupt heart, full of pride and deceit, yet I feel conscious that I have attained the grace of justification. I pray fervently for the grace of humility, for I know that *pride is my most fearful enemy.* Pray the Lord that I may be humble, brother Gaddis. I heard of you at the Georgetown meeting; I learned you had a good time, and that fourteen, or more, were added to the Church. *Give God the glory!* I sincerely rejoice to hear of awakenings under your ministry, and I hope and pray that you may have a rich harvest of souls for your hire this year. In W. we are rather cold and indifferent; we need stirring up. Energy seems to be wanting; I for one have to lament my coldness. O, what an unfeeling heart I have! but the Lord can and will soften it. My dear brother Gaddis, we enjoy precious privileges. May the Lord forbid that they should be misimproved; but, through the mercies of God, may they be unto us 'a savor of life unto life!' Pray for me.

"Your brother in Christ, ——— ———"

LETTER NO. 3.

"S——— COUNTY, OHIO, Jan. 2, 1849.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—It is always a pleasure to me to hear from you. Your letters are always of the highest interest; and I can assure you that your very kind letter of the 12th instant was not only received in the utmost kindness, but with delight. I rejoice to hear of your present enjoyments, and your bright hopes of the future, when your time on earth shall have closed. I regret to hear that you are in poor health, and apprehend a short career in life. Your religious *exercises* and *experience* are of the most touching kind. * * * *

I was not only pleased to hear from you, in the highest hopes and sweet consolations of religion, but your letter was received as a token of our former familiar intercourse, and as another proof of the deep and abiding interest you have always manifested in my present and eternal happiness; but, at the same time, it touched a cord that awakened the deepest feelings of *anguish* and *remorse* that a soul could feel. You refer to the year 1836. How changed the scene with me now! I shudder and tremble while I attempt to describe. Then I was young, and in good health and spirits, and had flattering prospects before me in life; and, better than all, I enjoyed peace and tranquillity of mind—I felt that I enjoyed a Savior's love; now I am past middle life, and in feeling and appearance quite old, afflicted with a lingering, annoying, and painful disease. My business is gone, and my prospects are gone; my means are well-nigh exhausted, my constitution broken down, and my mind shattered and spirits all gone; and, with all, my peace and hopes of the future are gone. *What a contrast!* I am now, of all the men of my acquaintance, the most miserable. It will be four years in June next since I attended to any business worth speaking of. During all that time I have been constantly under medical treatment. I am entirely secluded from society; I go into no company; my feelings are of the most horrible character. The effects of my disease are to constantly cloud the mind with gloom and despondency, and press down the spirits. My disease, in the first place, was not serious or alarming; it was the result of imprudence and a little excess in living. The symptoms, however, alarmed me, and I subjected myself to the treatment of a physician, who never knew what was the real cause of my complaint, and treated me for a disease I never had. The original complaint was discovered and cured long

since, and for three years I have been laboring to relieve the *artificial* one that my first physician inflicted upon me.

"You state in your letter that you do not know whether I am in the Church or not. I answer, I am not now, and have not been for as much as nine years. I will say to you on that subject what I never said before. I was *strongly impressed* with the idea—which was, also, often suggested to me by friends—that it was my duty to preach; that idea I resisted, and determined I would not yield to it. I thought I could not bear such a cross, and felt that I was not worthy to undertake such a responsible station in the Church. From that time my enjoyment in religion began to grow less, and I became less punctual in my duties, till I became entirely careless, and finally concluded that I was acting hypocritically to remain in the Church. You know I despise hypocrisy, and I could not think of living the life of a hypocrite in my own estimation; I therefore left the Church, and from that day to this I have been a discontented and miserable man. While I was in health I could get along by immersing myself in business, politics, and money-getting; since my health has failed I have no resources—I am without any stay to support me. *I have neither hope in this life nor the next!* For some years after I left the Church, I lived a worse life, in some respects, than I ever did; but I had conquered my worst habits and strongest propensity—that of excessive drinking—before I was taken sick. My heart, however, became *hardened*, and remains so. I have, within the last four years, spent *hundreds* of *sleepless nights!* I have wept, I have cried, in the bitterness of reflection, till, long since, I have lost the ability to shed tears. I am, as before said, the most miserable man of my acquaintance; and I am even constrained, in truth, to say, that

my present wretched condition of mind and body is, in my judgment, in consequence of leaving the Church, and ceasing to endeavor to do my duty to the Church and my Maker in that station. Alas! what a consequence! *What a fearful thing to resist the living God!*

"In the first place, the irregular habits that induced my disease would have been avoided had I remained in the Church, and lived as the Church requires. I, therefore, trace all my present grievances, and past excruciating pains, to a *perverse resistance* of the teachings of the divine Spirit. My heart is now callous, and my imagination is full of abominations, the natural result of my horrible affliction. I am in no situation for thoughtful, serious exercises of mind; and yet I relish the Bible, and like to read it and sacred literature generally. I would give *worlds on worlds,* if I had them, to feel as you do! In the bitterness of anguish I reflect upon the past, and look forward to the future. I can not, in the nature of things, live long, and yet I can not appreciate the fact, staring me in the face as it does. The acuteness of feeling in my heart has ceased, and, by long habit, I have become somewhat indifferent to every thing. Thousands of times have I wished to cease to exist, to deliver me from my present condition. I often wish I had never been blessed with existence. My present physical condition is horrible; my mental, if possible, is still worse. You ask, 'Shall I meet you in heaven?' The Lord only knows; I have no well-grounded hope now! On the contrary, with me all is *darkness, gloom, despair!*

"I write, I know, on such a subject, altogether *too tamely,* but I have ceased to have those emotions that will make me write in any other manner than coldly, even in describing my miserable situation. I am glad you wrote me. I have ceased to feel much interest in

every thing. Many of my friends look upon me as lost to all useful purposes, and say I am hypochondriacal The consequence is, that but few take any interest in me in any way whatever. Very few know any thing about my condition or disease. I have written to you in the freedom of consequences. I am glad you wrote me; for I have been wishing for an excuse to write to you. Give me your counsel, as well as your good wishes and ardent prayers, which I can, I trust, in some sort, appreciate.

"My dear friend—I would say brother, if I thought I ought to use that endearing word—what my fate is to be is a subject at which the thought makes me shudder. I sometimes conclude I have sinned away my day of grace. I feel that I am a wretched, miserable man, with few friends to sympathize with me or care about me. If I could feel assured that, when I pass from the shores of time, my troubles would be at an end, even in my affliction I would wait in the fullness of joy. Alas! I fear I shall not be so blessed. I wish you would write, advising fully what course may be calculated to produce those feelings in the heart which result from the enjoyment of religion, which religion my judgment approves. * * * * This letter * * * * My pride, which has always been my worst enemy, you discover, is not yet subdued. I hope you will again recover your health, and live a long time yet to continue your usefulness to the Church and the world.

"Yours, in truth and friendship, —— ——."

CHAPTER LXIV.

COLUMBIA-STREET CHARGE, SPRINGFIELD, OHIO, 1849.

In the fall of 1849 I succeeded Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., in the Columbia-Street station, Springfield, Clarke county, Ohio. This was a very interesting field of ministerial labor. The High-Street charge was just organized, and held regular services in the Springfield High School. Notwithstanding this the congregations at Columbia-Street still continued very large. I commenced my labors among them from these words: "For we are come as far as to you also, in preaching the Gospel of Christ." 2 Cor. x, 14. The Lord of hosts was with us on that day to make his word a source of comfort to very many hearts.

I found the charge much scattered, which rendered the pastoral work onerous. Early in the winter God made known his reviving power in our midst. On the third day of December, while preaching from these words, "Lord, why casteth thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me?"—Ps. lxxxviii, 14—we had a time of general weeping and searching of hearts. On the evening of that same day mourners approached the altar for prayer. Before the expiration of the old year we were favored with a season of most gracious visitation. This blessed work continued till the opening of spring. In April my health began seriously to decline, and it was with much difficulty that I filled my regular appointments. In May I attended the anniversary of the Sunday School Union of the Methodist Episcopal Church, held in Wesley Chapel, Cincinnati. This was a deeply-interesting occasion. At the close of the exercises I was

taken violently sick, and did not return home for more than two weeks; but in the midst of the "furnace" I was enabled to lean, by faith, on my blessed Jesus. O, the peace and joy of my soul during that illness!

Our first child, Thomas Parrott Gaddis, was born at Dayton, June 5, 1850. At Chillicothe, during conference, I had a slight hemorrhage from the lungs, or throat, which enfeebled me so that I was not able to attend to business while there. I was returned to Columbia-Street charge another year, and commenced my labors on Sabbath night. I asked God for a *special token* of his favor in the commencement of the year, to inspire fresh courage in the hearts of his people. It was granted. "The glory of the Lord filled the house," and two joined. Halleluiah! Amen. It was the beginning of good times for Springfield.

Late in the fall I had concluded to publish a volume of sermons, called the "Ohio Conference Offering." I was unaccustomed to mental labor of this kind. The work necessary to prepare this volume for the press, in addition to my regular duties in the station, was quite too much for my shattered nerves. God favored us with another great outpouring of the Holy Spirit, and about two hundred were soundly converted to God, and a great many were added to the Church. My old friend, Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, D. D., then stationed in Cincinnati, came up to my help, and preached several eloquent sermons, much to the comfort and edification of the Church of God. Early in the spring I was attacked with *laryngitis*, from which I suffered much during the summer. In the month of May the "Conference Offering" was placed in the hands of the printers at Cincinnati. The editing of the work gave me much perplexity and trouble of mind, calling me off from the duties of the station at periods when I was least able to endure the extra fatigue.

I had, also, to become personally responsible to the publisher for the entire expenses of its publication. When the work was completed, I took a short journey to Detroit, Michigan, to recover my health; but I was not permitted to rest there. I preached once before my departure, and also once during the session of the Michigan conference, at Monroe. I returned home much the worse for my trip, to assist in making preparations for the session of our conference, which was to be held in Columbia-Street Church, at Springfield. The trial of preparation, the fatigue and excitement of that conference, at the close of a hard year's ministerial toil, completely prostrated my nervous system. I was scarcely able to keep out of my bed for several days after the adjournment of the session. This was the last session of the old Ohio conference. The next spring another conference was set off in the south-west, by the General conference, which was held at Boston.

This new conference is designated the Cincinnati annual conference. It is bounded on the south by the Ohio river, and on the west by the Indiana state line, to the southern bounds of the North Ohio conference; and thence eastwardly along said line so as to exclude Sidney and Delaware districts, of the North Ohio conference, to the boundary of the Ohio conference, at its junction with the southern line of the North Ohio conference; thence in a south-easterly direction with said western line of the Ohio conference, to the mouth of the Ohio Brush creek. This is one of the most interesting fields of labor in Ohio.

A good brother of the name of Mc. died, during my labors in the Springfield station, a very tranquil death. Although he had been a member of the Church for some time, he had neglected to consecrate himself to God in the sacred ordinance of baptism. A short time before

his departure from this vale of tears, I was called upon to perform this holy rite. After I had consecrated him to God, I asked him if he did not wish to have his two little children baptized also. He burst into a flood of tears, and called his wife to his dying bed, and addressed her as follows: "My dearest wife, I must soon die and leave you and my sweet children. After I am dead and gone you will often be *sad* and *lonely;* then you will feel the need of the religion of Jesus Christ to support, cheer, and comfort you more than you have done while I was living. I believe *you will seek religion,* and join the Church, and prepare to meet me in the 'better land,' 'where the inhabitants never sicken and die.' As soon as you are converted, and unite with the people of God, I want you to take these dear children of ours to the sanctuary, and consecrate them to God in holy baptism. Will you do it?" His almost heart-broken companion responded, "Yes, I will!"

Not long after this interesting interview, brother Mc. died in great peace. I attended his funeral, and did not fail to remind the widow of his *request* and her *promise.* During the progress of the revival, the following winter, she experienced an interest in the blood of the Lamb, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church. Soon after her connection with the Columbia-Street charge, she presented her two fatherless children at the altar for holy baptism. I never shall forget that lovely and affecting scene. I fancied the spirit of the departed father mingled, unperceived, in the assembly, to witness the faithful performance of his last dying request. What a happy meeting above awaits that wife and her children, if they love God and serve him faithfully on earth!

"O, to think of meeting there,
The friends whose grave received our tears;
The daughter loved, the wife adored,
To our widow'd arms restored;

And all the joys which death did sever,
Given to us again forever!
o o o o o o
Who would not long from earth to fly,
o o o o o o
When the glorious prospect lies
Full before his raptured eyes?"

CHAPTER LXV

SPRINGFIELD.

SPRINGFIELD is a beautiful city, situated on the National road, and on the line of railroads connecting Cincinnati with Sandusky, Dayton, and Xenia. It is surrounded by a handsome and fertile country, and is noted for the morality and intelligence of its inhabitants. By many it is considered the most beautiful city within the limits of Ohio. The eastern fork of Mad river washes it on the north. Through the place runs the Lagonda, a swift and never-failing mill-stream, affording fine water-power.

Among the early settlers of Springfield were David Lowry, in 1795; John Humphreys and James Dement, in 1799; Griffith Foos, in 1801; and Walter Smallwood, in 1804. At this period the total number of log-cabins did not exceed twelve. The first school was opened in 1806, by Nathaniel Pinkered. The first meeting for preaching was held in Mr. Foos's tavern, by a Baptist minister by the name of Thomas, in 1803. The first Church organization was that of the Methodist Episcopal Church. They held their first meetings in Pinkered's school-house. Rev. John Sale and Rev. John Kobler were the first to minister to them in holy things. The first Methodist Church edifice was erected in Springfield in 1814. It was built on in-lot number 40, purchased

from Maddox Fisher, Esq., for the sum of one hundred dollars, and deeded September 7, 1815, to Saul Henkle, James Montgomery, John Burgess, Jacob Harinsburger, Jacob Single, William M'Cartney, and William Rose, trustees in trust, etc. This old frame edifice remains to this time, but has been occupied as a dwelling for many years. In 1831 the trustees purchased from Col. John Dougherty forty-eight square rods of ground on the south east corner of Columbia and West streets. On this lot they caused to be erected the present Church edifice, a most spacious building, with side and end galleries. It was dedicated November 23, 1833. The society was or ganized into a station in the fall of 1840, and Rev. William Young appointed preacher in charge. Rev. Solomon Howard, Rev. J. W. Weakley, Rev. W. Herr, Rev. Uriah Heath, Rev. R. S. Foster, and Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., preceded me in this station. The High-Street Church edifice, adjoining the Springfield High School, was built in 1850, and dedicated July 27, 1851. This society is a branch from Columbia-Street charge, and was first organized in 1849, under the administration of Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D., who first supplied them with preaching in the basement of the Springfield High School. A number of excellent institutions of learning are now in successful operation in Springfield, among which the Female College and Springfield High School stands foremost. The first edifice was erected by a "joint stock company," and remained under their control till the year 1839, at which time it was transferred to the Ohio annual conference, upon condition that the conference would *assume all its liabilities*, and keep up in future a school of the highest grade. The school was first opened under the superintendence of the late Rev. Mr. Gonzales, in 1840. He was followed by Rev. Chandler Robbins, now proprietor and Instructor of Greenway Boarding-School for Boys

and late pastor of the Episcopal Church in that city. Rev. Solomon Howard, D. D., succeeded Mr. Robbins, and was assisted by Enoch G. Dial, as Professor of Languages. Soon after Doctor Howard became the Principal the school was divided into *two departments*, male and female, both occupying the same building. In 1849 Mr. Dial resigned his professorship, and Rev. Thomas Harrison, now the Principal of Carlisle Seminary, was appointed in his place. The following year Mrs. Louisa Mulliken, an amiable and accomplished lady, was employed as Preceptress and Instructress in French. The institution is at present under the supervision of Rev. John W. Weakley, A. M., who is assisted by five efficient teachers. For the last ten years the average attendance of students has been from one hundred and fifty to two hundred. Within the last two years the trustees have enlarged and beautified the college edifice. The building now occupied is nearly one hundred feet long, by fifty feet wide, and four stories high. The style of architecture is modern Italian, and is the handsomest and most imposing public building in the city. The President resides in it, and boards all the young ladies from a distance. There are beside large and ample rooms for chapel and all recitation purposes. The institution is now in a highly-prosperous condition, an honor to the city, and a credit to the Church. It is the property, and under the control of the Cincinnati conference, and, with the exception of the Worthington Female Seminary, it is the oldest institution belonging to the Church in the bounds of the old Ohio conference. Those who may wish to send their sons and daughters away from home, to have them educated, may send them to this institution with the assurance that their training will be thorough, and their morals and religion duly attended to by the President and his estimable lady.

JESUS THE FOUNDATION OF OUR HOPE.

Doctor R., of T., informed me that he was called to see a lovely young lady on her death-bed. She had been a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church for nine years. She was devotedly pious, and "adorned the doctrine" of God her Savior, by an exemplary life of self-denial. She was taken suddenly ill of a very dangerous malady, and it was soon apparent to herself and friends that the time of her dissolution was drawing near. She gave to all her friends and family connections the most satisfactory assurance that she was "dressed and ready for her flight." A few days previous to her death she had a presentiment that before her "change" would come she would lose the power of speech; this, for a time, distressed her very much, and also affected her mother to tears. At length the daughter said, "Mother, do not weep for me; 'all is well! all is well!' If I do lose the power of speech, and my heavenly Father should continue my reasoning faculties, I want you to bring me my small Bible that I love so well, and I will show you the foundation of my hope for a happy immortality." About three days after this she was suddenly seized with paralysis, which almost instantly deprived her of the ability to articulate a word so as to be understood. She lay in this condition for more than three days, apparently unconscious. The mother, in her anguish, forgot the request of her dying child, made only a few days before her tongue ceased to speak of her bright hopes beyond the grave; but as the closing scene drew very near her anxiety to know the state of her daughter's mind revived on a sudden both the request and promise. "Go quickly," said the mother to one of the children, "and bring Mary's Bible." It was brought and handed to the mother, and as soon as Mary saw it she smiled and reached out

her hands, now chilled with the waters of Jordan. The Bible was handed to her, and she opened it on the third chapter of St. John, and placing her finger on the precious name of "JESUS," underscored it with her nail and handed it to her weeping mother. Her dying mark remains upon the word to this day. "Jesus" was the foundation of her hope. "Other foundation could no man lay."

"Jesus, the vision of thy face
Hath overpowering charms;
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace
If Christ be in my arms.
And when I feel my heart-strings break,
How sweet the moments roll;
A mortal paleness on my cheek,
But glory in my soul!"

With the name of Jesus on her eye and his glory in her heart, that sainted one passed away like the transit of a bright and beautiful star to the brighter glories of heaven.

THE PHILOSOPHIC DOCTOR EXCITED.

While attending a protracted meeting in the town of C., an amusing incident occurred. Doctor B., whose wife was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and who himself had been raised a Calvinist, was powerfully convicted by the Spirit of God. He made known the state of his mind to his neighbors, and also continued to attend our meetings very regularly, but objected to the "loud cries" and "excitement" at the altar. He often said that he was fully convinced that he felt his need of religion as *deeply* as any one of them, yet nothing could induce him to go there for prayers. He also remarked, and wished me to notice it, that should he at last conclude to go forward, he would not suffer himself to become excited like many who were crying and weeping so as to be heard all over the house. The meeting continued for several

weeks, and many were powerfully converted; but the poor Doctor still was shut up in the prison-house of unbelief. He sought in his philosophic way for a long time, but could find no relief. At last he concluded to approach our altar for prayers. I shall never forget that scene. Before he reached the altar he was in tears, and greatly agitated in body. He prostrated himself at the altar and cried aloud for mercy. He soon forgot the "excitement" of which he had spoken, when he became deeply engaged for the salvation of his own soul. He remained on his knees till the close of the meeting, apparently unconscious of every thing that was passing around him. When I pronounced the benediction the congregation all retired from the house before I had an opportunity of speaking with my friend Doctor B. However, I soon learned, on going out into the street, that he was getting along very well. The next morning, when he arose and wished to go out, he could not find his hat. Diligent search was made for it all over the house and in the office, but no trace of it could be found. At length his anxiety for the safety of his hat suddenly subsided on the reception of a note from the sexton of the Methodist Episcopal Church, informing him that it was safe and sound, and sitting just where he left it, not far from the altar. The Doctor was surprised, and at last laughed heartily, and remarked, "Well, I think it would be difficult for me now to convince Mr. Gaddis and my Methodist friends that I was *free from excitement* last night, after returning bareheaded, without knowing that I had left my hat in the church." I need only remark that God converted the Doctor, and he never afterward was heard to say a word about "excitement" at the altar in the Methodist Episcopal Church among our mourners.

This incident has revived in my mind another little altar-scene of a similar character. It was during a most

extraordinary revival in the Ancient Metropolis of this state. A Mr. —— was awakened, but declared that going to the altar would do him no good, because of the noise and excitement. I often tried to prevail on him to try it, but he objected for some days. At length he concluded to go forward and make the experiment. I never witnessed more noise and loud weeping and shouting than we had that night. Do you ask me what effect it had upon Mr. ——? I will tell you. On returning home to the place where he boarded he walked into the parlor and remarked to the lady of the house, "Well, Mrs. A., you had a good meeting to-night." She replied affirmatively, and inquired, "How did you enjoy the meeting, Mr. ——?" He smiled and said, "O, very well, very well, indeed. I never was at a meeting that I liked half so well before. There was not half as much excitement as usual, and that is one reason why I enjoyed it so well." Mrs. A. smiled, and enjoyed it very much. The secret of the whole matter is easily explained. He was at the altar and praying for his own soul, instead of watching the conduct of others. When deeply engaged for ourselves in religious matters, we will be quite indifferent to what others are doing around us.

CHAPTER LXVI.

PIQUA STATION, MIAMI COUNTY.

I ENTERED upon my duties at Piqua station under a painful conviction of my physical inability. Every sermon that I attempted to preach I feared might lay me aside; and even when I commenced a discourse I had just ground to fear I should not have strength to finish it; yet God was my help in time of need. I spit blood

daily from the rupture of small vessels in my throat, and yet I filled all my regular ministerial engagements, oftentimes preaching three times a week. My sufferings were greatly mitigated by the kindness of the people of my charge. Their united prayers, offered in private and public, in my behalf, imparted new strength to my soul, and increased my bodily vigor.

At our first quarterly meeting, on the 25th of October, 1851, the Spirit of the Lord was poured out, and, during the following week, fourteen were added to the Church. The work went on gradually; some were converted almost every week. Our "watch-night" meeting was one of unusual interest. I had the assistance of the local brethren, who rendered me valuable aid whenever I needed it. About half-past eleven o'clock I preached on Jeremiah vi, 4: "Woe unto us, for the day goeth away, and the shadows of the evening are stretched out." While urging the congregation to improve the present period, or "day of salvation"—for if suffered to pass it could not be recalled—a deep and solemn sense of the presence of God rested on the whole assembly. "The day goeth away, and the shadows of the evening are stretched out." It was twelve o'clock.

"The year has gone, and with it
Many a glorious throng of happy dreams.
Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart;
In its swift course it waved its scepter
O'er the beautiful, and they are not!
It laid its pallid hand upon the strong man,
And the haughty form is fallen,
And the flashing eye is dim!
It trod the halls of revelry,
Where thronged the blest and joyous,
And the tearful wail of stricken ones is heard,
Where first the song and reckless shout resounded!
It passed o'er the battle plain,
Where sword, and spear, and shield
Flashed in the light of mid-day,

And the strength of serried host is shivered;
And the grass, green from the soul of carnage,
Waves above the crushed and molded skeleton,
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet, ere it melted in the viewless air,
It heralded its millions to their home,
In the dim land of dreams!"

An awful sense of the majesty of God awed every soul into reverence. We then bowed in silent prayer before the Lord our God, after which we united in singing the "covenant hymn" on our knees. I then opened the doors of the Church, and seven persons presented themselves for membership, all of whom are still valuable members of Christ's "visible body." The glory of God filled the temple, and many of his saints shouted for joy. I then went into the pulpit, and read from the twenty-fourth of Joshua the following appropriate passages: "And the people said unto Joshua, Nay, but we will serve the Lord. And Joshua said unto the people, Ye are witnesses against yourselves that ye have chosen you the Lord, to serve him. And they said, We are witnesses. Now therefore put away, said he, the strange gods which are among you, and incline your heart unto the Lord God of Israel. And the people said unto Joshua, The Lord our God will we serve, and his voice will we obey. So Joshua made a covenant with the people that day, and set them a statute and an ordinance in Shechem. And Joshua wrote these words on the book of the law of God, and took a great stone and set it up there under an oak that was by the sanctuary of the Lord. And Joshua said unto all the people, Behold, this stone shall be a witness unto us; for it hath heard all the words of the Lord which he spake unto us. It shall be, therefore, a witness unto you lest ye deny your God. So Joshua let the people depart, every man unto his inheritance." I then pronounced the benediction, and we all retired with joy-

ful hearts to our homes. Thus ended the most profitable and interesting "watch-night" meeting that I ever held. It was followed by a glorious revival that lasted till some time in March.

During this season of refreshing from the presence of the Lord, we were called to mourn and weep for departed worth. The young and beautiful, the middle-aged, and those laden with the weight of years, were suddenly cut off from our congregation. These repeated strokes were sanctified in the progress of holiness, and the awakening of the thoughtless. Among the deceased were some greatly beloved by the Church for their many Christian virtues—Mrs. Hannah Garnsey, an aged disciple; Miss Sarah Jane Keyt, an amiable young lady; and Mrs. Mary Mitchell, and brother Willson Widney, brother-in-law of Rev. S. Maclay, our first missionary to China. Brother Widney was a man of great moral worth, and one of our most efficient stewards at Piqua. But "these all died in faith," and are now shining among the glorified. Among the number of those who were converted in that revival were two excellent young men, both of whom have since been licensed to preach, and one of them is now a traveling preacher.

During the spring and summer my health was very feeble, and I suffered much from my throat, which continued to grow worse by speaking. Over *one hundred* were added to the Church as the fruit of my first year's ministry at Piqua. The congregations were large during the summer season. I often remarked, in the pulpit, toward the close of the year, that the "way of the Lord" was *preparing* for a glorious manifestation of saving power, and I exhorted the people to expect it, and pray for it every day. I also remarked frequently, that, whether I was returned to the station or not, I fully believed that God would send such a revival among them

as had never been witnessed in that city. This was *my faith*, and in this *confidence* I continued strong unto the end of the year, "giving glory to God." The year closed with a full tide of prosperity. Our missionary collection was more than fifty per cent. in advance of any previous year. The Sabbath school was also in a highly-prosperous state, and numbered over *four hundred.* I think the Piqua school is the second one in America that is favored with a "correspondence" from our first missionary to China, Rev. S. Maclay. This should inspire our young friends in Piqua to contribute largely to the missionary cause. The "place being too strait for us," the trustees procured a lot in the southern part of the city, with a view to the organization of a second charge as soon as practicable.

At the session of the next conference, which was held in Xenia, I was returned to the station with Rev. W. J. Thurber as assistant preacher. My health during the conference at Xenia improved slowly, and I met the enemy again on the same battle field, resolved to "conquer or die." I was really anxious to return to Piqua, because I firmly believed "God would fight for us." "All things are possible to him that believeth."

CHAPTER LXVII.

"NEVER GO AWAY WITHOUT PRAYER."

THIS was the remark of a dear child of God to me, as she lay upon her dying bed. I formed her acquaintance soon after my connection with the Piqua station. From her early childhood she evinced a serious turn of mind. Her youthful days were marked by the best of all distinctions, the entire consecration of herself to God. At

ten she united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, and in her sixteenth year was found walking closely with God. For a long time before her death she had a strong presentiment that her stay here would not be long. This impression was sanctified to her good, and she gradually and visibly ripened for a better world. Her trials and recent bereavements were also graciously sanctified to her good. A father, whom she tenderly loved, and her affectionate husband, both had lately died in California. These repeated strokes weakened her hold on earthly objects, and made her often exclaim, "I would not live always!"

In the year 1849 she sought and found *full redemption* in the blood of Christ. From that hour a marked change was visible in her daily walk and conversation. The consecration was *entire*, and her progress in holiness steady. The remainder of her life was devoted to the service of her heavenly Father. She went on her way a "bright shining light." But we are called to look upon her at the close of her pilgrimage. The typhoid pneumonia was prevailing in the town and vicinity, and her youngest sister fell a victim to the disease, after a brief illness of ten days. Other members of the household were taken ill, but recovered. During all this time, the beloved sister of whom I now write, walked softly by day and night, in the chamber of sickness, from one couch to another, like some kind ministering angel of mercy. Not a word of murmur was ever heard to fall from her lips, although she seemed to feel the death of her sister most keenly. At length, wearied and broken down by long and painful watching, and exposed to infected atmosphere, she fell a victim to the same disease. At each successive visit I found her gradually growing worse; but "Jesus was precious to her soul." On Thursday evening she was very ill, and made the re-

mark above quoted, "*Never go away without prayer.*" O, may I always remember this when visiting the sick and dying! Ministers of Jesus, ponder it well, and O, never, "never go away without prayer!"

That same evening she was seized with an alarming nervous depression and sudden determination of the disease to her brain. In the night I was aroused from my slumbers, and hastily summoned to her sick-room. The scene in that dying chamber was one of moral grandeur. It was the "audience-chamber of Deity." Her physical anguish, at times, was very great; pain was legibly written on every lineament of her face, and such was the violence of her disease that her mind did not, at all times, maintain its balance; yet, amid her wildest ravings, her heart seemed to point unerringly to the Savior, and her countenance was radiant with immortal hope. All her lucid moments were filled up with fervent prayer and expressions of sweet resignation to the Divine will. The short and expressive prayer of the Syrophenician woman she repeated most frequently, "Lord, help me! Lord, help me! Lord, help me just now! O, the power of faith! Come, dear Jesus, and come quickly! Thy will be done. It must be done! *It shall be done!* Not mine, but thine, dear Savior!"

On Sabbath she said to me, "Why do you not all give me up, and let me go? I have no desire to live." On Sabbath night she felt that her work was done, and she would often exclaim, in a clear voice, "Dear Savior, come! The power of faith! I am nothing! Glorify thyself! Dear Savior, glorify thyself! Lord God of hosts, God of Jacob, come! The Lord can save me! My Savior, come now!" Her disease continued to rage till her frail bark was completely dismantled; but she was drawing near the harbor; the winds were hushed to rest, and she was "gliding sweetly" over a calm and quiet sea. On

her "homeward bound" voyage, when in sight of the "highlands" of immortality, she pointed heavenward, and exclaimed aloud, "*The Lord God Omnipotent reigneth!* Now glorify thyself! Come, Lord Jesus, and come quickly! Amen and amen."

A short time before her joyful exit, she remarked to me, "You must pray again; though I am too weak to follow you in my mind, yet I can listen." O, it seemed to be the medicine of her soul, prayer and praise! As the earthly tabernacle was gradually dissolving, and the cold waves of Jordan dashing about her pilgrim feet, she lifted up her voice, and exclaimed, "O, the power of faith! Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus! Precious Jesus! He can save me!" And at last, with slow and measured tread, she went down into the chilly waters of the death stream, proclaiming, at each successive tread, till the power of articulation failed, "*Firm, firm, firm in the Lord!*"

CHAPTER LXVIII.

"NOT YET, SIR."

THIS was the reply of Mr. M., Esq., to me on his dying bed when I asked him if he did not desire me to pray for him before I left his room. It was the first time that I had ever seen him. I had often heard it remarked that Mr. J. M., Esq., was an infidel, and at times very profane, and that during the early part of his last sickness he tried to banish all serious thoughts from his mind. But when it was announced that he must die, a deep interest was manifested among his religious friends for the salvation of his soul. His open hostility to religion was so well known that no one felt willing to approach him on that

important subject. An intimate friend of his, and also a member of the bar, requested me several times to pay him a visit and assured me of a kind reception. I was just as often warned by others to stay away, as I would be sure to get my feelings wounded if I should introduce in his presence the subject of religion. After much prayerful deliberation I finally concluded to go. My name was announced at the door, and I was most cordially received. The subject of religion was unexpectedly introduced by himself, and with great frankness he related to me the whole experience of his past life.

"My wife," said Mr. M., "is a member of your Church, or at least she was so when we were married, and if I am not mistaken she has now her certificate in the drawer of her own bureau. I suppose, Mr. Gaddis, that you have been told that I am an infidel?" I replied, "Yes, sir, I have often heard such a statement." "Well," continued he, "I am glad that you have come to see me; I will now reveal to you, as a stranger, what I have always concealed from my acquaintances in this city. About twelve months previous to my marriage, while attending a protracted meeting held by your denomination in the neighborhood of my father's, I was deeply convicted of my sinful state and went forward to the altar several times for prayer. However, during the progress of the meeting a young man with whom I had quarreled came forward also to the altar, and kneeled down by my side. I was powerfully tempted by the devil. At last I yielded; I arose from my knees and took a seat in the congregation. I then thought I would continue to seek the salvation of my soul in secret, but the enemy took advantage of the enmity existing between myself and this young man to prevent me from uniting with the Church. I then promised that I would forsake all my former wicked practices and lead a *strictly-*

moral life. But my associations were such that I soon found this course impracticable. I then determined to marry, and hoped I would find fewer difficulties in the way of becoming a good man. But in this I was disappointed also; I was poor and had to live in rather an obscure settlement. My wife did not unite with the Church, and we first attended the preaching of one denomination and then another till I lost all desire to be a good man. I have not, since I came here, attended any place of worship. But I can assure you, Mr. Gaddis, that I am a *firm believer in the Holy Bible.*"

I was agreeably disappointed in finding him so ready to converse upon a subject for which I was told he had always manifested such an aversion while in health. I talked with him very freely for more than two hours. Just before my departure I asked the privilege of praying: his emphatic reply stands at the head of this chapter. He requested me to call soon again. I promised to do so. In the course of a few days I called in to see how he was getting along. I found him much worse; I was convinced that he could not survive long. After the usual salutations he remarked, "I am very glad that you have come to see me again, for several reasons. Since you were here some of my neighbors have made a number of assertions that has caused me great affliction of mind. Some have reported one thing and some another." On my asking what they were, he said, "They have reported that I insulted you, that I ordered you out of my house when you proposed to pray, etc. Now, sir, I am glad you are here. Did I not treat you kindly and gentlemanly? did I say any thing to wound your feelings? If I did I was not conscious of it. I can assure you nothing was farther from my mind and heart than what my neighbors have reported." I told him to rest easy about that matter, I could easily set

the public right; and had not heard any one even allude to the things of which he spoke. This seemed to give him immediate relief in mind. I again conversed freely with him, but was not permitted to pray, although treated with much kindness. On getting up to leave him he reached out his almost skeleton hand and pressed me to return soon again. I promised to do so. He declined rapidly, and in a few days died suddenly. On my entering the house a few days afterward his wife met me at the door, and as I walked through the parlor she said, with a look and stern manner that I shall never forget, "Mr. Gaddis, don't you dare to tell my husband that he is not *prepared to die.* I know Judson better than you, I know he is a good man." I replied, "It may be all true in regard to his being a good man and a kind husband, yet, Mrs. M., your 'good husband' has no religion. He does not even profess to have any. I can assure you, Mrs. M., that nothing will deter me from a faithful discharge of my duty so long as your husband desires my counsel and spiritual instructions." Before my departure that day Mr. M. wept, and said, "O, my poor wife! O, my poor wife! what will become of her? I could die with less regret if she did not behave so strangely." Alas for her! she had restrained prayer and forgotten the God of her youth. "Her own backslidings were reproving her," and she was emphatically "filled with her own ways." The Spirit had ceased to strive, and she was drifting down the current to the fatal whirlpool of destruction. I left them that day with a sad heart. It was not long after this when, late at night, a messenger came in haste to inform me that Mr. M. was dying, and that he wanted me to pray for him. I hastened to his dying chamber. On approaching his bed I saw his days were numbered, and that soon he would experience what it is to be a disembodied spirit.

I asked him if he wanted me to pray now. "O, yes!" said the dying man, "you may pray now. O, I feel I need it!" I took his right hand in my own and kneeled down to pray for him as well as I could. I had not prayed long before I thought he ceased to breathe. I opened my eyes, and lo! his spirit had fled before the prayer was finished. I ceased to pray for him, but offered a short prayer for his poor wife and little daughter. I learned from a colored man, who attended him during the last days of his sickness, that when he found that there was no hope of his recovery he prayed for him himself frequently.

O how many in the early part of a fatal sickness say to the minister or in their heart, "*Not yet, not yet, sir!*" But, alas! when death is grappling for their heart-strings, and the realities of the eternal world are ready to burst upon their affrighted souls, they begin to pray often when it is too late. Thus it was with Mr. M. O, how many have said "not yet" when God calls them to repent and believe the Gospel now! Poor sinner, "boast not thyself of to-morrow."

CHAPTER LXIX.

MY LAST CHARGE—PIQUA STATION, SECOND YEAR, 1849.

My second year in Piqua opened under favorable auspices. The congregations were large and deeply attentive. At Green-street, and at the South District School, the new place of worship, the house was generally crowded. The new church building was immediately put under contract, and all were much encouraged to look for a season of *extraordinary revival.* Owing to

circumstances beyond our control, the faith of the Church, at one time, *wavered*. Some, who were not easily discouraged heretofore, had a "*sore trial of their faith*" in regard to our hopes of a great outpouring of the Holy Spirit; but my heart had seized its object with such an intensity of desire, that its grasp was as strong as death. I looked not at the "waves," but, by faith, to my Savior. I remembered well "the years of the right hand of the Most High," and how God, through my feeble instrumentality, had wrought wonders among the people in other days. Unbelief I knew was *weakness*, for then we are left alone; but faith is *omnipotent*, because it is *God and man* together. Blessed be God! such a *faith* was imparted to me on that trying occasion. My inmost soul cried out, "Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain." The faith that *demands* for itself a "right of way" to "rebuild the walls" of Zion, and repair all the "breaches" thereof, will always prevail with God and man.

In the latter part of December I was taken suddenly ill with violent palpitation of heart. I was dangerously sick for more than forty-eight hours. I had often been attacked in the same way before, but I never had suffered so long without relief, or even a mitigation of my disease; but the "good hand of my God was upon me." That affliction was finally made a great blessing to my soul; I came out of it very weak in body, but greatly refreshed in spirit. A few moments before I was relieved, while dozing upon my bed, I fancied that I was traveling over a most beautiful and fertile plain, with the rapidity of the wind. I had not proceeded far, however, till I descried, in the distance, on my left, an overwhelming land-flood, coming down over the green valley. Its dark, turbid waters rolled mountains high, submerging every

thing in its course. At the same moment I discovered a celestial guide on my right, who urged me forward with increased velocity. We soon came up to where the overflowing waters had passed across the plain. I was conducted over the channel of the river "dry shod." The waters were not only assuaged, but the *land* was dry upon which I made my *foot-prints.* In a moment we resumed our journey again, and traveled on most delightfully. It was not long, however, till we came in sight of the same river; but O, how changed the scene before me! It was deep, and wide, and full; its waters were as clear as crystal. I looked into the limpid stream with feelings of inexpressible delight. As I stood upon its banks my celestial guide addressed me as follows:

"Thousands have crossed this stream just here, deep and wide as it appears, in perfect safety; but I do not require even this of you at the present time. Come with me, and let us travel along the bank up the river a short distance." I cheerfully complied, and we went rapidly forward. Imagine my surprise on being soon conducted down into the water, where it was not more than ankle deep, and narrowed down into an inconsiderable brook, over which I passed in a moment. I was aroused from this imaginary journey by the most delightful sensations that I ever experienced. I was soon very happy, and felt that my present "sickness was not unto death." I remarked to my wife, that I believed I would soon get better; that God had some work for me yet to do in Piqua. It was not long till my alarming symptoms all subsided, and I fell into a refreshing slumber. On awaking, I felt like saying, "Bless the Lord, O, my soul, and forget not all his benefits; who forgiveth all thine iniquities, and healeth all thy diseases; who crowneth thy life with loving-kindness and tender mercy! Amen."

I have thanked God a thousand times for that unexpected affliction, and the circumstances attending my deliverance out of it. I have always thought of it since, in connection with these beautiful words in Job: "For then thou shalt lift up thy face without spot; yea, thou shalt be steadfast, and shalt not fear; because thou shalt forget thy misery, and remember it as the waters that pass away; and thine age shall be clearer than the noonday; thou shalt shine forth, thou shalt be as the morning." I could rejoice and sing in my heart all day long,

"Lord, remember me for good,
Passing through this mortal vale;
Show me the atoning blood
When my strength and spirit fails;
Give my gasping soul to see
Jesus crucified for me."

On Christmas day a visiting brother preached for me at eleven o'clock, A. M., and I gave out another appointment for him at night. At the ringing of the second bell, I entered the church at the side door next to the parsonage. I found a large congregation in attendance, but the brother appointed to preach had not yet come in. I arose, and told the congregation that, as the time for the commencement of the service had arrived, I should sing and pray, and I had no doubt, by the time we had passed though the introductory exercises, brother —— would be in to take my place. After prayer the congregation engaged in singing another hymn, and, at its close, I concluded the brother would disappoint us. For a time I was covered all over with confusion, and knew not what to do. I was seated in the altar, before the table. I closed my eyes, and cried inwardly, "Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?" I felt, in a moment, that it was my duty to preach; and I then said to the congregation, "Please sing another hymn, and if I can

think of a text suitable for the occasion I will try and supply the brother's lack of service as well as I can." I concluded to speak from these words: "Wilt thou not revive us again, that thy people may rejoice in thee? Show us thy mercy, O Lord, and grant us thy salvation. I will hear what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people and to his saints; but let them not turn again to folly. Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him; that glory may dwell in our land." Psalm lxxxv, 6, 7, 8, 9. I remarked as follows:

1. We have here the language of deep solicitude and earnest, longing desire. "Wilt thou not revive us again?"

2. Of contrition and deep penitence. "Show us thy mercy." Mercy is our plea, etc.

3. Of dependence. "Wilt not *thou?*" etc.; "Show us *thy* mercy, O Lord;" "Grant us *thy* salvation." If we are *revived* GOD must do it: "Without me ye can do nothing."

4. Of *hope* and strong *confidence.* Wilt thou *not?* Surely thou wilt do it *now.* "His salvation is *nigh* them that fear him."

5. It is also the language of *expectancy.* "I will *hear* what God the Lord will speak: for he will speak peace unto his people and to his saints."

"WILT THOU NOT REVIVE US AGAIN?"

1. That sinners may be awakened.

2. That backsliders may be reclaimed.

3. The lukewarm stirred up.

4. That "glory may dwell in our land."

5. That the laborers may be refreshed, "that thy people may *rejoice* in thee;" "Give a little reviving in our bondage."

"As welcome as the water spring
Is to a barren place,
Jesus, descend on us, and bring
Thy sweet, refreshing grace."

CAUTION.—"For the Lord will speak peace unto his people and to his saints; *but let them not turn again to folly.*"

"Thy spirit then will speak,
Through lips of humble clay,
Till hearts of adamant shall break,
And rebels shall obey."

When I commenced speaking I could only recall to mind one-half of this plan. I went forward, trusting in God for light and timely assistance. I said nothing to the audience about my want of preparation, but closed when about half-way through my discourse. The congregation united in singing a familiar hymn, and I then called on a good old "father in Israel" to pray. During the prayer a calm and sweet serenity filled my soul, and my mind became clear and collected; and before brother D. closed his fervent prayer, the balance of my sermon passed before my mind as distinct and clear as a panoramic view on canvas. I realized in a moment the well-known voice of my Master behind me, and I resolved to do his bidding. As soon as the prayer closed I arose and opened the Bible, read my text again, and commenced my sermon at the point where I had left off speaking. The congregation were amazed at the novelty of the whole procedure, but I was not daunted in the least degree. The word of the Lord was like *fire shut up in my bones.* "I had an *unction* from the holy One;" the word of God had free course, and was glorified; I was enabled to speak *from the heart,* and it *went to the hearts* of the people. I said, "Lord, I am nothing! Now, dear Savior '*glorify thyself!*'"

"On me, on all some gift bestow,
Some blessing now impart;
The seed of life eternal sow,
In every loving heart."

Our faith was at this moment *all-conquering*, and, "with open face, as in a glass, we beheld the glory of God revealed in the Gospel." The countenances of God's saints were radiant with joy. I closed by saying, "*God is in the city!* Our *King* is in the *midst* of us to-night! The sacrifice is accepted; his salvation is *nigh* them that fear him! He will '*show us his mercy,*' and '*grant us his favor!*' I want you to date the commencement of the '*revival*' of the work of God in this station from this very hour." To this there was an audible and hearty response from many a joyful heart. "Thy *way*, O God, is in the sanctuary! My *heart trusted in him, and I am helped!* Therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth, and with my song I will praise him!"

This was my *experience* on that memorable night. On my return home these words were deeply impressed on my mind: "Who shall order the battle? And he answered, *Thou.* Therefore, as said the prophet to the king of Israel, Go, *strengthen thyself, and mark and see what thou doest.*" I said, "Lord, who is sufficient for these things? Yet not my will but thine be done. I *am nothing! 'Glorify thyself!'*"

"Thy faithful witness will I be,
'Tis *fixed, I can do all through thee!*"

From that night I no longer doubted that the "set time to favor Zion had fully come." I walked *softly* before Him, and realized truly that "the *secret* of the Lord is with them that fear him," and he will show them his "salvation."

CHAPTER LXX.

FUNERAL OF A PIOUS YOUNG LADY.

THE next Sabbath after preaching the sermon given in the preceding chapter, I preached the funeral sermon of Miss J. C. from these words, "What are these which are arrayed in white robes? and whence came they?" Revelation vii, 13. Although but little known to the world she was "the daughter of a King." She was an only child, and dearly beloved by her widowed mother. In the year 1850 she came, with her parents, from the state of Virginia, and settled in Piqua. They had a pleasant home, and were delighted with their new location. But it was not long before her father was taken suddenly ill and died. For a time the earth was clad in mourning, and the rest of the family desired to return to their native land, but they finally concluded to remain in the Miami Valley. About a year after the death of the father Miss J. fell into a decline. Soon after I took charge of the station she was confined to her room, and cut off entirely from participating in the public means of grace. But the consolations of religion were not small with her. Her piety was unquestionable, deep and uniform. Her peace flowed as a river, clear and full. I had often visited her, and always found her cheerful, patient, and resigned. She suffered much, and was reduced almost to a skeleton. My last interview with her was deeply interesting and affecting. I will narrate a part of her conversation.

She was now near the close of life, and at this time we all thought her dying. She smiled and said to me, "I have no fear of death *now*, and I have not had for some time past. I feel no pain, but just as if I was fall-

ing into a sweet sleep. O what peace! no tongue can describe it! God has been very good to me. He has granted me all that I have desired of him. I had a very kind father; I always desired to live to close his eyes. Well, God granted me that privilege. I always thought I would die young, and I desired to die of a *lingering disease.* This God has granted also. It is true that I suffered much; but, I thank God, I never murmured. Before I was afflicted I went astray; I was becoming fond of the world; but, I bless the Lord, this sick-bed has been the means of saving my soul. *I am now ready*—waiting patiently. I want to see all my friends and class-mates." To one standing near her bed she said, "*Jesus is my all-sufficient Savior.*" To another on her right hand, "Farewell, I am going straight home." To sister Hannah Wood she remarked, "O how often have you and I talked about our parents in heaven! I will soon see my dear father, and meet him to part no more." It was a long time before her mother could resign her fully into the hands of her heavenly Father, or become reconciled to part with her only child. But God strengthened her for the trial in the hour of need. This was a source of great comfort to her daughter when dying. Looking at me she said, "I am glad mother has *given me up.* It was a great struggle, but grace, all-conquering grace, has enabled her to do it. I now commit my dear mother to the care of my brethren and sisters in the Church at Piqua." I then inquired if she desired to give any directions concerning the manner of her burial and funeral ceremonies. She responded, "I wish the funeral services to be held in the church, if convenient. I prepared all my burial-clothes more than two months since. I desire to be buried in the last dress given me by my dear father. He always loved to see me wear it. I wish to be interred near him, leaving

room for my mother on the opposite side." On seeing her mother weeping she said, "When I see mother weeping I can not weep, when I remember that I am going to dwell with Jesus, and be where my dear father is. I know it will not be long till mother will follow me. Why, then, should I weep? When I think of Jesus and what he has done for me I have no fear. O no, perfect love casteth out all fear." She then sent the following message by me to the members of her own class: "Tell my dear class-mates I love them all, and I hope they will all meet me in heaven. Tell them, O tell them my last breath shall be spent in prayer for them, that they all may die as happy and *peacefully* and *suffer* as little as I do." To her young lady acquaintances and friends she sent also the following message. The words show with what composure religion can invest the soul, and how on the verge of Jordan the song of triumph can break forth from the Christian's lips: "Tell them for me, I hope when I am gone they will live a more holy and consistent life, and not be so fond of this vain and gay world. I know they will not take offense at this advice, as it comes from one that loves them most affectionately, and one that is now dying." She then asked me if I thought she was dying; I told her she could not survive long. She then smiled and said, "On yesterday I was trying to sing,

'What's this that steals, that steals upon my frame?
Is it death? is it death?
That soon will quench, will quench this vital flame?
Is it death? is it death?
If this be death, I soon shall be
From every pain and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see:
All is well, all is well.'

O I wish I could sing it now; brother Gaddis, will you not sing it for me?" I told her I could not, but

requested some young ladies to do it, who were in the room at the time. While they sung this touching and beautiful song, the glory of God filled the dying chamber, and

> "The unrobing spirit cast
> Diviner glories to the last."

Her happy death and the funeral services which took place on that day I have no doubt were sanctified to the good of hundreds.

CHAPTER LXXI.

WATCH-NIGHT AND SECOND QUARTERLY MEETING.

ALL the meetings during the subsequent week were of an interesting character. We held a watch-night meeting, which was productive of lasting good to many souls. Immediately on the ushering in of the new year I opened the doors of the Church for the reception of persons on trial, and received the application of six very promising converts. The next day, at two o'clock, P. M., our second quarterly meeting commenced, with an appropriate and encouraging sermon by our beloved presiding elder, Rev M. Marlay, who had preceded me in this station. As the evening approached I felt I had a "message from God" to the people of my charge, as preparatory to the "battle." I had no "*rest in spirit*" till I concluded to deliver it, although feeble in body. I never felt God so near, or such an awful weight of responsibility resting on my soul, as I did that night. I spoke from these words: "Always abounding in the work of the Lord, forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord." 1 Cor. xv, 58. I pursued the following practical method:

I. THE WORK OF THE LORD. What is it?

1. To *believe* on Jesus Christ. Then said certain Jews, "What shall we do that we might work the works of God? Jesus answered and said unto them, *This is the work of God*, that ye believe on him whom he hath sent." John vi, 29. "To him that worketh not, but *believeth* on him that justifieth the ungodly, his faith is counted for righteousness." Romans iv, 5. How plain and easy the way of life!

2. To cultivate *personal piety*. Here is work for us all. "Grow in grace" daily. In this work we are to "abound more and more." 1 Thess. iv. "Follow peace with all men and holiness," etc.

3. To labor to bring *others to Christ*. "And when the men of that place had knowledge of him, they sent out into all the country round about, and brought unto him all that were diseased; and besought him that they might only touch the hem of his garment: and as many as touched were made perfectly whole." Matt. xiv, 35, 36. During this meeting let us go and do likewise. All may become "co-workers with God."

II. REASONS WHY WE SHOULD "ALWAYS ABOUND," etc

1. We belong to God.

2. We have been purchased by Jesus Christ.

3. It is the surest way to be happy. The angels do his will, and are happy. "Abounding in the work of God" here will make earth resemble heaven.

4. We live in a *peculiar* and deeply-interesting age. The world is a great "battle-field"—the armies are in motion—a mighty struggle is now going on between vice and virtue—Christ and antichrist—light and darkness, etc. Our facilities for the accomplishment of good are a thousand fold greater than in the days of our fathers. "Say not there are yet four months, and then cometh harvest. Lift up your eyes and look upon the fields."

"Why stand ye here all the day idle? Go ye also into the vineyard."

"See on the mountain-top
The standard of your God;
In Jesus' name I lift it up,
All stained with hallow'd blood."

5. Much of the time for labor with many is past already. Alas for some of the aged who hear me to-night! Their sun spreads its feeble beams, and is plunging down the horizon. "The day is far spent." You have not long to "abound in this work."

"The lengthening shadows o'er the mead
Proclaim the close of day."

6. Time to come is short and uncertain with us all. "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." What you do for the conversion of the world, your relatives and friends, must be done quickly. In the eloquent language of a New Zealand chief, "Make haste; the sun is fast going down, for whom you have to work."

7. The "recompense of the reward" is sure, "forasmuch as ye know that your labor is not in vain." The Gospel sends no man to war without the promise, "Lo, I am with you," etc. But we must all "labor in the Lord."

At the close of my discourse brother Meharry exhorted, and a number came forward for prayers. The love-feast in the morning was a time of refreshing. At eleven o'clock brother Marlay occupied the pulpit, and gave us one of his most effective sermons. At night Rev. Alexander Meharry preached a most appropriate, eloquent, and *awakening* sermon from, "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." The altar was filled with penitents, and two experienced a change of heart. Up to the fifth day of January, twenty persons had joined on trial, and more than that number were converted to God. On Sunday, the ninth of January, I tried to preach again from these words: "*I will sing of mercy.*" Ps. ci, 1.

At the close of the labors of this Sabbath we had enrolled *seventy-five*. During the next week Rev. William H. Lawder came to our help, and brother Meharry returned to give us another "strong pull." Brother Callender also joined our "battle-cry" on Saturday night. The next morning we held another love-feast. It was a time of power and glory, such as I never before witnessed Twenty joined, and more than a score "testified" that God had pardoned all their sins during the past week. At the close of this day, January sixteenth, *one hundred and ninety* were added to the fold. The next day brother Meharry was violently attacked with pneumonia, and continued quite ill for some time, but brothers Lawder and Callender still remained to assist us. The next Sabbath, January twenty-third, I preached in the morning on the "delay of conversion," and my colleague preached at night. *Sixty* mourners pressed to the altar for prayer, many of whom were soundly converted that evening. On Monday night I preached from Isaiah xlv, 19, "I said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek ye me in vain;" and on Wednesday I preached with great liberty from, "*Why should the work cease?*" Neh. vi, 3. The next day the work spread wider, and we were compelled to hold two meetings each day. Total number of accessions at the close of this week, *two hundred and ninety*. The next Sabbath morning I preached to one of the largest congregations ever assembled in Piqua. The work increased in "power" every day, and I have no doubt many more found peace in believing than the number that joined our Church. People flocked in from every point of the compass, some a distance of ten and fifteen miles, and many of whom returned home to their friends to "show what great things the Lord had done for them," and how he had compassion on them. The work now took hold of all classes—the high and low, rich and poor, the moralist

and the most profligate. At night our large church was crowded so full that I adopted the following method of calling up the seekers of religion. At the close of the sermon, before we rose up to sing, while the congregation was quietly seated and the aisles unobstructed, I arranged the altar. I had a number of the front seats vacated, and then invited the mourners to approach the place thus prepared for their reception. O, how it thrilled my heart with joy to see them coming down from the galleries by scores and kneeling at God's altar, till every seat would be crowded full! At times upward of one hundred would approach in this way. I would then invite *all* who desired an interest in the prayers of the people of God, but could not reach the altar because of the "thronged multitude," to stand up just where they were, and let all see that they were determined also to be "on the Lord's side." Very many would simultaneously rise to their feet. We would then commence the prayer meeting for all who were "seeking Jesus." Up to the close of the first month in 1853, the total number added to our Church was over *three hundred* precious souls, and more than that number had found peace with God.

CHAPTER LXXII.

REVIVAL INCIDENTS—A LOVELY SCENE.

MANY deeply-interesting and thrilling scenes occurred during the progress of this revival. I could collect materials enough for a small volume, that would be read with interest by the lovers of the Savior. I can only find room in my "Foot-Prints" for a few.

A Mr. J. M., who had lived many years without hope and without God in the world, attended our meeting, in

company with some of his jolly companions. A noble-hearted woman of his acquaintance approached him, and invited him to the altar. He told her that, if spared till the next evening, he would cheerfully comply with her request. Faithful to his promise, he was present at an early hour; and when the mourners were invited, Mr. M. was soon found among them at the altar of prayer. He was soundly converted, and joined the Church. Many prophesied that, in "time of temptation, he would not endure;" but he was thoroughly "turned into another man," and continued steadfast unto the end. He died of consumption, in the following year, in the full assurance of faith. A sinner saved by grace! Halleluiah!

A lady, in speaking of the happy change in the family circle since her conversion, remarked, "Every thing in our little house appears singularly changed—even the fire burns more brightly, and the candle gives a clearer light. Truly, my brethren and sisters, *all things have become new!*"

On one occasion I was politely requested to open the doors of the Church before the sermon. I was also requested to sing the following beautiful and very appropriate hymn, found on the 479th page of our excellent hymn-book:

"Let worldly minds the world pursue;
It has no charms for me:
Once I admired its trifles too,
But grace hath set me free.

Its pleasures can no longer please,
Nor happiness afford:
Far from my heart be joys like these,
Now I have seen the Lord.

As by the light of opening day
The stars are all conceal'd,
So earthly pleasures fade away,
When Jesus is reveal'd.

Creatures no more divide my choice;
I bid them all depart:
His name, his love, his gracious voice,
Have fixed my roving heart."

The house was crowded to its utmost capacity, and a deep and solemn sense of the presence and power of God rested upon the congregation. The "sighing of the prisoner" was heard in different parts of the assembly; the ministers of the sanctuary were at their post; and the soldiers of Jesus were standing in their "places round about the camp," fully harnessed for the "battle of the Lord."

During the singing of this hymn, a venerable servant of God approached the altar, leaning upon the arm of a devotedly-pious wife. They had three daughters, the eldest of whom was married, and had connected herself with the people of God. About a year previous I had taken the youngest daughter into the Methodist Episcopal Church; but, up to this period, the second daughter had not made a profession of religion. During the revival she had fully made up her mind to consecrate herself, soul and body, a living sacrifice on the altar of her God. She requested her dear parents and sister to accompany her to the altar. It was a lovely sight—one that time will never efface from my memory. At the close of the hymn I went down into the altar, to take her hand, in token of her desire to unite with the Church. Her serene countenance, tearful eye, firm resolve, and subdued manner, all seemed to say,

"Not in mine innocence I trust,
I bow before thee in the dust;
But in my Savior's blood alone,
I look for mercy at thy throne."

Happy children! and thrice happy parents! "Then Peter said unto them, Repent, and be baptized, every one

of you, in the name of Jesus Christ, for the remission of sins, and ye shall receive the gift of the Holy Ghost. For the *promise is unto you and your children*, and all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Acts ii, 38, 39. As I looked upon these happy parents and their offspring, I prayed that they might finally thus stand together, before his throne on high, a family all saved by grace, and receive the plaudit of "Well done!" and enter together into the joy of their Lord.

I see, from my pocket diary, that, up to the third day of February, I had received on trial *three hundred and eighty*. On Sunday, the sixth, I baptized fifty adult persons. On the seventh brother Meharry was so far recovered as to preach for us once more. The next Friday he left us for Dayton. He will long be remembered by many in Piqua for his indefatigable exertions during that revival. Sunday, February 13th, we had a sacramental meeting, at which *four hundred and nineteen* persons communicated, many of them for the *first time*. On Monday evening we had a most deeply-interesting "speaking meeting." The new converts spoke of their conversion with much clearness and great power. The entire body of the Church felt the *quickening* influence of this most gracious visitation; old and young were fully harnessed for the battle; and, in the midst of the greatest excitement among sinners, I witnessed little or no extravagance among the "disciples," although many of them were "filled with the Spirit." Those who labored at the altar seemed to be *divinely sustained*, and guided by "the pillar of cloud and smoke by day, and the shining of a flame of fire by night;" "for on all the glory there was defense."

I have not known, in all my travels, as many efficient laborers in time of a revival as I found in the Piqua sta-

tion. I never think of that precious season without offering a prayer for all who assisted me on that occasion, especially those noble women of God, who labored with me in the Gospel, and "with others of my fellow-laborers, whose names are in the book of life." May Heaven's best blessing rest on those devoted women and their families! They have always been the right arm of Methodism in this beautiful valley.

On Tuesday evening, February 15th, we had a meeting of a *peculiar* character. It consisted of the ministers, the official body, and those *only* who had united with the Church during the progress of the revival. Although the night was dark and stormy, over *three hundred* of the young converts were present. It was a memorable season—one that will never be forgotten, by some of us, while endless ages are onward rolling. I wept for joy—the Lord filled my soul with gladness. I remarked, at the time, that if all the old members of the station had been recently "translated," they would not have been missed so far as numbers were concerned.

CHAPTER LXXIII.

REVIVAL INCIDENTS—CONTINUED.

I CLOSED the protracted meeting on Sunday night, February 20, 1853, and commenced the difficult task of regulating the classes. On the following Sabbath I preached the funeral sermon of brother Stephen Statler, who had died in great peace. With the first week in March my health grew much worse, yet I continued to preach once or twice every week, beside attending to the business matters of the Church. At the time of our third quarterly meeting, in April, I was persuaded that

I must soon cease my labors. I rested for a time, but experienced no relief.

On the first of May the new Wayne-Street Methodist Episcopal Church was dedicated to God by an eloquent and appropriate sermon from Rev. John T. Mitchell, of Urbana. At the close of the sermon I succeeded in raising a subscription and collection of over six hundred dollars, the sum requisite to free the society from all indebtedness for the lot and for the erection of the new church edifice. On the following Sabbath I had the pleasure of preaching in the new chapel, in the morning, from 2 Chron. xiv, 7: "They built and prospered"—and at night in the old church, from Psalm xxix, 11: "The Lord will give strength unto his people; he will bless his people with peace." It was an hour of holy communion with God never to be forgotten. I have not been able to preach since.

In June I visited the city of New York, and had an operation performed on my throat by Dr. Green, who has much celebrity for curing throat-diseases. The weather at that time was oppressively warm. I left the city, and went with my family to the Weselhoeft Water-cure establishment, at Brattleboro, in the state of Vermont, where I found the water-treatment highly beneficial. I returned home in September, and attended conference at Hillsboro. At this conference I was obliged to say to my fellow-laborers, "I am no longer able to stand with you on the battle-field. The want of physical ability compels me to retire from the responsible duties of an itinerant preacher. It is a hard trial, but the grace of God will enable me to bear it cheerfully, with a sweet submission to his Divine will. You have all been kind to me; let me still share in your prayers. In my lonely retreat I shall still cherish for you all a brotherly affection, and pray God to give you increasing success in your

labors." They kindly granted me a superannuated relation, and I returned to Piqua, to pack up our household furniture, preparatory to our removal, in the latter part of October. I shall never forget the feelings with which I wrote the following letter:

Rev. Charles Elliott, D. D.,—It would be a fruitless task to attempt an analysis of the peculiar emotion with which I have often repeated the following words: "My last charge!" O, what painful and pleasant associations stand connected with this phrase in the mind of a Methodist minister! How frequently, in the stillness of the night, in hours of seclusion, does he repeat those expressive words, "My last charge!" O, what sad and joyous memories cluster around them! Perhaps no one lives so much in the past as an itinerant minister—one especially who has formed an extensive acquaintance on circuits and stations. This I know is true in regard to myself, especially when, by affliction, I have been temporarily laid aside from the active discharge of my profession. The session of our annual conference is now over; my dear brethren in the ministry have been assigned to their respective fields of ministerial toil; and while I sit here and write, most of them are in their annual transition state. The Lord bless them and grant them a cordial welcome in their new homes!

My goods are now all packed, and will soon be removed to a warehouse, to make room for my successor. I hope you will not deem it unmanly when I tell you that I have made several unsuccessful efforts to pack my library books and sermons. My fortitude was unequal to the task. I had often removed them before, but now a strange feeling came over me; I wept like a child. For the first time I began to realize that *my "appointment"* was not to the *active field* of labor, but to "suffer affliction with the people of God" in some place of retirement. O, how

consoling, in such an hour of trial, this glorious promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee!" Thanks be to God! I found it even so, and I resumed my work with a cheerful heart. Our future home is to be in the city of Dayton. But where have I wandered? I intended to write many things about "my last charge," in Piqua city. O, I will never, never forget it! I will often look back to it as the scene of my sufferings and triumph. Here God has been pleased to crown my feeble labors with more abundant success than in any other place. I feel that I have already a "rich recompense" in the *affections* of those with whom I have labored and been instrumental in turning to God. I must now bid adieu to a noble and generous-hearted people—Methodists of the Wesleyan school, who seem to rejoice, most of all, that their "names are written in heaven."

I must now close this letter, and turn the keys, for the *last time*, in the parsonage front door. Surely, I will love God more, because of his goodness to my family in this city. The recollection of the kindness of the Church wherever I have labored, and especially of my brethren in the ministry of the old Ohio and Cincinnati conferences, deeply affects my poor heart at this solemn moment. In my lonely hours will they remember me still, and pray fervently that I may be restored to the itinerant ranks? but if not, that I may even be enabled to cultivate a cheerful submission to the will of my heavenly Father? "for to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." Amen. Glory to Jesus Christ!

Ever yours, fraternally, MAXWELL P. GADDIS.

Parsonage, Piqua city, October 25, 1853.

CHAPTER LXXIV.

CITY OF PIQUA.

THE city of Piqua is delightfully situated on the bank of the Miami river, in Miami county. The site of the town is a level eminence encircled by woodland scenery, having the Miami river washing its northern and eastern boundaries. The city was laid out in April, 1807, by Messrs. John Manning and Armstrong Brandon, under the name of Washington, which it retained for many years. The word "PIQUA" is the name of one of the Shawanese tribe, who formerly inhabited this country, and signifies "a man formed out of the ashes." The tradition is that the whole Shawanese tribe a long time ago were assembled at their annual feast and thanksgiving. They were all seated around a large fire, which, having burned down, a great puffing was observed among the ashes, when, behold, a full-formed man came up out of the coals and ashes, and this was the first man of the Piqua tribe. After the peace of 1763 the Miamis, having removed from the Big Miami river, a body of Shawanese established themselves at Upper Piqua, which became their great headquarters. Here they remained till driven off by the Kentuckians, when they crossed over to St. Marys and Waupaukonnetta. The Upper Piqua is said to have contained at one time nearly four thousand Shawanese.

The plat of the town of Piqua contains an area of upward of a mile square. On the opposite side of the river, and connected with it by substantial bridges, are the villages of Rossville and Huntersville.

Methodism was introduced into this section of country at an early period. The first class was organized at

the house of Casper Hendershot in the year 1807, and consisted of the following persons: David Clarke, leader; Matthias Scudder, Sarah Scudder, Casper Hendershot, Charity Hendershot, John Hendershot, Isaac Hendershot, James Scudder, Mary Scudder, Sarah Scudder, Mrs. David Hendershot, Elizabeth Hendershot, Isaac Clarke, Lydia Clarke, Sarah Clarke, Susan Winans.

Brother James Scudder settled here in 1806, and succeeded brother Clarke as leader. A few years afterward a log meeting-house, which was also used for school purposes, was erected at Upper Piqua. This preaching place was denominated the "north-western appointment;" and Lebanon, in Warren county, the "south-western appointment." For a long time the nearest appointment was at Mr. Rector's, a few miles from the town of Urbana. A blazed path through the forest was the only road connecting the first preaching-places throughout all this region of country.

In the spring of 1818 Rev. John P. Finley settled in the town of Piqua. During that summer a little class was organized at his house, called the "widow's class." It consisted of five or six persons. Mrs. Mary Mitchell, wife of Daniel Mitchell, Esq., is the only person now living in Piqua of the number that composed that little band. For several years there had been no regular preaching in the winter season at Upper Piqua, during which time the class met on Thursday, and then held a prayer meeting on Sunday at eleven o'clock, A. M. Brother James Scudder met both classes occasionally.

The following interesting letter from Colonel William M'Lean, of precious memory, will show the numbers in society at Piqua in 1820:

"Piqua, Sunday morning, September 3, 1820.

"Dear Daniel,—You perceive, from the date of my letter, that in person I am separated fifty or more miles

from my native home; but from the time I first awoke this morning till now my heart has been in Lebanon, with my brethren in the class-room, and especially those with whom I used to meet, converse, and pray. I have just returned from a lonely walk in the Miami grove, and while thus amusing myself I resolved that I would return to my office and disburden my mind by communicating my feelings to my friends. And while I am now writing—in idea—I see and hear you and your little charge administering consolation and encouragement to each other. I think I have a mind which was formed for society, friendship, and unrestrained intercourse with friends; deprive me of this, and I am robbed of one of my chiefest joys. O that I had in Piqua a Foglesong, Harnsberger, Nixon, Reeves, or one out of many others I could name in Lebanon, to whom I could have free access! it would be to me a relief, indeed. But why do I murmur? for I know I have a Friend here that sticketh closer than any brother. I will be content. I will strive to live at the feet of Jesus; and, while my name shall be known among mortals on earth, it shall be identified with the despised followers of the despised Nazarene.

"I have already heard the melancholy intelligence of the death of two of our most worthy female friends in your town. I am anxious to know the manner of their departure, although I have no doubt they have been taken from the Church militant to the Church triumphant. Tell father Frazier to remember an afflicted Job, and be satisfied to bear and endure all things. His companion is an heir of glory, and has now obtained possession of her inheritance; and, as I have often told him, he has passed the meridian of his conflicts, and if faithful will soon, with her, be forever at rest. In the death of mother Frazier not only her family but the Church have truly sustained a loss; but

that is her gain. Tell brother and sister Skinner I often think of them, and love them as well as ever, and pray that they may endure unto the end. I feel like I wanted to call the names of all our old class, but must desist; I have almost filled my paper, and shall weary your patience.

"I am as well pleased with Piqua as I expected. On last Sabbath I heard brother John Finley preach two most excellent sermons, one in town and the other three miles out in the country. On Friday I met with the little few—*fifteen in number*—in class. We had a good meeting, and I hope God will give us more grace, that we may win more to Christ in this part of his vineyard. Brother Finley preaches in town this day at eleven o'clock, which has now almost arrived.

"Our little Sarah has been much afflicted since our arrival, but she is now on the recovery. My Sarah with me casts a wishful eye toward Lebanon occasionally, but she appears resigned to her fate. My respects to your mother, and sisters, and Vincet, and all who may inquire. Write me soon and give me particulars. I intend shortly to write to many of my friends in your region, whether they write to me or not.

"Yours, truly, forever, WILLIAM M'LEAN.

"D. M. MITCHELL, ESQ."

In 1832 brother M'Lean was elected to Congress. The following letter will reveal his determination to lead a holy life:

"WASHINGTON CITY, Sunday night, November 30, 1823.

"MY DEAR BROTHER MITCHELL,—I am now seated in my room at my brother's in Georgetown; the family have retired to rest. My mind is at Piqua; and believe me sincere when I say, would to God my body was there also! This day and on this evening I have been to a Methodist meeting, and heard two good sermons delivered by a

brother M'Can. Frequently while in the church I fancied myself in the old seminary at Piqua. The Methodists here are not so plain as in Ohio, but appear to be *devoted*, and I have no doubt I shall love them.

"There are now in the city more than two hundred members of Congress, and on to-morrow I presume the greater part of the balance will arrive. Yesterday I waited on the President; and, although I felt somewhat embarrassed on entering his room, yet in a very few minutes I found myself perfectly easy in his presence. He is plain, pleasant, and remarkably friendly. I have become acquainted with some of the heads of Department, and many of the members of Congress from different parts of the Union. The city presents a bustle sufficient to confuse the mind of a *homesick backwoodsman*. Georgetown is a pleasant place, and is very nearly as large as Cincinnati. Washington is a delightful situation. My brother John has a spacious residence, and had I my dear wife and children here I could spend a pleasant winter. But O, my soul, when I look forward and reflect that my stay is but just commenced, I know not how to endure it. As yet I have not heard a word from home since I left it; I hope they are all well and in health. I will endeavor not to distrust a good and merciful Providence. Although my heart is 'deceitful and desperately wicked,' yet I sometimes feel that I have access to a throne of grace; there, by the grace of God, I am resolved oft to be found. I humbly trust that I shall be kept from the ten thousand evils and dangers to which I am so much exposed. Will you help me by your prayers? How often this day have I thought of my friends in Piqua! Remember me affectionately to sister Mitchell, your mother, and all my friends. May God bless you and yours! Farewell.

"WILLIAM M'LEAN."

I have now lying before me the original subscription paper, dated October 15, 1822—with the names of all the donors—to the first Methodist Episcopal church in the town of Piqua. The late Colonel William M'Lean contributed fifty dollars, the largest amount given by any individual. The document is in the handwriting of John Widney, Esq., who also contributed the sum of forty dollars. From the appearance of this subscription, it must have been signed by a large portion of the citizens and many in the neighborhood. Some of the families are still living who resided here at that time—Hendershot, Scudder, Johnston, Mitchell, Kitchen, Cheever, Scott, Defries, Keyt, Caldwell, Dills, and Widney, etc. A lot was purchased of Mr. Elias Rosel for the sum of thirty dollars, lying on Spring-street, east of the canal; the deed bears date of July 12, 1823. On this lot a good substantial brick edifice was erected, forty feet long by thirty-six feet wide. The brick work was put up by John P. Davis as contractor, and the carpenter work executed by John Keyt. The house was finished June 12, 1824. The entire cost of the lot and church edifice was *seven hundred dollars.* By an old class paper, now in the possession of John Cheever, I think there must have been between fifty and sixty members at that time. Brother Cheever was leader of the third class at that period. Rev. John A. Baughman and Rev. George W. Maley were the preachers on this circuit at that time. What hallowed associations cluster around the first Methodist Episcopal Church in Piqua! Here a Collins, a Quinn, a Raper, a Bigelow, a Sale, a Strange, a Finley, a Christie, and many more dearly-beloved ministers proclaimed the Gospel of peace. The society continued to occupy the old brick for a long time, but finally resolved to erect a more spacious building on the other side of the canal

A beautiful lot was purchased for the sum of four hundred dollars, of Robert Young, Esq., on the corner of Green and Wayne streets. The board of trustees held a preliminary meeting, December 29, 1834, and opened a subscription for the new edifice. The old house was disposed of for the sum of one thousand dollars. The new church was completed in the fall of 1837, and dedicated to God by Rev. William H. Raper.

The following address was written by sister Mitchell when very young, who still survives, and is the oldest member in Piqua:

"TO ALL MY BELOVED SISTERS IN THE LORD ON MIAMI CIRCUIT:

"Will you bear with my weakness while I address you? Having the cause of my Master and the prosperity of the Redeemer's kingdom at heart as well as myself, I know you will pardon my imperfect manner while I try to stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance. The subject which lays so heavy on my heart is the 'support' of our spiritual teachers. It grieves my heart to see them traveling through frosts, and snow, and rain, and mud—sometimes with a poor horse and indifferent clothing, all of which have been worn out in preaching the Gospel. When I think on these things I can not sleep at night. O, my dear sisters, let us think of the comforts that we enjoy. We have our dear companions with us to provide for our wants, and to cherish and soothe us in the dark hours of affliction. But O let us not forget the *wives* of our spiritual guides; they have none of these comforts. Let us not withhold our little 'mite' to help those dear ministers and their families, who are destitute of many earthly comforts that we enjoy. Some of our ministers have left behind tender wives and helpless little children, and torn away from the fond embrace of aged and loving parents for *our*

good. They have 'forsaken all' to minister to our *spiritual wants.* When I think of their deprivations I can not refrain from weeping as I write. Ought we not, then, to deprive ourselves of some *little superfluity,* or even some things that we may call the 'necessaries of life,' but in the sight of God are not really so? O shall we not divide our *temporal* substance with those men of God who are laboring day and night for our *spiritual* welfare? It is right that we should. In fancy I hear you all respond, '*We will!*' I will say, then, as one of old, 'If thy heart be as my heart, give me thy hand.' Our blessed Savior in days of old was willing to accept the 'offerings' of our sex, and I have no doubt he will do it again. By giving our 'mite' the Lord will bless our basket and store, and bless our souls also, and we will hear of glorious times all round the circuit. What we do, let us do it quickly. 'The Lord loveth a cheerful giver.' O let us all examine ourselves and see if the Lord has not some work for us to do, although we are the 'weaker vessels.' Let us act well our part, and be *mothers* and *sisters* for those servants of God—some of whom we are likely to lose for the want of a support for their suffering families. Do not think I wish to dictate—I write to *stimulate myself* as well as you. Do not think I am surrounded with wealth. O no, my poor hand now trembles with fatigue from *hard labor,* which I find necessary to procure us a living in this world. On last New-Year's morning I determined to be more faithful to my Lord and Master."

"NEIGHBORHOOD OF TROY, State of Ohio, March 11, 1812.

"DEAR BROTHER,—Perhaps you will think it strange that, unsolicited, you should be troubled with a letter from an almost stranger, who, notwithstanding his small acquaintance, recollects to have solicited a continuance

of it by a future correspondence, and thinks he obtained a conditional promise. You will, perhaps, recollect seeing me, in company with brother Sale, at brother Ezekiel Hall's, Cincinnati, when you first arrived there, and at the White Water quarterly meeting, from which you came home with me. I have heard of you but a few times since. However, as I still travel, it is my lot this year to travel among your connections, which has brought you fresh to my mind; and, considering your peculiar circumstances, I felt like it would be duty to make this communication. We are blessed with many great and high privileges, and ought to know how to feel for you who are destitute of the Gospel privileges, except reading the Scriptures and prayer. But you have this one consolation, the throne of grace is as near to Fort Wayne as to any other place in this world, and the merciful ear of the Almighty is as open to prayer from that fortification as from a temple or meeting-house, and the omnipresent Spirit of God is as ready to help your infirmities, and to assist you in repelling the fiery darts of the devil, and the hard and unrighteous speeches of cruel and ungodly men, together with all the allurements of the world and the flesh—that God who knows how to deliver the godly out of temptation, can as easy keep you from falling among savage men and among soldiers, perhaps rendered more wicked by refinement, as if you were blessed with all the privileges of civil and religious society; but your happiness must be greatly curtailed among the former.

"Perhaps it will be a great satisfaction to you to hear that the Lord is pouring out his Spirit in a wonderful manner among us in this part of the world. In all the circuits I am acquainted with there is a mighty stir, and a great ingathering of souls. Frequently as high as fifteen or twenty join in a day, many of whom were recently happily and, we trust, soundly converted to God We

hope this is a work that will not cease to prosper as long as the sun and moon endure.

"Being prevented by high water from pursuing my appointments, I have been favored with the privilege of visiting some of your connections, with whom I have been most agreeably entertained, and much delighted to see them so sincerely engaged in religion. Your mother does not cease to pour out her soul in prayer for your welfare. Your sister-in-law—the late agent's wife, who has lately joined the society—seems earnestly engaged for her salvation, and I believe and humbly hope is not far from the kingdom of heaven. The young woman also, who lives with them, seems much engaged for the kingdom. I spent the last night under the hospitable roof of your mother-in-law, and was very much delighted with the heavenly-minded old lady and her respectable young family, who, I hope, are all desirous to serve God in the days of their youth. I suppose you are not unacquainted with your mother-in-law's having embarked in the cause of Methodism. I believe the Methodists will be a blessing in composing the mind and consolidating the union of society in this part, although there will be considerable opposition. And now, dear brother, I commend you to God and to the word of his grace, beseeching you to be incessant in your prayers to God to preserve you and to keep you from falling, till he shall bring you again to enjoy privileges with his people, and finally to partake of his eternal kingdom in heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

"I am, dear brother, yours, MOSES CRUME.

"MR. STEPHEN JOHNSTON."

"LOGAN COUNTY, Kentucky, August 11, 1804.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I should be happy to see Col. Mitchell and yourself and family, if opportunity and con-

venience would permit; but if I should not have the pleasure of an interview with you on earth, I hope to meet you in heaven. I think you once had a comfortable hope that you were upon the road, and your friend M'Callister informs me that you are still pressing on toward your heavenly Father's house. It is now eighteen years since I felt the love of Jesus in my soul; and this I could seal with my blood, and publish with my dying breath, that there is no comfort, no pleasure, nor satisfaction under heaven to be compared with that which is to be enjoyed in viewing the glory of God in the face of Jesus, feeling the pardon of sin and the witness of God's own word and Spirit, that I shall spend a blessed eternity with Christ in his Father's kingdom. You have come to a country where the Lord has been working wonders, where Deists, drunkards, Sabbath-breakers, profane swearers, and sinners of every description, have been changed into humble, praying Christians. Eight years ago, when I first came to Logan county, there was scarcely the outward, visible form of religion in the settlements south of Green river, or through all Cumberland. Infidelity, wickedness, and dissipation of every kind universally prevailed. But O, what wonders has the Lord done for his Church in this western land! The wilderness and the solitary place has indeed been made glad. The desert has rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. Hundreds, yea, thousands, of dead souls have been quickened by the Spirit of Christ and raised to newness of life. But perhaps, my dear friend, you will be surprised when you see a variety of strange things, uncommon bodily exercises and agitations, attending this blessed work that has overspread our country. These things may indeed appear to you strange and wonderful. Perhaps you may feel many fears and scruples whether they are right, and sometimes strong prejudices rising in your mind against them. This has been the

case with many of God's children at their first coming to the country, and it was my case at the first beginning of the work in this country. This falling down, loud out-cries, loud shouting, dancing, laughing, etc., struck me with wonder, and filled me with awful fears lest it might not be the work of God; at the same time I was constrained to conceal my fears lest these things might be of God, and I should oppose them. Under such difficulties I labored many months till it pleased the Lord to give me clearer light upon them.

"Permit me, my friend, to make a few observations which I have learned from my own experience. In the first place, we are apt to condemn every thing that we nor our fathers never saw before. We are apt to regulate the work of God by the opinions of our parents or our old ministers where we formerly lived, or the practice of the good people where we were raised. Any thing beyond this, we are apt to think, is wrong; but let us fear and tremble, and with the deepest humility remember that the Almighty Jehovah is a sovereign. He chooses his own mode of operations and works in his own way. Let us, with joy and gratitude, bid him welcome to his Church, welcome to our families, and welcome to our hearts, though he should fill our souls so full of his love that we should dance like David before the ark of God, or clap our hands and shout with the voice of triumph as in Psalm xlvii, 1, or like the daughter of Zion when the Holy One of Israel was in the midst of her. Isaiah xii, 6. Yea, let us bid the blessed Jesus welcome, though he should give us such large draughts of his heavenly love that, like old Abraham, we should be constrained to laugh—Genesis xvii, 17—or, though our mouth should be filled with laughter and our tongues with singing, like the ransomed Church in the 126th Psalm.

"Another observation I would make is, we are prone to

call things that are new and uncommon to us in religion, delusion and enthusiasm. But let us consider there is no delusion in bodily exercise or in bodily agitations; there is neither delusion, nor yet religion, in falling down, nor in loud outcries, nor in skipping about, nor in shouting aloud, nor in laughing, nor jerking, etc.; yet all these things may be the effects of inexpressible joy and comfort, such as the people of God often experience when they get near to God, when they feel the love of Jesus, and read their title sure to immortal glory and blessedness. Neither delusion nor enthusiasm had their seat in the body, but in the mind. Delusion and enthusiasm are disorders of the mind. When, therefore, we would judge whether a man's exercise is Scriptural and right, or whether it is delusion, we are not to judge it from any uncommon agitation of his body, but we are to examine by the word of God what his views of God, of Christ, of sin, of holiness, of the Scriptures, and of the love of God are, and what effects are produced in his life and conversation by them. These are the ways of judging true religion, and of judging delusion and enthusiasm, and not by bodily exercise. But the question may arise, of what use are these strange and uncommon appearances? Let us consider this and the like questions with reverence, awe, and deep humility. This I would say: the Lord, for wise purposes, has chosen so to work. I would just add a remark I heard from the aged, reverend, and pious David Rice. 'I think,' said he, 'God answers one purpose by these uncommon exercises, which he once answered by extraordinary miracles. The design of miracles,' said he, 'was twofold. 1. To demonstrate the divinity of the Gospel. 2. To arouse the attention of a stupid world, that while mankind crowded in multitudes together to see strange and wonderful things, the Lord reached their hearts with the convincing and converting power and en-

ergy of his Spirit. So,' he added, 'this last purpose is answered by these uncommon appearances. The attention of a giddy, unthinking world is aroused; they go out in multitudes to see strange and wonderful things. By this means they are brought in the way of the means, and numbers are savingly converted.'

"When difficulties of this kind, and strong prejudices, crowd upon the minds of Christians, I know by experience it kills their exercise, robs them of their comfort, and covers their souls with leanness and barrenness. Therefore, my friend, do not judge hastily, but carry the case to the Lord, by earnest, fervent prayer; be willing that the Lord should comfort your soul just in his own way. He is a sovereign; do not prescribe to him, nor presume to limit his operations. O, how happy a place heaven will be when Christ gets all his blood-bought children gathered home to his Father's house, to the place which he is now preparing for them! There no difficulties, nor prejudices, nor doubts, nor fears, will ever mar their comforts to eternity; yet there they will be the subjects of exercises to eternity as strange, as wonderful, and as uncommon as any that we see here in the Church militant. In Rev. v, 11, 12, the apostle tells us that he 'heard the voices of many angels around the throne, and their number was ten thousand times ten thousand, and thousands of thousands; saying with a loud voice, Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing.' And in Rev. xix, he tells us that their loud songs and halleluiahs were like the 'voice of many waters, and as the voice of mighty thunderings.'

"The reason of my writing to you so particularly was a hint from Mr. M'Allister to me, that you felt some difficulty upon this subject; he touched it in the most tender, loving, and friendly manner, with every expression of

regard for you as a relative and a Christian. I write to you as a friend, and I trust you will receive every sentence of it in Christian friendship. If you have any further scruples upon the subject, write to me and I will give you every satisfaction in my power. Dear sister, pray for me. Give my kindest love to my friend, Col. Mitchell. I administer the sacrament at Muhlenberg court-house the third Sabbath in October. Perhaps Col. Mitchell and yourself could attend there.

"I am, with respect, yours, etc.,

"JAMES M'GREADY."

The above unique letter was written by a Presbyterian minister, of high standing. I leave my readers to form their own opinions about the matters therein discussed.

CHAPTER LXXV.

EX-GOV. TRIMBLE AND THE THIEF.

"I HAVE NOT SEEN THE RIGHTEOUS FORSAKEN, NOR HIS SEED BEGGING BREAD."

A STRIKING exemplification of this declaration will be found in the sequel of this truthful narrative:

A young gentleman by the name of Cottinger, an employe in a large mercantile house, was sent out to Ohio to collect accounts for the firm of ———. He had visited his most distant creditors, and on his return stopped to tarry for the night at Snow-Hill tavern, between the towns of H. and W., some six miles distant from the latter. At that early period the country was new, the roads very bad, and the only safe and speedy mode of traveling was on horseback. Mr. Cottinger, after supper, went out to look after his horse. To his surprise, he

found that the hostler had retired without cleaning off the mud or rubbing down his jaded animal. Knowing that he had a long journey before him yet to make, he took off his overcoat, hung it upon the stall, and, setting down his lantern, commenced currying the horse himself. While engaged in this work, a man by the name of H. came out to the stable, and, by the light of the lantern, saw the pocket-book of Mr. Cottinger in his overcoat, and, stepping into the other stall, he put his hand over, and succeeded in extracting the book unobserved by its unsuspecting owner. He then walked out and concealed it beneath a large haystack, in the rear of the stable, after which he returned to the house, and retired to bed. When Mr. C. had finished cleaning his horse, he put on his overcoat and returned to the hotel. Missing the money before retiring, diligent search was made about the house and stable for the lost pocket-book, but all in vain. Mr. H. was suspicioned for committing the theft, but nothing could be proved against him. The young man was almost distracted on account of the loss of the money, and he tarried for a long time in that region of the country, and exerted himself to the utmost to ferret out the thief, but without success. He finally concluded to return to Philadelphia, and make known his sad misfortune to his employers. Governor T. told me that before the young man reached home, such was his mental agony, that his hair, which was jet black, turned as white as wool, a thing which sometimes happens when persons are laboring under great mental excitement.

Several years afterward, while the Governor was sitting in his office, a man by the name of H., who was then living on a small farm which belonged to T., called to inquire how much he asked per acre for the land. The Governor, being a man of deep penetration, and a good

judge of human nature, knowing well that Mr. H. was destitute of the means to purchase land, questioned him closely as to the way in which he expected to raise the money. From his embarrassment and evident confusion, the Governor feared that all was not right; and, while meditating upon the subject, in an *instant* the conviction flashed upon his mind, "I have no doubt this is the man who stole the pocket-book from the unfortunate Cottinger at Snow-Hill tavern." However, he kept the matter to himself, and made an appointment to go out and look at the land with Mr. H., saying to him, "Perhaps we can agree upon the price." The Governor made known his suspicions to Amstedt D., a large, stalwart man, who was acting at that time as constable, or deputy sheriff. They made their arrangements to take him prisoner, and then whip him till he should confess his guilt and deliver up the money.

On the day appointed to examine the farm and "*fix upon a price,*" the Governor and his posse journeyed together till they arrived at a dense forest, where Amstedt and his men, with their ropes, concealed themselves, and Governor T. passed on to the house alone. Mr. H. saddled his horse, and rode with the Governor all over the woodland, till they arrived at the boundary line on the west. Here Mr. H. manifested some uneasiness, and told the Governor he had some business in another neighborhood, and should go and attend to it before he returned to his home again. The Governor continued talking about the purchase of his land, and, riding up by the side of Mr. H., he instantly grabbed him by the throat, and exclaimed, "*You infamous scoundrel, you are my prisoner! I know you are the very man that stole Cottinger's money!*" and then, throwing his foot over the bridle-reins of the thief, led him by the neck-collar for more than half a mile through the woods, to the place

where Amstedt and his men were concealed behind a log. Those acquainted with Governor T. will not be surprised at his heroic conduct in leading a man by the collar through a dense woodland.

On seeing the prisoner they made him dismount, and then bound him hand and foot. They then informed him that they intended to *lynch* him in the most terrible manner unless he confessed his guilt and produced the money. At first he protested that he was an innocent man. "But," said the Governor, "where did you procure money to purchase my farm? Every body knows that you are a poor man, and too lazy to work. Now, H., you had better tell, or I fear when Amstedt commences whipping you with these green switches he will not leave off till you are excoriated from neck to heels." The prisoner, knowing the unrelenting nature of the man employed to whip him, concluded to make confession of his guilt before he was flayed in such an unmerciful manner. He then confessed that he had put the bank-bills in a hollow tree in front of his house, about eight feet from the ground. The Governor succeeded in recovering nearly *one thousand dollars*. H. was duly tried and imprisoned at W., in the county jail, to await his trial at court. Mr. C., at Philadelphia, was informed of the fact, and the money forwarded to him in due time. Governor T. received a letter of thanks not only from Mr. Cottinger, but also from the mercantile house that had employed him.

The father of the prisoner was *professedly* a religious man, and a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. He *deeply sympathized* with his son while in prison, and always seemed much affected on parting with him. These occasions were always improved by the old gentleman in singing and prayer. At last the jailer allowed the old gentleman to remain all night with his appar-

ently-disconsolate and *penitent* son. (?) The father made the night *vocal* with his *loud prayers and lively songs*, occasionally interspersed with shouting. The sympathy of the whole community was aroused by the conduct of this devoted parent and *zealous Methodist. (?)* The jailer went to bed and slept soundly; but imagine his surprise, on going to the jail early in the morning, to find the prisoner had made his escape, and in the following novel manner:

His father had succeeded, by his *devotional exercises*, in gaining the confidence of the jailer, who had permitted Mr. H. to remain without examining his person to see if he had any instruments to aid his son in making his escape. But in this he was mistaken; for while the old man was *singing, praying,* and *shouting* so long and loud during the night, his son was engaged in filing off the bars of the window-grate in the back part of his cell, with files procured by his father for that express purpose. What a sad comment upon poor fallen nature! The guilty man escaped to parts unknown through the strategy of a hypocritical father, who had, evidently,

"Stolen the livery of heav'n
To serve the devil in."

The whole family, in the course of a few years, removed to the far west, and nothing special was heard from any of them.

While stationed in the city of C., I was making a short visit to the house of Rev. ——, pastor of one of the largest Methodist Episcopal Churches in the west. While sitting there a messenger called upon my friend and pastor of the Church, requesting him to call at No. —, on Broadway, below Fifth-street, to see an aged man *in distress*, who was traveling. At his request, I concluded to accompany him. We were met by an aged

and rather venerable-looking man, bowed down under the weight of more than "threescore years and ten." He wept as he related his past misfortunes and forlorn condition at that time. He said that he had been trying to serve God for nearly half a century; he knew that he had not been faithful, at times, to his covenant; he was now *in want, cast off by his relatives*, and obliged to go among strangers, to *beg his bread* from house to house. We gave him a temporary supply, and took our departure, promising to see him again the next day. As we walked up the street, Doctor T. seemed lost in profound meditation, and at last he addressed me as follows: "Brother G., I am sorely tempted." "Why so?" I asked. He then remarked, "I have been tempted by the devil, ever since I left that house, to doubt the truth of this promise, 'I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.' I am very sorry I met that old Christian man." I then told him it perplexed me also very much, yet I should wait for further developments before making up my mind in his particular case He replied, "I have also come to the same conclusion. To-morrow, God willing, I will make a full examination into this matter." "Let God be true and every man a liar." His promises are "YEA and AMEN." A faithful investigation clearly demonstrated that this aged man, by repeated acts of unfaithfulness to God and his Church, had forfeited all claim to the divine regards, or sympathy and assistance of his Christian brethren. What does the reader suppose was my own feelings, on learning the *name* and former *residence* of this man, to be assured that it was the same *distinguished personage* who prayed and shouted so loud, nearly all night, while assisting his guilty son to escape from the hands of justice! The mystery was now solved, and my good brother, Dr. T. was no longer tempted to doubt the

truth of that cheering promise, "Once I was young, and now I am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread." It is always best to do right, and then God will not forsake us in time of need.

"Sincerity! thou first of virtues,
Let no one leave thee onward—
Although the earth should gape,
And from the gulf of hell destruction cry,
To take *dissimulation's winding way.*"

CHAPTER LXXVI.

A TRIP ALONG THE BORDERS OF MY SECOND CIRCUIT.

WHAT thrilling emotions are awakened as I pass along the southern borders of my second circuit—White Oak! In coming from Maysville my first appointment was at Higginsport, the next on Bullskin, then Chilo, Moscow, and Neville, on the Ohio river. At Chilo, at the house of brother Prather, the first Methodist preachers found a home more than fifty years ago. There I first formed the acquaintance of the widow Pigman, now Mrs. Teter, and her interesting family, several of whom have already passed over Jordan. White Oak circuit! I love its name, and delight even now to dwell upon its past history. It is full of pleasant and profitable reflections. I will give a brief sketch of its early history.

Methodism was introduced into this region, along the borders, at an early day. A small settlement was first made in the upper part of Clermont county, Ohio, along the banks of the Ohio river. This part of the country was then embraced in what was called the Northwestern territory of the United States. In the year

1795 or 1796, Rev. George Brown, a local preacher, settled on Snag creek, in Kentucky, nearly opposite where Moscow now stands. This zealous and devoted man soon crossed over the Ohio river, and commenced preaching in a log-cabin at the mouth of Bullskin, on Bear creek. His labors were greatly blessed to the good of the people. Rev. Peter Hastings, with whom I was well acquainted, who, at that period, lived near Germantown, Kentucky, also frequently crossed the river and preached at Bullskin. About 1798 or 1799, Rev. Joseph Tatman, a local preacher from Kentucky, settled where the town of Felicity now stands. He also preached to the inhabitants of this newly-settled territory. In 1798 Rev. George Brown formed a small class at the mouth of Bullskin, and appointed William Fee and Adam Simmons class-leaders. This class, however, was soon dissolved by the removal of its members to other parts of the country. By this means the leaven spread far and wide. In 1799 Rev. Lewis Hunt formed a class at James Sargent's, and appointed John Larkin class-leader. The log-cabin of brother Sargent was just twenty feet square. Here brother Hunt held a quarterly meeting. The house was large enough to seat comfortably all who attended, except on the Sabbath, when a few were compelled to sit outside the door. At this period it was not uncommon for persons to travel twenty or thirty miles on horseback to attend a meeting of this character. At that time the word of the Lord was very precious; and men and women were known to walk once each week five and six miles to attend class meetings, and the same distance at night to attend a prayer meeting. In a dark night the hickory-bark fagots were used, to give them light along the newly-blazed pathway. Tin and glass lanterns were not known in the backwoods at that day. The preaching-places were then in small cabins whic

generally contained two beds, the cooking utensils, furniture, husband, wife, and children, etc. It was the almost universal custom, in those days, during the summer, for the men to come to meeting in their shirt-sleeves and with bare feet. The women, if they had shoes and stockings, carried them in their hand till they came near the place of meeting, and then halted and put them on, and wore them during divine service; but as soon as meeting closed, and they started for their homes, they took off their sandals and returned as *light-footed* and more *joyful-hearted* than when they came. The health of brother Hunt failed, and there was no more preaching on the circuit by the traveling preachers for some time.

In the fall of 1801 Rev. Benjamin Lakin was sent over the Ohio river from Kentucky, to "spy out the land, and from personal observation to make a report to the next annual conference." He traveled as far as Abner Leonard's, near Lebanon, and on his return to Kentucky made a favorable report as to the prospects, although the number of members was small The next year, which was 1802, Rev. Elisha Bowman was appointed to the Miami circuit. During the administration of brother Bowman many were added to the Church. In 1804 he was succeeded by Rev. John Sale and Rev. Joseph Oglesby. During this year a quarterly meeting was held at John Prather's. Bishop M'Kendree was then presiding elder of the district. On Saturday preaching was held in a grove adjoining the house. On Sunday morning, in love-feast, the Lord rained down righteousness upon his people. At 11 o'clock Bishop M'Kendree preached in the house and John Sale in the barn at the same time. The power of God fell on the people, and some were prostrated and cried to God for mercy, and some found peace in believing. Bishop

M'Kendree fell prostrate under the mighty power and glory of God also. A number fled out of the house, but fell in the yard, and cried aloud for mercy. As the preaching in the barn was over at the same time, the two congregations met in the yard. The Lord then made bare his holy arm in the sight of all the people; sinners were cut to the heart; many fell down under the mighty power of God, and cried out, "Men and brethren, what shall we do?" It was a memorable day, such as had never been witnessed in all that region of country before. Among the number of converts on that occasion was Rev. George C. Light. Bishop M'Kendree was often heard to say that, in all his previous travels, he had never witnessed so remarkable a display of converting power.

At this period all of Clermont county was included in old Miami circuit, which was first organized in 1798. In the year 1805 Hopewell meeting-house was erected. It was built of hewed logs, with a small gallery, and was the first church edifice erected on the Miami circuit. The first quarterly meeting held in this new church was attended by Rev. William Burke, Rev. John Sale, Rev. John Meek, and brother Amos. It was a time of power and glory, and many were converted and added to the Church. Hopewell meeting-house was occupied as a regular preaching-place for more than *thirty* years, and at length it became so much dilapidated and inconvenient that the society resolved to abandon it and erect a new one in the town of Felicity. The old log house was still standing when I traveled on White Oak circuit. I used to visit it frequently alone, enter the old pulpit, and pray to God that the *mantle* of those holy men of God, tnat were so successful in preaching Christ in that sacred desk, might rest upon me. From such seasons of communion with the good and holy I always derived

new courage and strength to prosecute my itinerant labors where so much good seed had already been sown.

White Oak circuit was formed out of the old Miami circuit. The Minutes of the old Miami circuit go back to 1802. The first list of official members is recorded at a quarterly meeting held at Abner Leonard's, November 9, 1805—John Sale, presiding elder; Benjamin Lakin, Joshua Riggin, circuit preachers. Local preachers present, James Ward, Abner Leonard, Joseph Joslin, Ezekiel Dimmitt. Brother James Scofield, class-leader.

On July 11, 1806, at a quarterly meeting held at Francis M'Cormick's, the officiary present numbered *forty-eight.*

At a quarterly meeting held at Rev. Philip Gatch's, near where the town of Milford now stands, August 29, 1807, the following official members were present: John Sale, presiding elder; Benjamin Lakin, John Collins, circuit preachers; Jesse Justice, Solomon Langdon, Charles Hardy, elders.

Local deacons.—Philip Gatch, Francis M'Cormick, George Brown, Arball Walker, Levi Rogers, Wm. Lynes, Abner Leonard, Danford Weatherby, John Langdon, Daniel Duvall.

Local preachers.—William M'Mahon, Wm. Whitaker, Henry Fisher, James Ward, Joseph Joslin, John Clark, Labin Braziers.

Exhorters.—Joshua Sargent, Elijah Fee, Geo. Swing, Thomas Page, Ezekiel Dimmitt, Richard Doughty, Peter M'Clain, Urial Ward, Robert Richards, Isaac Snyder, James Heath.

List of stewards.—James Sargent, Jonathan Tullis, Ambrose Ransome, Joseph Dole.

Leaders.—Philip Hill, James Thustin, John Davis, Stephen Stevinson, Ezekiel Hall, Isaac Vaneton, Benjamin Clarke, George Mole, John M'Collom, John Drum-

mond, John Sargent, Thomas Marsh, James Sargent, jr., Samuel Lemmon, Nathan Laycock, Amos Smith, Amos Tullis, James Garland, Isaac Merritt, Jacob Joslin, Jacob Snyder, Hugh M'Kibben, Thaddeus Handford, Aaron Burdsell, Thomas Fee, Absalom Day, Hezekiah Shaw.

The following persons were admitted on trial as exhorters: William Winans, (now Doctor Winans, of the Church South,) George Meal, John Willson, Cornelius Swim, Thomas Clarke. Francis M'Cormick was recommended to the annual conference as a traveling preacher.

If the reader will take the trouble of adding up this official list, he will find it contains a much larger number than some of our annual conferences at the present time. The quarterly meetings in those days of primitive Methodism in southern Ohio, were always occasions of unusual interest.

In 1808, at the same place, Rev. William Winans was licensed to preach. White Oak circuit was organized in 1808, and Rev. David Young appointed preacher in charge. The standard of piety was always high, and consequently the circuit prospered greatly. Within its boundaries God raised up many able ministers, among whom were Rev. Walter Griffith and Rev. G. C. Light. These devoted men commenced their ministry in 1809, according to the record on the Stewards' book for that circuit—Rev. Absalom Fox, 1821. One thing which, no doubt, contributed much to keep alive religion in the hearts of the people of God, was their annual camp meetings. The first one on record was held near Jacob Constant's, on Indian creek, and another near Francis M'Cormick's, in 1820—Francis Langdon, presiding elder, and Rev. William J. Thompson, circuit preacher. In 1821 a union camp meeting was held on the east fork of the Little Miami, near Milford, on the first of June, and another on the 16th of August, on Indian creek. In

the year 1822 a camp meeting was held near Benjamin Penn's, on Indian creek. Subsequently a grove was selected immediately above the house of brother Gregg, at Indian Springs, as the most suitable place for holding their annual encampment. Persons would frequently travel on horseback thirty or forty miles to attend these meetings on White Oak circuit. Almost every year some of the ablest preachers from the Kentucky conference came over to lend a helping hand. A number of years before I entered the ministry I attended two or three of those meetings. The last one that I attended was when Rev. Arthur W. Elliott was preacher in charge. O, that was a precious season never to be forgotten! Hundreds were awakened and converted, and among the number Rev. Zachariah Wharton, of the Cincinnati conference. Many that attended that meeting are now numbered among the redeemed ones in a better world.

While traveling on West Union circuit, Rev. John A. Baughman and myself attended one of those annual gatherings. At that meeting Dr. Durbin, Rev. William B. Christie, Rev. Joseph M. Trimble, Rev. Henry B. Bascom, Rev. John Collins, and many other bright and shining lights, preached with great power and efficiency. In 1837 I was appointed to White Oak circuit as the junior preacher. On leaving Ripley, Mrs. Mc., an old acquaintance, whose parents resided in the bounds of that circuit, remarked to me as follows: "Now, brother Mack, in going around your circuit, be careful not to make any remarks about any one that you may see at any one of your appointments." I asked the reason why. She replied, "*They are nearly all closely related to each other by kindred ties.*" I found this strikingly true—the Greggs, Penns, Pigmans, Sargents, Buchanans, Lakins, Richardses, Goodwins, Griffiths, Simmonses, and Fees had a representative at almost every appointment.

Thank God! the "glory has not departed from White Oak circuit." May it prosper for a long time to come! Amen.

I will now close this trip along the borders of my second circuit, by introducing an autograph letter from Rev. John Meek, who now lives in Felicity. It will, no doubt, be read with much satisfaction by thousands in southern Ohio and elsewhere:

"In the fall of 1804 our conference, I believe, was held at brother Griffith's, in Kentucky. The bishop did not get there. Rev. William M'Kendree was elected president of the conference during the session. When it was announced that he was the choice of the brethren, as chairman of the conference, he arose, and, in a flood of tears, expressed his deep sense of obligation to his brethren for the confidence they had placed in him, and begged their indulgence, and also their fervent supplication to the great Head of the Church that he might be sustained. And, indeed, there appeared to be but one feeling to pervade the whole, *pure friendship;* for here, let me say, in those days of suffering and of toil, the blessed law of kindness was the governing principle. And, verily, we had a blessed season of the Divine presence; for the God of the wilderness was with us of a truth.

"Our beloved M'Kendree presided with great ability; and I believe I am correct when I say that the preachers seldom, if ever, received their appointments with a better state of feeling, or went more cheerfully to their different fields of labor. My name stood for Miami circuit, and Rev. Abraham Amos for my colleague. We started immediately to our new field of labor, and I soon found that I was much favored in the character of my fellow-laborer. He was a man much devoted to God, a faithful minister of Jesus Christ. A divine power gen-

erally attended his ministry. He was truly a 'son of thunder.' We spent a happy year together in mutual labor and toil.

"Our field of operation embraced the following boundaries, namely: The beginning point was at Cincinnati. Here we preached in a yellow frame house, that was rented by the society in town for a meeting-house. From Cincinnati we made our way around the circuit, up the Ohio river to Columbia; from thence to Dunham's Town—Bethel—and Williamsburg, and through the settlement of Philip Gatch, and on through that region of country to where the town of Xenia now proudly stands, till we arrived at Boggues's, high up on the Little Miami river. From Boggues's we changed our route from said river, through a lonesome wilderness, following Indian trails, to the settlement of a brother Clarke, whose house was a preaching-place, about two miles from where the beautiful town of Urbana now stands; and from Clarke's we traveled down Mad river to where it emptied its crystal waters into the Great Miami river. Here was a preaching-place in the town of Dayton, which was then composed of but few buildings, the main portion of which were huddled near the junction of the two rivers, and a few small houses scattered about among the shrubbery through the bottoms, among which was our meeting-house, which was a one-story house, built of round logs, without chinking or daubing, as we then called it. I believe the house properly belonged to the Presbyterian Church. Their minister was by the name of Welch, and I believe he was a good-natured, clever kind of a man. Here were but a few members in Church-fellowship, and some of them very cold in religion. From Dayton we continued our course down the Miami river, by the way of Lebanon, and through the town of Reading, down Mill creek to Cincinnati. The foregoing was our field

of labor. When we first came to it, it was then a four weeks' circuit, without any rest time, except when asleep.

"We soon heard the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us!' We obeyed the call, and commenced enlarging our borders, and soon found ourselves at work on a six weeks' circuit. Rev. William Burke, who was yet our presiding elder—a faithful watchman on the walls of our beloved Zion—sent to our help my former colleague, brother William Patterson. We 'thanked God, and took courage.' Let it here be stated, we did not enlarge our circuit in order to get a week to rest, that we might read and study, and thereby gain knowledge, but that we might hunt up the 'wandering sheep in the wilderness.' Blessed be God! we searched not in vain; and, on finding them in their scattered settlements, they would bid us welcome to their cabins with, '*Come in, thou blessed of the Lord, come in!*' O, sirs, those were days of no ordinary delight! and, though I am now ranked among the old men of the conference, yet, sometimes, when I look back to those days, and think how wonderfully the Lord supported and blessed me, I feel something of the same flame of zeal that then warmed my youthful heart.

"We were permitted to witness some gracious displays of Divine grace through the summer of 1805. I can recollect but very few names of persons at whose houses, or settlements, the great Head of the Church was pleased to revive his work. I will, however, state a few instances: At Clarke's, on Mad river, there was a gracious work. A number of careless and hardened sinners were powerfully awakened, and, I believe, soundly converted to God. At one appointment at that house, during the revival, I received into the Church fifteen names on probation, which was very encouraging indeed in that then

thinly-settled part of the world; for it was the upper white settlement, but one, on Mad river at that time.

"At our next appointment below, at Ross's, there was a good work of grace, which was preceded by rather a singular circumstance. At the time of one of our visits at that appointment, there were two ladies there on a visit from Chillicothe, one married and the other single; one of them very gay and fond of the fashions of the times. Some time in the after part of the day—the family were mostly absent—the two ladies above-named and the preacher were engaged in a conversation on different subjects. The conversation was soon changed; the preacher was requested to preach them a sermon; the request was complied with. The text was Luke xii, 32: 'Fear not, little flock; for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom.' The Spirit of God directed the word to the proud heart of Mrs. P. She trembled, wept, and, in the anguish of her soul, pleaded for pardon. This small congregation was dismissed for that time. Meeting was appointed for next evening at the same place. The people met, divine service commenced; the power of the Lord was present to heal. The above-named lady, deeply wounded, fell under the mighty power of God, and cried mightily to him for salvation; and it was not long till the Lord appeared and set her soul at liberty, and gave her to rejoice in his love. From that time we had a blessed work in that settlement. We appointed a two-days' meeting in Cincinnati. Rev. John Collins, then in the prime of life, came to our help, with the sound of his Master's feet behind him. We had a comfortable time on Saturday. We appointed a love-feast meeting on Sabbath morning, the first meeting of the kind that was ever held in Cincinnati. Our meeting was held in the court-house; we met, to hold love-feast, in the 'grand-jury room.' Our blessed Savior met

with us of a truth, and made the hearts of his people to rejoice in his love. The voice of triumph was heard by the people out of doors and in the streets. This was something new in Cincinnati. They rushed up stairs, burst open the door, to see what it all meant, and lo! they found a few faithful followers of the Lord Jesus rejoicing in hope of heaven, and also of better days in Cincinnati.

"I believe the good seed that was sowed in Cincinnati, in those days of toil and struggle, did not perish. May the Lord still carry on his own glorious work!

"A meeting-house was built during that year in Clermont county, I think not far from where Felicity now stands. They called it Hopewell. At the dedication the power of the Lord was present in the assembly, and many stout-hearted sinners were made to yield to the spirit of Divine truth. The cry for mercy was heard from many a bleeding heart, and souls were enabled to rejoice in redemption through the blood of the Lamb. Revs. M'Kendree and Burke were at the meeting, and preached in the 'power and demonstration of the Spirit.' On Sabbath M'Kendree preached from 2 Cor. iii, 18: 'But we all, with open face beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord.' Brother Burke followed, and preached from the 17th verse of the same chapter: 'Now the Lord is that Spirit, and where the Spirit of the Lord is there is liberty.' The Lord attended, and sinners fell under his saving power as men slain in battle. Truly the Lord made us to rejoice in the wilderness; our cup run over. Glory be to God! We had a rich harvest.

"As I write other scenes of a like nature are presented to my recollection. To tell you all that I now could call to memory, would too far exceed my intended limits, and

I fear your readers would become weary. But, surrounded with all those Divine visitations, we had some few scenes to pass through which answered for a kind of offset. I presume it is generally the fact, that the first settlers in a new country are made up of every variety of character, at least it appeared a good deal like it when we first came out of the Miami circuit. Take one case out of the many: On my first round I arrived at one of our preaching-places. I soon discovered a very striking resemblance of matters and things in the house and out of doors. My conviction was I should have use for all the fortitude I could summon in order to manage myself any how tolerably. I made myself as happy as my situation would admit for the night. On the next day the people collected to hear the new preacher. After divine service was brought to a close, and the people dispersed, the table was set for dinner. We had a large dish of boiled pork and turnips *swimming in broth.* By the time we were fairly seated, and about to commence eating, a large family dog, not willing to wait till his turn should come, without any invitation, mounted and took *his* place on the table; and, unfortunately for me, he carelessly set one foot on the side of the above-named dish of pork and turnips, and threw a quantity of the broth out, which ran into my lap plentifully. This, for a moment, put me a little out of patience; but when I discovered that some of the folks were quite diverted with the amusing adventure of my new friend, I too indulged *in a smile*, and let it go for what it was worth. I took my dinner, got my horse, mounted, and went on my way.

"Yours, in the kingdom and patience of Jesus Christ,

"JOHN MEEK."

CHAPTER LXXVII.

HERRON'S SEMINARY.

I FORMED an acquaintance with Mr. Joseph Herron, A M., the Principal of Herron's Seminary, located between Walnut and Vine, on Seventh-street, in Cincinnati, in the year 1838. I was then the pastor of old M'Kendree Chapel, in the upper part of Cincinnati, then called Fulton township. As Mr. Herron has been a very successful educator of youth, I will sketch his personal history for a number of years past. Mr. H. spent four years of his early life in a printing office with his brothers, but finding it did not agree with his health, concluded to abandon *types* at once and forever. He was then only seventeen years of age. In the fall of 1825, at the solicitation of many warm friends in New Richmond, Ohio, he opened a select school for young ladies and gentlemen. He taught in New Richmond, and at the Franklin schoolhouse in the vicinity, for three years, and, although quite young, he succeeded well. Here he commenced his career as a teacher of youth, a profession in which he has been engaged successfully, with the approbation and blessing of Heaven, for more than twenty-four years. Indeed, with the exception of six years—from 1828 to 1834, during which period he was engaged in study and business—his life has been entirely devoted to the instruction of youth. When the public schools were fully organized in Cincinnati, and efficient teachers were needed to carry them on successfully and place them on a solid basis, brother Herron was urged to become one of the teachers. He occupied this position for three years, and by his kind disposition and Christian deportment, together with a laudable ambition to become a competent and useful in-

structor, he was universally beloved by his pupils, parents, and the Board of Trustees. During this period he made many warm friends in Cincinnati, among whom were Rev. Samuel Lewis, first Superintendent of Common Schools in Ohio, Peyton S. Symmes, Elam P. Langdon, members of the Board of Public Instruction. When the Cincinnati College was reorganized in all its departments of collegiate studies—medicine and law—Dr. D. Drake and Rev. Samuel Lewis waited on brother Herron and invited him to become a member of the faculty. After mature deliberation he accepted the appointment, and entered upon his new duties in the fall of 1837, where he remained till the College was destroyed by fire in January, 1845. His department in the College was always crowded. It was here that he laid the foundation for his present high reputation as a professional teacher. After the destruction of the Cincinnati College he was requested to open a *private seminary*. I have no knowledge of any private enterprise that has succeeded so well, and it certainly now stands at the head of our private literary institutions in the west. The eleventh annual Catalogue, just published, presents the Seminary in a highly-prosperous state. Over *two hundred* pupils have been in attendance for the past year. Of these one hundred and eighty-seven were from Ohio, twelve from Kentucky, one from France, one from New York, one from Arkansas, one from Maryland, and one from Texas. An indisputable testimony in favor of the institution is presented in the fact, that in Cincinnati, where it is best known, the vast majority, one hundred and seventy-five out of two hundred and four, of its pupils reside. The Faculty, at present, is composed of the following efficient teachers: Joseph Herron, A. M., Principal, Instructor in Natural Philosophy, Physiology, Anatomy, Rhetoric, and Moral Science; Charles Aiken, A. M., Professor of Latin and Greek Lan-

guages, and Vocal Music; Edward Y. Robbins, A. M., Professor of Mathematics, English Literature, and Elocution; Paul Schuster, A. M., Professor of Modern Languages; William H. M'Reynolds, A. B., Assistant; Maxwell P. Gaddis, jr., B. S., Professor of Natural Science; Miss Lucy E. Herron, Assistant; William Thompson, Professor of Penmanship and Book-Keeping; Louis Schwebel, Professor of Drawing and Painting; Mons. J. Tosso, Professor of Instrumental Music.

The merits of this Academy for the instruction of youth in the various branches of a valuable and solid education, and for preparing them for a career of usefulness in life, is too well known to require comment from us. It is an institution of long standing, and since its establishment has continued to increase in popular estimation, till its reputation has reached a position unsurpassed by any in the west.

Mr. Herron, referring to the character of his model institution, claims that the government is strictly parental; that it is designed to secure attention to study, and correctness of deportment, not so much by the enforcement of rigid enactments, as by cultivating in the student a taste for intellectual pursuits and virtuous habits. In short, moral suasion, and the influence of example, with the incitements of honorable emulations, are adopted as the incentives to secure the correct moral training of youth, and the thorough discipline of their intellectual faculties. The excellence of the graduates of this institution thrown out upon the community annually, is high testimony in favor of its merits.

The Seminary is provided with competent scientific apparatus, the most approved and latest maps, and a large and admirably-selected library. In fact, every thing requisite to scholarly and gentlemanly attainments, is provided, and each department is administered by thoroughly

competent professors. The interest manifested by the crowds who are assembled at the annual examinations and exhibitions of this Seminary, demonstrates most clearly how highly it is appreciated by the citizens of Cincinnati.

I have been personally acquainted with Professor Herron for nearly eighteen years. He was connected with Bethel Chapel as trustee, steward, class-leader, and superintendent of the Sabbath school. A more laborious, upright, and devoted Christian I have never met in any community. During my connection with M'Kendree he was married to an amiable young lady belonging to my charge, and during my Agency for the Wesleyan Female College I was a member of his family for more than nine months. I shall never forget his gentlemanly deportment and the kindness of his family toward me in times of affliction and trial. His oldest son graduated at the Ohio Wesleyan University with honor, and is now a traveling preacher in the Cincinnati conference. May it be my happy lot to meet them all in heaven!

OHIO WESLEYAN FEMALE COLLEGE.

The Ohio Wesleyan Female College in Delaware was established in the spring of 1853. The eligibility of the town as a location for a female school of high grade has for some time past been regarded as demonstrated. The University established in Delaware by the Methodists of Ohio twelve years ago has grown up to be, perhaps, the largest and most flourishing Methodist school in the world. Its halls have only been open to young men. We still have needed in this section of the country a similar institution for the education of the daughters of our Church and our state. The patrons of the University, who have sent their sons from beneath the parental roof, would be glad, if possible, to educate their

daughters in the same vicinity with their sons; and many of our brethren and fellow-citizens who have located in Delaware to avail themselves of the educational facilities afforded by the University, find still only half their families provided for in this respect.

Early in the spring of 1853 it became evident that the time to move in this matter was fully come. A delay of a few days might have proved fatal to our prospects as a Church. Accordingly negotiations were opened and a contract entered into with William Little, Esq., for his homestead grounds, comprising the choicest portions of a large estate lying within the limits of the corporation at the western head of the principal cross-street, and easily accessible from all parts of the town. The hand of nature has made the location desirable by diversifying it with hill and vale, running streams of health-giving, forests and flowers. To this the hand of art has added all the conveniences and advantages at the command of abundant means and refined taste—gardens, shrubbery, vines, fruit-trees, summer-houses, ornamental walks, bowers, and shady seats. The Trustees purchased, in all, about seven acres. The spacious stone mansion is situated in the center of this tract, in a commanding position, twenty-five feet higher than the grounds of the University—the two institutions standing fronting each other in full view, the town lying in the valley between. By the terms of the contract the grounds are to be surrounded on every side with a wide street, and the whole is to be inclosed by the Trustees with an osage hedge to protect from all intrusion. The beautiful grounds on the north-west offer to the students every inducement for active and invigorating exercise; and the cultivated gardens to the east and south give ample scope for gentler amusements. Near the grounds are several chalybeate as well as sulphur

springs, some of which are equal, if not superior, to the far-famed spring on the grounds of the University. A few extracts from the "Articles of Association" are here given:

ARTICLE I. This institution shall be called the Ohio Wesleyan Female College, etc.

ART. II. The College shall ever be conducted on the most liberal principles, accessible to all religious denominations, and open for the education of young ladies in general, but shall ever be under the supervision of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Ohio.

ART. VI. It shall be the duty of the Board of Trustees to proffer to the North Ohio conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, at the next session of said conference, the general supervision and patronage of this institution, and also the right to exercise general visitorial powers over the College, etc.; provided, nothing in said proffer contained shall exclude the other conferences in Ohio, or conferences which may hereafter be formed out of the existing conferences of said Church in Ohio, from participating with said North Ohio conference in the supervision, patronage, and rights in such a manner as may be agreed on among said conferences; and, provided, further, that nothing in said proffer contained shall ever authorize the removal of said College from a location in the town of Delaware, and in said county, etc.

ART. IX. If the conference or conferences patronizing this College and the conferences patronizing the Ohio Wesleyan University located at Delaware, Ohio, shall, at any future time, recommend the union of the two institutions, so far as the same can legally be effected, then the Trustees of that College shall proceed to take such steps as may be legal and necessary to accomplish it, etc.

This flourishing institution was opened on the 8th of September, 1853, under the supervision of Rev. O. Faville, A. M., and his amiable lady, Mrs. Maria M. Faville. The total number in attendance the collegiate year was one *hundred and fifty-nine;* second year *two hundred and two,* an increase of over forty.

TERMS AND VACATIONS.—The collegiate year is divided into three vacations, corresponding with those of the Ohio Wesleyan University.

Rev. Oran Faville, in consequence of continued ill-health, has been compelled to resign, and Rev. C. D. Burritt, of Oneida conference, elected in his place. Mr. Burritt comes to Ohio well recommended as a man of undoubted scholarship and skillful as a teacher, and of fine tact as a disciplinarian. The other members of the Faculty are highly spoken of also. May the halls of both of our colleges at Delaware be annually crowded with faithful students of both sexes!

CHAPTER LXXVIII.

OHIO WESLEYAN UNIVERSITY.

I HAVE frequently visited this flourishing institution, and take great pleasure in describing it to my readers.

Fourteen years ago, says Rev. William P. Strickland, D. D., Doctor Elliott and myself were appointed a committee at the Ohio conference, then holding its session in Urbana, to visit Delaware, for the purpose of examining the Sulphur Spring property, with a view of entertaining the proposition of the proprietor and citizens in regard to the establishment of a University, taking the mansion-house, located near the Springs, as a College building. At that time there were no railroads in Ohio, with the exception of a few miles

of the Little Miami, extending from Cincinnati to Milford. Our old friend, Rev. Adam Poe, now one of the Book Agents, having been delegated by the North Ohio conference to attend the session of the Ohio conference, for the purpose of presenting the claims of Delaware as a central and desirable location for a University in Ohio, took us in his carriage, and we wended our way over hill and dale, through mud and rain, to Delaware. On our arrival we were kindly received and entertained by Dr. Picket, now deceased, whose hospitalities made our stay very agreeable. On Sabbath morning the Doctor preached an admirable sermon in the old brick church, now superseded by a new and admirably-constructed stone one. The pulpit was occupied in the afternoon by ourself, whether to the edification of any one we know not—certainly not to the preacher.

We walked over the grounds and through the mansion, and tasted of the waters. The Doctor quaffed them with a relish which I could never appreciate. After having made all the examination necessary of the property, and had full and free conversation with several of the more prominent citizens, we came to the conclusion that the position was a most desirable one, and the offer so liberal on behalf of the citizens, the conference would be blind to its educational interests if it did not accept their proposition. Early on the morning on which we were going to make our return trip I was awakened by the Doctor, who exclaimed, "S., wake up, sir, I have my speech ready for the conference; just listen." When he was satisfied I was awake he commenced, and after giving a few thoughts on the subject of education in general, and its importance in particular to the Church, and making some prophecies which at that time were thought to be wild and extravagant, but are from year to year meeting with a literal and exact fulfillment, he closed by a description

of the virtues and medical qualities of the white sulphur waters. Had he been drinking at the fountain of Helicon, he could not have been more eloquent, or, as subsequent events have proven, more oracular.

Having returned to Urbana, in due time the conference called upon the Doctor for his report, and repeating what he had said to me on the morning alluded to, with some additional remarks elicited by the inspiring amens and pleasurable emotions exhibited among the numerous warm-hearted ministers around him, the conference, after considerable discussion, appointed a board of commission, with power to negotiate a transfer, should they, in their judgment, deem it proper to do so. The board was composed of Revs. Jacob Young, Charles Elliott, and James B. Finley. The North Ohio conference joined in the enterprise. Agents were appointed to solicit donations and scholarships. An organization was effected, the Board of Trustees being selected from the bounds of the patronizing conferences, a charter obtained, and every regulation adopted to lay a broad and strong foundation for a University. Till then but little had been done by the Church for the promotion of education in Ohio. We had the Norwalk Seminary, Springfield Academy and Conference High School, and the Worthington Female Seminary; but we had no college. Augusta, in Kentucky, the oldest literary institution of the Church, was then in its decline. Its palmy days were passed, and the idea that it would ever afford facilities sufficient to meet the wants of the great and growing state of Ohio was never entertained. It was the *alma mater* of many of Ohio's gifted and eloquent sons in the ministry, who live to speak of its praise, and drop the tear of sympathy upon its ashes.

Previous to the organization of the Faculty a preparatory school was opened, under the preceptorship of Rev.

Dr. Solomon Howard, now the popular President of the old Ohio University. The Doctor commenced, I am informed, with but three students; notwithstanding, he labored on in hope. In the autumn of 1844 the time arrived for the organization of a Faculty. Every eye was turned to the talented and much-beloved Dr. Thomson, at that time editor of the Ladies' Repository. Professor Johnson—now Dr. Johnson, of Dickinson College—was appointed Professor of Languages, and Vice-President in charge till Dr. Thomson should assume his place. Professor Howard was appointed Professor of Mathematics, and Messrs. Williams and Dial teachers in the Grammar School. Thus matters continued till, in 1846, at the unanimous request of the Ohio conference, together with that of the North Ohio, Dr. Thomson entered upon the post to which he had been elected. As yet the institution was without endowment, but little had been effected by the sale of scholarships, and difficulties seemed to frown upon the enterprise, but the men who were called to the work were of that class not easily discouraged. They had the spirit of Methodist preachers, and though they had not taken the vow of poverty, were, notwithstanding, ready to meet and grapple with all the difficulties. They went to work without endowment, and with little patronage, and without the hope of fee or reward, except what they looked for in heaven; and against hope they toiled in hope till the day of prosperity dawned upon their labors. And now what has been wrought through their instrumentality? Those learned and pious men, urged on by the love of God and the welfare of the Church, have achieved a victory over obstacles that men of the world would have been deterred from encountering, and God has been with them; and now, from the Nebo of their attainment, they can see the vast and exuberant resources of the promised land spreading every-

where around them. Instead of a few students from the immediate vicinity, they now behold hundreds crowding the portals of their beloved Wesleyan University from the length and breadth of the land, and from Maine to Louisiana, and even old England, we find names upon their catalogue. Where rose but one edifice solitary and alone, now, in large and beautiful proportions, with all the adornments of a classic architecture, can be seen two others, one of which, the College Hall, occupying the center of the umbrageous campus, and the other, the Library Hall, a beautiful edifice, with its halls and alcoves, and ornamented rotunda, and thousands of volumes gathered from the literary marts of the old world and new world, standing by its side.

The following minute and interesting description is from the pen of Professor Merrick:

First, as to the location of the University. The geographical center of the state falls near the eastern line of Delaware county, very nearly due east from the University. By consulting Fox & Hoyt's Conference Map, it will be seen that the University stands within a few miles of the geopraphical center of the three principal patronizing conferences. This is an important circumstance. The location was formerly objected to by some on account of its being so difficult of access; but, thanks to the enterprising public that has built our railroads, that objection has been entirely removed. There is, perhaps, not another town in the state more easily reached from all parts of the country than this.

The village of Delaware, in which the University is located, is pleasantly situated upon the west side of the Olentangy river. It has a population of about forty-one hundred, and is in a very prosperous condition, as is seen in the fact that it has about tripled its population in the last ten years. It contains one very large hotel, and two

of medium size; several extensive commercial blocks, and an unusual proportion of pleasant private residences. There are several mineral springs, sulphur and chalybeate, in the vicinity of the town, the most noted of which is the White Sulphur Spring upon the College grounds. The citizens, as a class, are moral, intelligent, enterprising, and liberal. If there are exceptions, where are there not? Happy the community in which the exceptions are not upon the other side.

The University buildings, which have already become quite imposing, occupy a somewhat elevated position in the south-eastern part of the town. The College *campus* contains about fifteen acres, has a beautifully-varied surface, and is well set out with trees and shrubbery. A thousand or fifteen hundred dollars expended in grading, fencing, and other needed improvements, would make it one of the most delightful spots in the country. But the present state of the College finances does not warrant the expenditure. By the way, should some rich and liberal friend of the University be casting about in his mind for an object upon which to bestow a portion of his abundance, I hardly know where he could expend it to better advantage than upon the University grounds; for what is so constantly present to the eye can not but have an important influence upon the hundreds of young men who are here receiving impressions which are molding their characters for life.

The three main edifices stand upon elevated ground in the south-eastern part of the town, facing to the west. They are all of the same style of architecture—Grecian Doric—and all four stories high, including the basements. The north building, as yet without a name, is the one which was standing upon the ground at the time the site was presented by the citizens of Delaware to the conferences It was erected under the supervision of Thomas

Powell, Esq., the principal proprietor of the "Spring property"—a gentleman of excellent taste, and who, by the way, has done, and is still doing much for the improvement of the town. It has a front of sixty-two feet, and is fifty-two feet in depth. It is universally admired for the beauty of its proportions and the chasteness of its architecture. Though built of wood it is a very firm structure, and, should it escape destruction by fire, will probably stand for half a century or more. It was not originally planned for a College edifice; still it answers the purpose very well. Let us enter the basement. On the north side will be found the recitation-room of the Normal Department. In the south-west corner is the hall of the Chrestomathian Society, about to be exchanged for a more commodious room in the library building; in the south-east the store-room of the painter.

One turn up the spiral stairway brings us into a spacious hall, at the west end of which is the main entrance into the building. On the right of the entrance is the President's private room, or study; about which, were I to yield to my feelings, I should say some pleasant things. I but reiterate what is public, when I say that in two respects, at least, it is like a hive, industry and honey are there; and if the incorrigibly wicked, old and young, sometimes find the sting, who will complain? On the opposite side of the hall is the study and recitation-room of ourself, which for convenience and pleasantness satisfy the occupant. In the story above Professors M'Cabe, Williams, and Harris have their studies, and Professor Williams a recitation-room. Like the rooms in the story below all are pleasant and commodious. A story higher the Principal of the Normal Department, Mr. Ogden, and Tutors Williams and O'Kane are accommodated with private rooms, and the Zetagathian and Athenian Societies with halls.

Thomson Chapel comes next in order, a building honored by its name and no dishonor to it. In the east end of the basement is a spacious lecture-room, in which Professor Harris grounds his pupils in the principles of Geology, and other branches of natural science. In connection with the lecture-room there is a laboratory and a small room for chemical tests and apparatus. Adjoining are the recitation rooms of the tutors. In the story above the Professor of Mathematics has a large and beautiful recitation-room, with two small rooms attached. A room now occupied by the Missionary Lyceum, but to be fitted up for the Cabinet of Natural History, and a room for the philosophical apparatus completes the story. On the next floor is the audience-room, eighty feet by fifty-two, and twenty-two high. This is well adapted to the purposes to which it is devoted, and, though plain, is not devoid of beauty.

The Library building, which bears the name of our liberal friend Sturges, is similar in external appearance to the building first described, though a little larger. In the two lower stories there are four fine halls for the use of the literary societies, and a reading-room. Each of the society halls in the lower story have a library-room in connection with them; and on the next floor there are two small rooms, one for the use of the auditor and one for the librarian. The library-room occupies the two upper stories; is sixty-four feet long, fifty wide, and twenty-two high, exclusive of the dome. It is finished with alcoves upon two sides; those upon the lower floor being twelve feet deep, and those in the gallery nine. Of this room we think we may safely make our boast. It certainly reflects much credit upon our very excellent architect, Morris Cadwalader, Esq. Both the building and the chapel are very solid structures.

Morris Hall is the beginning of a boarding house,

which, for the want of funds, remains uncompleted. The part of which the walls are up is, however, finished; is two stories high, and contains sixteen rooms, which are now occupied by as many students, who board themselves. Here is another fine opportunity for some one so disposed to do a good work. Five thousand dollars might here be profitably expended. A few of the old cottage buildings are still standing, but are not worth describing. They ought to be replaced by better.

FACULTY.—Rev. Edward Thomson, D. D., President, and Professor of Belles-Lettres; Rev. Frederick Merrick, A. M., Professor of Biblical Literature and Moral Science; Rev. Lorenzo D. M'Cabe, A. M., Professor of Mathematics and Mechanical Philosophy; William G. Williams, A. M., Professor of Greek and Latin Languages and Literature; Rev. William L. Harris, A. M., Professor of Chemistry and Natural History; John Ogden, Principal of Normal Department; Samuel W. Williams, A. M., Tutor in Languages; Tullius C. O'Kane, A. M., Tutor in Mathematics.

TERMS AND VACATIONS.—The collegiate year is divided into three sessions and three vacations.

The first session commences eight weeks after the second Wednesday in June, and continues till the first Wednesday in November.

The second session commences two weeks after the close of the first session, and continues till the third Wednesday in February.

The third session commences two weeks after the close of the second session, and continues till the second Wednesday in June.

EXPENSES AND PAYMENTS.—Tuition in the collegiate department, per year, $30; tuition for half collegiate recitations, $25; tuition in the preparatory department,

$20; room rent, $1.50 per session, $4.50; incidental expenses, $1—$3.

These charges are payable by the session *in advance.* Boarding in private families at from $2 to $2.50 per week. Students can board themselves at from $1 to $1.50 per week.

With Rev. E. Thomson, D. D., I have had a long acquaintance. He has few equals, and no superiors as a college president in the west. Professors Merrick, M'Cabe, Williams, and Harris are very talented, and, in their several departments, are very popular and successful. Indeed, the faculty are all "good men and true," of well-known ability throughout the western country generally. May the College have a still brighter future!

CHAPTER LXXIX.

METHODISM IN DAYTON.

DAYTON, where I now reside, is situated on the east side of the Great Miami, at the mouth of Mad river. The point at which Dayton now stands was selected in 1788 by some gentlemen who designed laying out a town by the name of Venice. This project was abandoned by the purchasers in consequence of Indian hostilities.

Soon after Wayne's treaty, in 1795, a new company, composed of Generals Jonathan Dayton, Arthur St. Clair, James Wilkinson, and Col. Israel Ludlow, purchased the lands between the Miamis, around the mouth of Mad river, and laid out the town. The first families who made a permanent residence in the place, arrived on the first day of April, 1796. In 1803, on the organization of the state government, Montgomery county was

established, and Dayton made the seat of justice. The earliest record of the county is June 11, 1804. What a change has transpired since that period! Wolves and panthers, and other wild beasts, roved through the "wildwood," on the banks of the rivers. Premiums were offered for killing them, and in 1806 three dollars and seventy-five cents was paid for killing panthers; and as late as 1810 the county records reveal the fact that thirty dollars was paid for "wolf-scalps."

In 1805 an agreement was made with the trustees of the First Presbyterian Church for the loan of five hundred dollars to build a court-house, the money to be refunded to the Church before 1810, and the Church to have the privilege of the use of the court-house till the money be refunded.

In giving an account of the origin of Methodism in Dayton, I have had access to the old Church Register, which contains much correct information. From the pages of that ancient record I make the following extracts:

"In the year 1798, by the bishops and conference in Kentucky, I was sent to form a circuit in the Miami Valley, which I commenced down at Fort Washington, now Cincinnati. Then there were but a few log-cabins. I then passed up the Little Miami river to Madison, and took in Dayton, which consisted of eight or ten log-cabins only, where I formed the first class of six or eight persons, of which class William Hamer was made leader. I then passed down the Miami to Cincinnati, where I joined twenty-eight members, administering the first sacrament at brother M'Cormick's, where Milford now stands; and in 1841 I am in Dayton again, in the seventy-fourth year of my age. JOHN KOBLER."

"PREFACE

"TO THE STEWARDS' BOOK, OR RECORD OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL [CHURCH] SOCIETY OF DAYTON, MAD RIVER CIRCUIT.

"The necessity of a regular Church record is obvious to every member; the want of one, the cause of frequent complaint. It is to be lamented that so important a subject is not generally attended to. There is too much reliance placed on class papers; but these being renewed annually, all dates are lost. There is, also, too much reliance *on memory*. My present design is to endeavor to trace the society back to the time of its being established in Dayton. I shall want information that it seems impossible to obtain. Much of the material is dateless; I can state the most essential, but not in exact order. I shall record what comes to my remembrance between the establishment of the society in Dayton and my being appointed steward of the society.

"*Feb.*, 1815. GEO. S. HOUSTON, *Secretary*."

In the introduction of the Church record I find the following note:

"Previous to October, 1811, our public meetings had been irregular—preaching, at times, in Dayton, but statedly at brother William Hamer's. The class and prayer meetings were held at brother William Cottingham's, who was class-leader, or at brother Thomas Cottom's, about one mile east of Dayton.

"Bishop Asbury preached in the court-house, September 22d, on his way to the annual conference, held in Cincinnati, October 1, 1811. At this conference Rev. John Collins, Rev. Moses Crume, and Rev. J. Tatman were appointed to Mad River circuit. Brother Collins preached on Sabbath in the court-house, and requested a meeting of the society on Monday evening, at 4 o'clock, P. M. The following were the members at this time:

"GEO. S. HOUSTON, *Secretary*.

"William Cottingham, class-leader; Mary Cottingham, Anna Cottingham, Leah Cottingham, Joshua E. Cottingham, William Hamer, sen., Mary Hamer, Polly Hamer, Betsy Hamer, Thomas Cottom, Priscilla Cottom, James Cottom, Nancy Cottom, Jane Snodgrass, Aaron Baker, Hannah Baker, Philip Sowers, Peggy Sowers, Peter Brewer, Barney Brewer, Joseph Willson, Jane Willson, Stephen Sprague, Jemima Sprague—Total 24."

At the bottom of the list I find the following "memoranda," in the handwriting of Rev. John Kobler:

"Formed the Miami circuit in 1798; visited it again in 1841. JOHN KOBLER,

"*Aged* 74 *years.*

"*September* 13, 1841. *Dayton.*"

In the fall of 1815 the little band had increased to *forty*, and in 1818 there were two classes, numbering in all *sixty-three*—Thomas Sullivan and Thomas Cottom, leaders.

Extracts from the journal of Rev. John Kobler:

"*Lord's day, August* 12, 1798.—Preached in Dayton, a little village by that name on the bank of the Big Miami river, and just below its junction with Mad river. Here are a few log houses and eight or ten families residing. Here I saw some tokens for good; the people seem to receive the word preached with all readiness of mind; indeed, several in the little company were much affected. When divine service was over I saw an Indian standing in the yard reading. I expect he was the fruit of the Moravian missionaries toward the north, as his book was in the German language, and he of the Shawnee tribe. As he could speak a little English, I asked him if he knew for what intent we had met together, and what we had been doing. He said, 'To worship the Great Spirit and to do good.' I asked him if he knew that Christ died for sinners. 'O, yes,' said he, 'I know

that Jesus came a little baby into the world, and that he died upon the cross to save us from our sins, and bring us to heaven at last.'

"In this neighborhood there are six or eight Methodists settled, and among them there is a local preacher by the name of Hamer. I think he came down from the Redstone country; is from forty to forty-five years of age. Last year he raised a class of the few scattered Methodists here, and for awhile met them as leader. I visited each of them severally, as far as possible, examined into the state of their souls, and found some of them filled with prejudice. I held a second public meeting among them, and read the rules of the society; laid before them the great necessity of Christian union in Church membership, and invited all those of them who could fellowship each other to come forward and join in class. So we organized a regular class of eight members, of whom brother Hamer was appointed leader.

"It is impossible for a person of intelligence to explore this region of country, and not be deeply impressed with a forcible conviction of its future prosperity. Nature appears to have united all her advantages of land and water to pour forth, at a future day, immense treasure into the hands of the rising generation. The lands are a beautiful level, and as fertile soil as heart could wish. The rivers abound with clear, fresh, wholesome running water, affording every convenience for hydraulic power, and sufficiently navigable to carry down all the produce of the country and tradesmen to a good market.

"*Monday, August* 13, 1798.—Rode down the Big Miami river twelve miles, and preached in an old fortress to a small company, consisting chiefly of the few families that lived in the fort. On inquiry I found that this fortress was on the frontier, and no settlement around or near them. The inhabitants of this country are poverty-

stricken in the extreme. The sustenance for man and horse can scarcely be obtained through the parts of the country which I have passed. However, they set before me the *principal dish* I have subsisted on since forming this circuit—a dish of boiled corn, in its soft state, of which I gladly partook with a joyful heart. Rode on several miles to a little village called Franklin, where I was kindly entertained by a gentleman whom they called Captain Ross. His companion was indeed a fine-disposed lady, who spared no pains to render my situation agreeable. I preached in his house by candle-light to the inhabitants of the place, which consisted of six or eight families. I was much taken with the appearance and seriousness of this company, several of whom appeared to hear for their souls, and felt deeply, as was manifest by their tears.

"Indeed, my faith for this new circuit has much strengthened since last Sabbath, and at this time and place took firm hold on the throne of the Eternal. The promise, 'Lo, I am with you alway,' is like unto a sheet-anchor to the missionary, brightens the future, and looks forward to a successful day of the Church's glory, when the righteousness thereof shall go forth with brightness, and the salvation thereof like a lamp that burneth; when this wilderness and solitary place shall be glad for them; and when this desert shall rejoice and blossom abundantly, even with joy and singing; then Zion shall break forth upon the right hand and upon the left, and her seed shall inherit the Gentiles, when many souls, won by grace, shall return with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads! The Lord hasten it in his time! This night I strengthened my hands in God; and, although my body is feeble and much exhausted by labors more abundant, yet none of these things move me, nor shall they detract, for a moment, from that steady pur-

pose of winning Christ, and calling poor outcasts to the feasts of grace.

"As the settlers of this place have no fields open here for farming, they went over to the west side of the Miami river last spring, into a rich prairie, which they prepared and planted in corn, without any fence or inclosure—as there were no domestic animals to destroy it. This fall they told me that the result was very promising, and bid fair for a good crop.

"*Tuesday, August* 14.—I rode down the Miami thirty-six miles to *explore* the country. I found the settlement very sparse, only now and then a white family. About four o'clock, P. M., I came to an old garrison called Fort Washington, situated on the bank of the *Big river.* It bore the appearance of a declining, time-stricken place. Here are a few log buildings beside the fortress, and a few families residing, together with a small printing-office, just put into operation, and a small store, opened by a man of the name of Snodgrass. This, I was told, was the great place of old for the rendezvous of the Federal troops, when going to war with the Indians. Here, alas! General St. Clair made his last encampment with his troops before he met his lamentable defeat. Here I wanted to preach very much, but could find no opening or reception whatever. I left the garrison to pursue my enterprise, with the full intention of visiting it again, and making another effort with them on my next round; but this I was not permitted to do.

"*August* 19, 1798.—I preached at a brother M'Cormick's, eleven miles from where Cincinnati now stands, to a considerable company of attentive hearers.

"*Thursday, August* 24.—Visited a new settlement called Sycamore, and preached at the house of a man by the name of Dusky, from these words: 'The Son of man is come to seek and save that which was lost.' The fol-

lowing day I preached at a Mr. Ramsey's on *faith* and *love*, and the day following at Mr. Vinyard's. Next morning rode twenty miles to Beaver creek, and preached at Johun's. The next day I pushed on to the Mad river settlement, and reached brother Sink's weary and faint. Here I met with one of Baron Swedenborg's disciples. He appeared to be a man of good natural sense, but his mind, alas! as to religion and spirituality, is as visionary as that of Mohammed himself. He moved from Philadelphia. Here I saw a grist-mill in operation grinding corn. The dam across the creek was constructed and built entirely by the *beavers*, where lay a tree twelve inches in diameter, the stump of which I measured with my own hands, which they had cut down with their teeth. The limbs of the tree were cut off in the same manner, and all wrought up in the dam in the best possible manner. If this is not reason, it is certainly verging very near to it.

"*August* 26, 1798.—Preached in Dayton, on Sabbath, to all the people which town and country could afford, who were but few at best. My diary, before me, states that the word preached, at this time and place, was brought to bear upon the company with a powerful, quickening influence. All present appeared to be struck under conviction, and some made the inquiry, 'What must I do to be saved?' Some followed me to the house where I staid, and expressed an increasing desire to be wholly devoted to God. The success of the Gospel on this missionary field is no longer a problem.

"I was at this time a very sick man. Started from Dayton down to my appointment at Hold's station, twelve miles; reached the place; the people were collected; was not able to preach. Under present circumstances I was at a loss to know what course to pursue. To travel and preach was impossible, and to lie sick at any of the

houses in these parts would be choosing death, as it is next to impossible for a well man to get food or sustenance, much more for one prostrate on a bed of sickness. Next morning started to brother M'Cormick's, about fifty miles distant, as the only place where I could stay with any degree of comfort. I rode this day twenty-five miles under circumstances trying to feeble nature. I had taken no sustenance in the morning and could reach no house. When my fever became high I had recourse to the ground for a bed for about two hours. I then rode on to the house of a Mr. Harlan, who received me kindly.

"*January* 1, 1799.—Preached in Dayton to a mixed company of traders from Detroit, some Indians, French, and English. Knowing that they all had immortal souls to be saved, I took for my text, 'In every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness is accepted of him.' I lifted up my voice like a trumpet, cried aloud, and spared not; laid before them the corruptions of their wicked hearts, and the fearful consequences of a life of sin, in such pressing terms that many of them looked wild, and stood aghast, as if they would take to their heels. After preaching I met the class, and found them in a prosperous state, walking in the fear of the Lord.

"*January* 2.—On Monday expounded the 126th Psalm at Hold's station, with considerable success.

"*March* 25.—Preached at Ramsey's, and again at night met the society. As there were no candles to be had for night-reading and study, necessity invented the following plan: Take clarified beeswax, and, while in a warm state, roll it out in the shape of a tube, one end of which is rolled into a coil, which answers for the candlestick. In daytime we had recourse to the woods to study and read the Bible.

"*April* 2, 1799.—Preached in Dayton, for the last time, to all that town and country round about could afford, which were not many. Subject of discourse was *Esau selling his birthright.* I improved the subject by showing that every soul living has a spiritual birthright by virtue of the death and merits of our Lord Jesus Christ; that by improving it as the Gospel directs, we become heirs of God and joint-heirs with Christ to an eternal inheritance; yet this bequest may be sold, and is often sold, for a mere sinful trifle, which never fails to meet the Divine displeasure here and hereafter. I then met the class, read the rules, and pressed on the society the various duties devolving upon them as Church members; to attend class meeting, and follow peace with all men, and walk in love one with another.

"Here I saw Dozier for the last time. He is a young white man, about twenty years of age. He was taken by the Indians when a child, and has continued with them ever since. When I first saw him at preaching I took much notice of him, and asked him to eat with me. He frequently attended my meetings with some other Indians; always took him into class with me, and at times saw him affected. This day he appeared to be filled with emotion, and, when he took leave of me, burst into a flood of tears.

"Next morning, on my way, I called to see a young man that was reported to be dying. I found him lying on some scraps of rags, apparently breathing his last. He cried to God, with uplifted hands, to save his body from death, and his soul from ruin! Preached at Hold's station and at Franklin at night. In time of the first prayer a company of fifteen Indians came to the door. When we rose up from prayer the old chief fixed his eye on me, and pushed through the company to give me his hand. He was strung out with jewels in his ears, nose,

and breast. When the service was over the chief gave me his hand, and they all retired in good order."

In November, 1811, while Rev. John Collins was preacher in charge of Union circuit, three subscription papers were circulated for the purpose of raising funds to erect the first Methodist church in this city, under the superintendence of the late Rev. J. Collins. December 26, 1811, a board of trustees was appointed, which consisted of the following persons: Andrew Read, Thos. Smith, Henry Opdyche, William Cottingham, Thomas Cottom, Aaron Baker.

These subscription papers were not only circulated in town, but around on the circuit as far as Piqua. I find names familiar to me now. The board, on examining those papers, found the following amounts subscribed:

Cash	$78 00
Merchandise	75 05
Produce	60 50
Materials	138 00
Work	74 00
Hauling	21 50
Spinning-wheel and sundries	4 00
Total	$451 05

A resolution was then passed to erect a "meeting-house" of the following description: "A single story, at least twelve feet in hight; to be forty feet in length, and thirty feet in breadth; to have two proportionate doors; to be a good, substantial frame, weatherboarded, well shingled, and lathed and plastered." It was also "resolved that Aaron Baker be appointed to receive the subscriptions." The house was erected in the year 1812.

On the 7th of November, 1813, a resolution was passed by the board of trustees to petition the Legislature to empower D. C. Cooper, Esq., to make a deed to the Methodist Episcopal Church for a lot of ground donated

by him, situated on Third-street and corner of Main The deeds were regularly executed in 1814.

In March, 1814, it was resolved by the board to sell the west corner, on Main-street, of said lots, to procure means to finish the frame meeting-house. The whole work was superintended by Aaron Baker. A fourth part of said lot was sold for $750, and the house completed, at a cost of $1,210.98¾, in the year 1816.

"The word of the Lord grew and multiplied in Dayton," and in 1827 the society resolved to erect a new house of worship, forty feet by fifty, of brick. This second house was also built by the late Aaron Baker, and was occupied by the society till the year 1847, when the old brick was removed and the present beautiful chapel erected in its place. The edifice is eighty-two feet long and fifty-five wide, with a tower and bell, a more particular account of which shall be given hereafter.

I may remark that Rev. James Welch removed from Kentucky, in 1804, and preached alternately at "Bulah," and for the first Presbyterian Church in Dayton. This Church has gradually increased in prosperity till the present time, and there are now three Presbyterian Churches in the city.

At a called meeting of the members of the quarterly conference, at the house of Thomas Parrott, Esq., on December 9, 1839, while Rev. David Whitcomb was in charge of Wesley Chapel, and Rev. J. B. Finley presiding elder of the district, it was "unanimously resolved to raise a centenary subscription for the erection of another Methodist Episcopal church in Dayton, Ohio."

In July 10, 1841, I find the following record in the Minutes of the fourth quarterly meeting conference: "That, whereas, it is contemplated to build a second Methodist Episcopal Church edifice east of the canal; and, whereas, a committee was appointed to purchase

a lot for that purpose, which said lot was deeded to J. W. Griswold; therefore, resolved, that the preacher in charge be requested to appoint a new board of trustees, to obtain a deed according to the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church; whereupon the following brethren, were appointed said board: John Chase, W. L. Williams, Jacob W. Griswold, Thomas H. Sullivan, and Jeremiah Wilt."

The deed was executed September 3, 1841, and the church was put under contract immediately—Daniel Coffin and D. Wayme contractors. According to contract the church was to be finished November 15, 1841. The house was completed and called Finley Chapel, after Rev. J. B. Finley, who was then presiding elder of the Dayton district, and had done much toward the building up of this society. It was dedicated to the worship of God January 9, 1842. The quarterly meeting conference requested a minister to be appointed, to assist brother Waterman at the new church. Brother Beal, a local preacher, was appointed by the presiding elder to aid, etc. He was recommended to the annual conference. In 1842 Rev. Wm. Herr and Anthony Musgrove were appointed, and at the close of the year, namely, in the fall of 1843, Finley Chapel was erected into a separate charge. The next year the society was served by Rev. Anthony Musgrove, who was appointed as a supply by the presiding elder. In 1845 Rev. Moses Smith was appointed by the conference to Finley Chapel. Since then the society at Finley Chapel has gradually prospered.

In the year 1852, while Rev. Thomas Gorsuch was preacher in charge of Finley Chapel, the society resolved to build a new brick edifice. The old frame house was accordingly sold to another denomination, and removed from the lot, and the new house was finished and dedicated on the first of January, 1853. This has been a

most vigorous branch of Methodism, and the brethren are zealous and active in every good work.

In 1853 the sum of one hundred dollars was appropriated by the Missionary Society for the purpose of establishing a third Methodist Episcopal Church in Dayton, or Miami City, across the river. Last fall a preacher was appointed—Rev. W. Fitzgerald. In due time a committee was appointed and a lot secured in a central part of Miami City, eighty feet in front by one hundred and eighty-seven feet deep. The lot was donated by Mr. George Washington. A board of trustees was appointed, and a subscription was opened last summer at a basket meeting, appointed by Rev. William Herr, the presiding elder of the district. The church is now erected, and a young and vigorous society is organized. Some zealous and valuable members from Wesley Chapel have united with the society, and its future is full of promise. The church edifice is of brick, sixty feet long by forty feet wide. The hight of audience-room is eighteen feet, and it is neatly and tastefully finished throughout. The brethren have called the church Davisson Chapel, in honor of Rev. D. D. Davisson, who liberally contributed the sum of five hundred dollars toward its erection. The cost of the Chapel was two thousand, five hundred dollars.

The old church becoming too small for the increasing congregation, in the fall of 1847, at a leaders' meeting, held in the office of Wesley Chapel, the following resolution was passed:

"*Resolved*, That this meeting recommend to the trustees of this church to make arrangements for the erection of a new church on the ground where the old church now stands, as soon as, in their judgment, the resources of the Church will justify; and that Rev. John S. Inskip, the preacher in charge, be appointed financial

agent. And we also authorize him to take any measures that he may deem most expedient to raise the necessary funds, and that we will co-operate with him as far as circumstances will permit."

The work was soon commenced, and, through the indefatigable exertions of brother Inskip and his amiable wife, the present beautiful edifice was erected and finished early in January, 1849. A highly complimentary preamble and resolutions were presented by the quarterly meeting to Rev. J. Inskip and wife, for having, during the year, caused to be erected such a beautiful and commodious house of worship. The dedication sermon of this church was preached by Rev. Dr. Simpson, now Bishop Simpson. Having honored the Lord by the erection of a new sanctuary, the membership enjoyed religious prosperity, and many were added, from time to time, of such as will, doubtless, in the end, enter the temple above, the "house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

In the month of January, 1854, Wesley Chapel edifice was seriously damaged by the falling of an adjoining building. During the early part of the ensuing summer the church was neatly repaired, and the time of re-dedication appointed, when a severe storm threw a part of the new Gorman building on the roof a second time, crushing part of the wall and damaging the interior to a considerable extent. The trustees, however, repaired it again, more speedily than before, and in due time the Church was reopened. The entire cost of the repairs and refurnishing the church, as it now stands, was over three thousand, six hundred dollars. Under the pastorship of Rev. E. G. Nicholson, the Church is at present in a state of peace and prosperity; and long may it exist and flourish as a vine of the Lord's planting, ever pleasant in his eyes!

CHAPTER LXXX.

ORIGIN OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH IN URBANA.

URBANA has been regarded as one of the strongholds of our western Zion. In an early day several members of the Church, from the old settled portions of the country, emigrated to Ohio, and a few of them selected the broad and fertile plains of what is appropriately denominated Champaign county. In 1807—forty-eight years ago, embracing a period of almost half a century—Rev. T. Milligan visited the town of Urbana, and, after opening up his mission as a pioneer preacher, in the house of John Reynolds, Esq., he opened the doors of the Church, and received into her pale the following persons, whom he organized into a class, namely: John Reynolds, Jane Reynolds, Frederick Ambrose, Jane Ambrose, Ann Fitch, Mary Leman, Margaret Leman, and Mary Leman, jr.—now the widow of the late Governor Vance—Mrs. Rigdon, Thomas Pearce, and Jane Pearce.

Regular preaching was kept up at the house of brother Reynolds till the year 1811, when Rev. John Collins, assistant preacher on the Mad River circuit, made arrangements for the erection of a church, and appointed the following persons a board of trustees, namely: Saul Henkle, Nathaniel Pinkard, Abner Barrett, Frederick Ambrose, James Davisson, Thomas Moore, and John Reynolds. As that was the day of log-cabins, the most that could be accomplished was the erection of a log church, the completion and dedication of which, among the early settlers, was regarded as great an enterprise as is now connected with the erection of the most magnificent edifices of the present day. The location of this

log church was in the north-east part of the town, and in due course of time it was erected. It was near the old graveyard, and its dimensions were thirty feet wide by fifty feet in length. Its puncheon floor and clapboard roof, antiquated pulpit and seats, wooden sconces and chandelier, were all in keeping with its rude exterior. The simplicity of the style of architecture, which might be denominated the "backwoods" style, was no less striking than the backwoods style of the minister and his flock—the one plain, honest, fervid, and eloquent as nature and grace alone can inspire, and the other truthful, and loving, and zealous, full of faith and good works. In such rude and simple edifices our fathers worshiped in days of yore; and among the first churches which were erected in the North-Western territory, and subsequently the states now included in the tract of country lying north-west of the Ohio river, the Methodist stands foremost. Methodism was the pioneer religion of this then dense wilderness, with its sparse population; but the prestige of pioneer life is gone, and with it, we fear, its simple, earnest worship. Quarterly meetings and camp meetings in those days were occasions of unusual interest to the Methodist Israel, as they met from many and distant points to hold communion with God, and make the forests vocal with the voice of prayer and praise. We would not say that the former times were better than these; for, in many respects, the Church has made a healthy progress; but we think there is not the same amount of self-sacrificing devotion exhibited as then, nor are the means of grace peculiar to Methodism as fully appreciated. Methodism has peculiar distinctive characteristics, to which she must adhere, or lose not only her hold upon the public mind, but her aggressive power; and while she keeps up with the age in all conservito-progressive movements, we trust she will ever preserve

her strongly-marked identity with her original character. The old log church, having answered well its purpose for the times, was destined to give way to the march of improvement; and, in the year 1816, a lot was purchased on North Main and Church streets, for the purpose of erecting thereon a new church, not, however, of logs, but of brick, and of a more tasteful architecture. What is remarkable, is that the new church, which was erected and took the place of the old one, was of the same size, being thirty by fifty feet.

In this church the society worshiped for nineteen years. Many interesting and thrilling reminiscences could be related of the labors and successes of the pastors connected with this charge during so many years; but pastors and people alike have gone, and with them, to a very great extent, has passed away the remembrance of the hallowed scenes and associations of our Zion. Cotemporaneous history can only record, with truthfulness and impartiality, the events connected with Churches and individuals; and, as it is desirable that these should be saved from oblivion, we trust the present will not be forgotten by those who are conversant with it, and competent to chronicle its historic scenes.

Years roll on, and still we witness another change. The increase of the membership was such that the church was unable to accommodate the multitudes that crowded the gates of Zion; and hence, under the administration of Rev. W. H. Raper, a new church was erected in the year 1835. This church was fifty feet wide and seventy-five feet long, and marked a new era in the progress of Methodism so far as church building was concerned. It was about the time when churches began to be built with basements for lectures and Sabbath school purposes, but, unfortunately, partly below the ground. This was the case with this new church; but an excava-

tion has, in a good degree, obviated the difficulty. Since those days, though basements have not been dispensed with, they are generally constructed above ground, and are pleasant and useful appendages. To the church was added a steeple, in which was placed a fine-toned bell. At the time of the erection of this church it was regarded as the finest Methodist church in Ohio; and we recollect with what feelings of wonder we gazed upon its columns and steeple for the first time, at a conference held there many years ago. It was the first Methodist steeple we had ever beheld, and though thought by some an innovation, we opine that a steeple, with spire to point out the locality of the church, and a bell to summon the inhabitants to the house of prayer and religious instruction, will not be considered by them as useless things.

This church stands to the present day, and its membership are vigorous and active. It has always been a favorite appointment, and the preacher who is so fortunate as to be stationed among them, and enjoy their liberal-minded hospitality, regrets the approach of the period which, in accordance with the economy of the Church, removes him to another field. Such has been the progress of Methodism in Urbana, that it became necessary to organize a new charge, and last year an additional church was erected in the south-eastern part of the town.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

XENIA FEMALE SEMINARY AND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

This young but flourishing institution is located in the thriving and beautiful town of Xenia, on the route of the Cincinnati and Columbus, and Xenia, Springfield,

and Dayton railroads. The citizens of this place are enterprising, and, if we may judge of their regard for morality and religion from the number of beautiful churches it contains, it will not fall behind any place of its size in the western country. The country around is picturesque and beautiful, while the land is exceedingly fertile and well cultivated. This town, like Urbana, at an early day became one of the strongholds of Methodism; old Union circuit, which originally included the town and surrounding country, being one among the first formed in the North-western territory. In this region many of the early pioneers of Methodism lived and died, and from it went forth to the itinerant field some of our most promising and talented young ministers, who are now, in their prime, filling some of the most important posts in the service of the Church. Though Methodism, through the admirable agency of the itinerant system, planted the first churches and obtained the precedence of all other denominations, which in numbers and influence it holds to this day throughout the country, yet in Xenia it has had to struggle from the beginning in the midst of much opposition. Most successfully, however, has it accomplished its mission, and its aggressive movements have been crowned with a success which has always characterized the energetic publication of a Gospel, which exhibits a full and free salvation for all who will embrace its provisions.

The educational interests of Xenia, like those of almost every other place in the western country at an early day, and, indeed, we may say till within the last quarter of a century, had fallen into the hands of other denominations, and were subject to their control, our pioneer fathers realizing what they supposed the greater importance of winning souls to Christ and gathering the

wanderers in the wilderness into the fold of the Church. Within the period last named, so rapid has been the increase in the numbers and wealth of the Church, and the various facilities afforded in the development and resources of the country, and the large increase in the ministry, that Methodism has entered vigorously into the great work of education, and bids fair—if it does not already—to outstrip all other denominations in the promotion of this most interesting cause. Many institutions in Ohio connected in whole or in part with other denominations, aware of the fact of the greater facilities enjoyed by the Methodist Church through the numerous and efficient itinerant agencies for advancing the cause of education, have been conveyed to the patronage of the conferences in its bounds; and so wonderfully has the Church gained favor in this respect in the eyes of the people, that it may be said the Methodists are mainly responsible for the education of a majority of our youth. Impressed with this idea, at a conference held in Xenia three years since, the Trustees and stockholders of the Xenia Female Seminary proposed to transfer the same to the conference, and a committee was appointed by that body to confer with said Trustees in regard to the matter. A seminary edifice had been erected near the town on an elevated site, in a beautiful grove containing about three acres, and presenting a commanding position. The result of the deliberations was the appointment of a board of commissioners to negotiate the transfer, should they in their judgment deem it best for the interests of the Church. In due time the conditions were complied with and the transfer made; and at the conference held at Hillsboro the following year Rev. Asbury Lowrey, A. M., was appointed by the Bishop Principal, under whose superintendence the Seminary was organized and went into

operation under the new regime. On the adoption of the institution by the conference and the appointment of the number of trustees allowed by the terms of the contract with the stockholders, the Board immediately proceeded, having raised the requisite amount of funds, to the erection and furnishing of a large boarding hall for the accommodation of the family of the President and the boarding scholars from abroad. This is a fine edifice, and well adapted for all the purposes for which it was intended. The institution from this date began to prosper, and the community generally were satisfied that the change was a beneficial one to all concerned, notwithstanding the awakening of some old prejudices which unhappily exist among certain denominations, which cause them to look with suspicion, if not jealousy, upon the movements of the Church in regard to the subject of education. This we believe, however, is almost wholly allayed, and the pacific though aggressive spirit of Methodism has enabled it to go on in the even tenor of its way in diffusing a liberal education and an enlightened piety over the land.

At the close of the year Rev. Mr. Lowrey resigned his charge as Principal, and Rev. Mansfield French, of the North Ohio conference, was appointed in his stead. Mr. French is one of Ohio's earliest educators, having many years ago started a seminary in Marietta, which exists to this day, and at the same time laid the foundations of Marietta College, now one of the most flourishing institutions of the state, under the control of the Congregationalists. Subsequently he organized a female seminary at Circleville, where we had the pleasure of first forming his acquaintance and that of his estimable lady, herself an excellent teacher. Since then he has been engaged in the regular work, part of the time operating as a most efficient agent of education for the

Ohio Wesleyan University and the Wesleyan Female College.

Under the auspices of Rev. Mr. French the Xenia Seminary has prospered finely. In the catalogue for the academic year just closed we find the following list of the Faculty: Rev. Mansfield French, President, and Instructor in Natural Philosophy and Higher Mathematics; Mrs. A. M. French, Governess, and Teacher in Moral Science, Physiology, Botany, and Reading; Miss E. M. French, Teacher in Mathematics, Ancient Languages, and Composition; Miss O. E. Harrington, Principal of Preparatory Department, and Teacher in Astronomy; Miss A. Hedrick, Teacher of Primary Class; Miss Jane C. Wiseman, Teacher in Instrumental Music; Mrs. E. K. Thatcher, Instructress in Vocal and Instrumental Music.

In the Preparatory and Collegiate Departments there are one hundred and thirty-two pupils, eighty-four in the latter and forty-eight in the former. The course of study is thorough and sufficiently comprehensive, embracing, when necessary, some of the modern languages. For purposes of illustration in the Natural Sciences the institution has a good chemical and philosophical apparatus.

Such are the advantages afforded in our Church for a thorough education in all the solid and ornamental branches of education, that there can exist no necessity for parents sending their children east for an education; for we believe, so far as all the purposes of thorough mental discipline and refinement are concerned, no advantage whatever can be gained.

CHAPTER LXXXII.

CONCLUSION.

THE *aggressive* spirit of Methodism has attracted the attention and called forth the admiration of many of the greatest minds both in Europe and America. Methodism has always repudiated the idea that the Christian Church was like a besieged fortress only able to defend itself, rendering an attack upon the territory of her enemies out of the question. It is too true that some of our societies remind me of a garrison which has kept *out the enemy* so long that the *draw-bridges can not be lowered*, and they have become so fond of *garrison fare* and *garrison duty* that they have lost their courage, and feel no desire to enter the campaign and attack the enemy on his own territories. O, brethren, let us awake to the notes of preparation now falling on our ears! The great *moral conflict* waxes hotter and hotter still. As light increases and "*makes manifest*," resistance becomes fierce and determined. God is "shaking terribly the nations." The armies are in motion.

"The CROSS is in the field;
That banner, brighter than the star that leads the train of night,
Shines on their march, and guides from afar his servants for the flight."

What are we doing as a Church in Ohio? Let us look for a moment at our numerical strength, not as a cause of self-gratulation, but of wonder, thanksgiving, and deep *humiliation*. In this state we have *one hundred and nineteen thousand, six hundred and thirty members, seven hundred and forty-three traveling preachers, and nine hundred and eighty-one local preachers*, making, in all, *one hundred and twenty-one thousand, three hun-*

dred and fifty-four. These are distributed in the following manner: Erie conference in Ohio, eight thousand, two hundred and sixty-seven members, sixty-eight traveling, and seventy-eight local preachers; Pittsburg conference in Ohio, eighteen thousand, nine hundred and thirteen members, ninety-four traveling, and one hundred and forty-five local preachers; North Ohio conference, twenty-nine thousand, six hundred and seventy-three members, two hundred and thirteen traveling, and two hundred and fifty-two local preachers; Ohio conference, thirty thousand, four hundred and eleven members, one hundred and fifty-five traveling, and two hundred and thirty-five local preachers; Cincinnati conference, thirty-two thousand, three hundred and sixty-six members, two hundred and thirteen traveling, and two hundred and seventy-one local preachers.

What have we done the past year for missions, church edifices, and especially for the salvation of immortal souls? Are we following in the footsteps of Him "who went about doing good?" Or, are we "heaping up uncertain riches," forgetting that

> "Dying rich is guilt's blunder
> And the loudest laugh of hell."

Have we a *passion* for saving sinners? are we rich in "good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate, laying up in store for ourselves a good foundation for the time to come?"

In 1777 a vessel attempted, during a tremendous storm, to run into the harbor of Dieppo. Boussard, the pilot, who was never missing when the tempest raged, was on the pier, and seeing the captain make several false maneuvers, called to him with his speaking-trumpet, but, owing to the raging of the storm and darkness of the night, his efforts proved unsuccessful, and the

vessel struck about thirty fathoms above the pier. Every body except Boussard gave the crew up for lost. Determined to save them, he tied a rope around his body in order to carry it to the ship. His wife and children surrounded him, and besought him not to rush into destruction. But he listened *only to the voice of pleading humanity*, and at length prevailed on the bystanders to take home his wife and children. He then tied the rope to the pier and round his body and plunged into the sea. Twenty times did the waves hurl him back upon the beach, and as often did he plunge again into the raging billows. A fresh wave flung him toward the ship, and he disappeared beneath her. A general *cry of horror proclaimed his destruction.* But he only dived to lay hold of a sailor which the sea had swept from the deck, and whom he contrived to take to the shore. A last attempt proved successful to reach the ship. He climbed her sides and saved the crew, who were drawn ashore one after another by means of the rope.

But Boussard had not yet finished his glorious work. Exhausted by his exertions, he was carried by his friends to the nearest house. A gust of wind wafted to the shore the cry of another passenger, who had been left behind. Boussard felt he had *another fellow-creature to save.* He felt his strength renewed, and ere his friends were aware rushed out of the house and encountered the same difficulties for his rescue also, and was successful. Louis XVI made him a present of ten thousand francs, and settled on him a pension of three hundred francs more. He was appointed keeper of the Pier light-house, which has ever since been held by the Boussards, descending from father to son; and not a year has been unmarked by deeds worthy of the first possessor. Close to the parapet at the pier of Dieppe is a pole covered

with copper, to which is fastened a chain. Here in every storm since 1777, whether in the night or day, a Boussard has taken his station, and clinging to the chain, served as a warning voice to those whom danger and a tempestuous sea had driven into the harbor. And, though the waves broke over him and washed him from his post of honor, rising from their bosom he would give advice with his speaking-trumpet in defiance of the sea and storm. *Fifty times has a Boussard risked his life to save others.* Napoleon ordered a house built for him, where the first Boussard performed his heroic achievement. He also gave him the "cross of honor." For more than half a century, wherever there has been a *vessel* or a *fellow-creature to save*, the people have asked, "*Have we no Boussard here?*"

Here, my dear reader, is an example worthy of imitation. How many "Boussards" have we in Ohio out of our one thousand, six hundred and twenty-four preachers and among our exhorters and laity? Boussard listened *only* to the voice of suffering humanity when the lives of his fellow-creatures were in jeopardy. Forgetful of self, of wife and children, he plunged into the sea and encountered the raging billows to save one poor, shipwrecked fellow-mortal from a watery grave. He felt that his work was not done while the *cry of one* struggling for life amid the angry waves still fell on his ear. But O my soul, how many of us witness the wreck of hundreds of immortal spirits sinking around us, without making one *single* effort to save them from the horrors of a second death! As they sink to rise no more, a mournful wail comes back to us from the far-off coast of despair, "*no man careth for my soul.*" And yet we fold our arms and say, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

In 1798 Napoleon and his army crossed the desert to

attack the Mamalukes and capture the city of Cairo. Who can tell the sufferings of that weary march? They were from the plains of sunny Italy, from the orange bowers of the hill-sides, and from the crystal, flowing fountains fed from the glimmering peaks of Jura. How changed the scene on every side! The desert, like an ocean, waved in voiceless tide. All was *sand*—scorching, withering sand—with here and there an image looming up like a mirage to tantalize the vision. Night came, and the weary soldier laid him down by his toil-worn general to die. Black bread teeming with vermin sickened the voracious appetite, and the brackish water of the stagnant pool made their thirst the greater. The morning dawned and onward they marched—a band of indomitable spirits led on by the conqueror of the Alps. The third day came, and the general knew that the river of Egypt was near. Their arms were inspected, and the army in battle array drew near the Nile. Noon came, and all at once the beautiful river in its majesty rolled at the feet of the adventurers. A little in the distance was seen the "Flotilla," with the flag of the republic waving over it, and green fields and waving groves spread in beauty around them.

"The Nile! the Nile!" thundered along the whole line. And then officers and men without due consideration rushed into its waters. Not a soldier threw off his knapsack or stacked his musket. "*Water! water! O, God, a drop of water!*" cried the weary and sick. Nor did the cry cease till the foremost soldiers had satisfied themselves and ministered to the wants of their fellows. The army soon reached Dankour and encamped upon a field of grain. The Mamalukes were beaten, and Napoleon entered *Cairo.*

The front ranks of Napoleon's army in the waters of the Nile, to my mind, strikingly represents the position

of the Christian Church—drinking freely of the "water of the river of life," while the unconverted are lying in the rear on the sandy beach beneath a scorching sun, crying aloud, "Water! water! water! O, God, a drop of water, or we die!" Will we continue to drink of this life-giving stream, and still withhold the "cup of salvation" from our friends and neighbors? May kind Heaven forbid it! O let us say, in the language of Christ on the "last and great day of the feast," "If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink." "And it shall come to pass in the last days that living waters shall go out from Jerusalem half of them toward the hinder sea and half of them toward the former sea, and in summer and winter it shall be."

"Come, traveler, slake thy thirst,
And drive away dull care;
Thou need'st not broach thy little purse,
For I am free as air.

My home is on the mountain-side,
My course is toward the sea;
Then drink till thou art satisfied,
Yea, drink, for I AM FREE."

I am a firm believer in "the good time coming." I may not live to see it, but while I do live I will labor on and toil on in faith and hope. I may not be alive when the "watchman on the walls of Zion shall see eye to eye," yet I will labor to bring it to pass with a strong faith. I do believe *all* that "the mouth of the Lord hath spoken" concerning the great change in the Church and the world in the "latter days." At all times the Church and her ministers must work! work! work! It is our duty to "*sow the seed*," ever remembering the "*increase is of God*."

The late Dr. Judson labored six years in his station before he baptized a single convert. After three of

those years had passed he was asked, in view of apparent results, what evidence he had of ultimate success. "As much," he replied, "*as there is a God who will fulfill all his promises.*" His faith had not grasped a shadow. Over thirty years have elapsed since the first baptism, and now seventy churches, averaging one hundred each, are to be found in India.

"God is not a man, that he should lie; neither the son of man, that he should repent." What if our eyes should not behold this glorious consummation—the subjugation of the world to Christ! Our reward will be in proportion as we have toiled for its accomplishment, and our faithfulness while continued in the vineyard. Luther said, *non secundem fructum sed secundem laborem.* God is not unrighteous to forget our *work and labor of love.* His saints will not forget us when we rest from our toils. *They will remember us still.*

"To live in hearts we leave behind us
Is NOT TO DIE."

I know not how to close this exhortation without soliciting an interest in the prayers of every Christian reader, that I may cultivate a cheerful submission to the will of God in all things, and wait patiently for the close of my earthly pilgrimage. "For me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

"In lucid robes of spotless white,
Religion's angel form
Dispels the gloom of death's dark night,
And smiles away the storm."

THE END.